

Centlivre, Susannah,

The Works Of The Celebrated Mrs. Centlivre In Three Volumes ; With a New
Account of her Life

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Anne & Mary
Young. —

J. Young

THE
WORKS

Of the CELEBRATED

Mrs. CENTLIVRE.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CONTAINING

The WONDER.

The MAN BEWITCH'D.

GOTHAM ELECTION.

WIFE WELL MANAGED.

BICKERSTAFF'S BURIAL.

BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE.

ARTIFICE.

LONDON:

Printed for J. KNAPTON, C. HITCH and L. HAWES,
J. and R. TONSON, S. CROWDER, W. BATHOE,
T. LOWNDS, T. CASLON, H. WOODGATE and
S. BROOKS, and G. KEARSLEY. MDCCLX.





THE
W O N D E R:

A

W O M A N keeps a S E C R E T.

A

C O M E D Y.

As it is A C T E D at the

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L in D R U R Y - L A N E.

By His M A J E S T Y ' s Servants.



THE

WOMAN

A

WOMAN

A

COMEDY

AND

THEATRE

BY

P R O L O G U E

Spoken by Mr. MILLS.

O U R Author fears the Criticks of the Stage,
Who, like Barbarians, spare nor Sex, nor Age;
She trembles at those Censors in the Pit,
Who think good Nature shews a Want of Wit:
Such Malice, O! what Muse can undergo it?
To save themselves, they always damn the Poet.
Our Author flies from such a partial Fury,
As wary Lovers from the Nymphs of Drury:
To the few candid Judges for a Smile,
She humbly sues to recompense her Toil.
To the bright Circle of the Fair, she next
Commits her Cause, with anxious Doubts perplext.
Where can she with such Hopes of Favour kneel,
As to those Judges, who her Frailties feel?
A few Mistakes, her Sex may well excuse,
And such a Plea, No Woman shou'd refuse:
If she succeeds, a Woman gains Applause,
What Female but must favour such a Cause?
Her Faults,—whate'er they are—e'en pass 'em by,
And only on her Beauties fix your Eye.
In Plays, like Vessels floating on the Sea,
There's none so wise to know their Destiny.
In this, howe'er, the Pilot's Skill appears,
While by the Stars his constant Course he steers:
Rightly our Author does her Judgment shew,
That for her Safety she relies on You.
Your Approbation, Fair ones, can't but move,
Those stubborn Hearts, which first you taught to love:
The Men must all applaud this Play of Ours,
For who dares see with other Eyes, than Yours.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Don Lopez,</i>	a Grandee of <i>Portugal.</i>	<i>Mr. Norris.</i>
<i>Don Felix,</i>	{ his Son, in Love with <i>Violante.</i> }	<i>Mr. Wilks.</i>
<i>Frederick,</i>	A Merchant. - - -	<i>Mr. Bickerstaff,</i>
<i>Don Pedro,</i>	Father to <i>Violante.</i> - -	<i>Mr. Bullock, Jun.</i>
<i>Col. Britton,</i>	A Scotchman. - - -	<i>Mr. Mills.</i>
<i>Gibby,</i>	His Footman. - - -	<i>Mr. Bullock, Sen.</i>
<i>Lissardo,</i>	Servant to <i>Felix.</i> - -	<i>Mr. Pack.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Donna Violante,</i>	{ Designed for a Nun by her Father, in Love with <i>Felix.</i> }	<i>Mrs. Oldfield.</i>
<i>Donna Isabella,</i>	Sister to <i>Felix.</i> - -	<i>Miss Santlow.</i>
<i>Inis,</i>	Her Maid. - - -	<i>Mrs. Cox.</i>
<i>Flora,</i>	Maid to <i>Violante.</i> -	<i>Mrs. Saunders.</i>

Alguazil, Attendants, Servants, &c.

SCENE LISBON.



T H E
W O N D E R.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Don Lopez meeting Frederick.

Fred.



Y Lord Don Lopez.

Don Lop. How d'ye *Frederick*?

Fred. At your Lordship's Service,
I am glad to see you look so well my
Lord, I hope *Antonio* is out of dan-
ger.

D. Lop. Quite contrary; his Fe-
ver increases, they tell me; and the Surgeons are of Opi-
nion his Wound is mortal.

Fred. Your Son *Don Felix* is safe I hope.

D. Lop. I hope so too, but they offer large Rewards to
apprehend him.

Fred. When heard your Lordship from him?

D. Lop. Not since he went; I forbid him writing till the
publick News gave him an Account of *Antonio's* Health.
Letters might be intercepted, and the Place of his Abode
discovered.

Fred. Your Caution was good, my Lord; tho' I am im-
patient to hear from *Felix*, yet his Safety is my chief Con-
cern. Fortune has maliciously struck a Bar between us in

the Affairs of Life, but she has done me the Honour to unite our Souls.

D. Lop. I am not ignorant of the Friendship between my Son and you. I have heard him commend your Morals, and lament your want of noble Birth.

Fred. That's Nature's Fault, my Lord, 'tis some Comfort not to owe one's Misfortunes to one's self, yet 'tis impossible not to regret the want of noble Birth.

D. Lop. 'Tis pity indeed such excellent Parts as you are Master of, should be eclipsed by mean Extraction.

Fred. Such Commendation wou'd make me vain, my Lord, did you not cast in the Allay of my Extraction.

D. Lop. There is no Condition of Life without its Cares, and it is the Perfection of a Man to wear 'em as easy as he can; this unfortunate Duel of my Son's does not pass without Impression. But since 'tis past Prevention, all my Concern is now, how he may escape the Punishment; if *Antonio* dies, *Felix* shall for *England*. You have been there, what sort of People are the *English*?

Fred. My Lord, the *English* are by Nature, what the ancient *Romans* were by Discipline, couragious, bold, hardy, and in love with Liberty. Liberty is the Idol of the *English*, under whose Banner all the Nation lifts; give but the Word for Liberty, and straight more armed Legions wou'd appear, than *France*, and *Philip* keep in constant Pay.

D. Lop. I like their Principles; who does not wish for Freedom in all Degrees of Life? Tho' common Prudence sometimes makes us act against it, as I am now oblig'd to do, for I intend to marry my Daughter to *Don Guzman*, whom I expect from *Holland* every Day, whither he went to take Possession of a large Estate left him by his Uncle.

Fred. You will not sure sacrifice the lovely *Isabella* to Age, Avarice, and a Fool; pardon the Expression, my Lord; but my Concern for your beauteous Daughter transports me beyond that good Manners which I ought to pay your Lordship's Prefence.

D. Lop. I can't deny the Justness of the Character, *Frederick*; but you are not insensible what I have suffered by these Wars, and he has two things which render him very agreeable to me for a Son-in-Law, he is rich and well born; as for his being a Fool, I don't conceive how that can be
any

any Blot in a Husband, who is already possess'd of a good Estate.—A poor Fool indeed is a very scandalous Thing, and so are your poor Wits, in my Opinion, who have nothing to be vain of, but the Inside of their Skulls : Now for *Don Guzman* I know I can rule him, as I think fit ; this is acting the politick Part, *Frederick*, without which, it is impossible to keep up the Port of this Life.

Fred. But have you no Consideration for your Daughter's Welfare, my Lord ?

D. Lop. Is a Husband of twenty thousand Crowns a Year, no Consideration ? Now I think it a very good Consideration.

Fred. One way, my Lord. But what will the World say of such a Match ?

D. Lop. Sir, I value not the World a Button.

Fred. I cannot think your Daughter can have any Inclination for such a Husband.

D. Lop. There I believe you are pretty much in the right, tho' it is a Secret which I never had the Curiosity to enquire into, nor I believe ever shall.—Inclination, quotha ! Parents would have a fine Time on't if they consulted their Childrens Inclinations ! I'll venture you a Wager, that in all the garrison Towns in *Spain* and *Portugal*, during the late War, there were not three Women, who have not had an Inclination to every Officer in the whole Army ; does it therefore follow, that their Fathers ought to pimp for them ? No, no, Sir, it is not a Father's Business to follow his Childrens Inclinations till he makes himself a Beggar.

Fred. But this is of another Nature, my Lord.

D. Lop. Look ye, Sir, I resolve she shall marry *Don Guzman* the Moment he arrives ; tho' I cou'd not govern my Son, I will my Daughter, I assure you.

Fred. This Match, my Lord, is more preposterous than that which you proposed to your Son, from whence arose this fatal Quarrel.—*Don Antonio's* Sister, *Elvira*, wanted Beauty only, but *Guzman* every thing, but —

D. Lop. Money—and that will purchase every thing, and so Adieu. (Exit.

Fred. Monstrous ! These are the Resolutions which destroy the Comforts of Matrimony—he is rich, and well born, powerful Arguments indeed ! Could I but add them

to the Friendship of *Don Felix*, what might I not hope ? But a Merchant, and a Grandee of *Spain*, are inconsistent Names—*Lissardo* ! From whence came you ?

Enter Lissardo in a Riding Habit.

Liss. That Letter will inform you, Sir.

Fred. I hope your Master's safe.

Liss. I left him so ; I have another to deliver which requires haste—Your most humble Servant, Sir. (*bowing.*)

Fred. To *Violante*, I suppose.

Liss. The same.

[*Exit.*]

Fred. (*Reads*) Dear *Frederick*, the two chief Blessings of this Life are a Friend, and a Mistress ; to be debarred the Sight of those is not to live. I hear nothing of *Antonio's* Death, therefore resolve to venture to thy House this Evening, impatient to see *Violante*, and embrace my Friend. Yours,

Felix.

Pray Heaven he comes undiscover'd.—Ha ! Colonel *Britton*.

Enter Colonel Britton in a Riding Habit.

Col. *Frederick*, I rejoice to see thee.

Fred. What brought you to *Lisbon*, Colonel ?

Col. *La Fortune de la Guerre*, as the *French* say, I have commanded these three last Years in *Spain*, but my Country has thought fit to strike up a Peace, and give us good *Protestants* leave to hope for Christian Burial, so I resolve to take *Lisbon* in my Way home.

Fred. If you are not provided of a Lodging, Colonel, pray command my House, while you stay.

Col. If I were sure I should not be troublesome, I wou'd accept your Offer, *Frederick*.

Fred. So far from Trouble, Colonel, I shall take it as a particular Favour ; what have we here ?

Col. My Footman, this is our Country Dress, you must know, which for the Honour of *Scotland*, I make all my Servants wear.

Enter Gibby in a Highland Dress.

Gib. What mun I de with the Horses, an like yer Honour, they will tack cold gin, they stand in the Causeway.

Fred.

Fred. Oh! I'll take care of them, what hoa *Vasquez*,
[Enter *Vasquez*.

put those Horses which that honest Fellow will show you into my Stable, do you hear? and feed them well.

Vas. Yes, Sir.—Sir, by my Master's Order, I am, Sir, your most obsequious humble Servant. Be pleas'd to lead the Way. [bowing.

Gib. S'bled gang yer gat, Sir, and I fall follow ye: I'll be tee hungry to feed on Compliments. [Exit.

Fred. Ha, ha, a comical Fellow. — Well, how do you like our Country, Colonel?

Col. Why Faith, *Frederick*, a Man might pass his Time agreeable enough with-inside of a Nunnery, but to behold such Troops of soft, plump, tender, melting, wishing, nay, willing Girls too, thro' a damn'd Grate, gives us Britons strong Temptation to plunder. Ah *Frederick*, your Priests are wicked Rogues. They immure Beauty for their own proper Use, and show it only to the Laity to create Desires, and inflame Accompts, that they may purchase Pardons at a dearer Rate.

Fred. I own Wenching is something more difficult here than in *England*, where Womens Liberties are subservient to their Inclinations, and Husbands seem of no Effect but to take Care of the Children which their Wives provide.

Col. And does Restraint get the better of Inclination with your Women here? No, I'll be sworn not one even in fourscore. Don't I know the Constitution of the *Spanish* Ladies?

Fred. And of all Ladies where you come, Colonel, you were ever a Man of Gallantry.

Col. Ah *Frederick*, the *Kirk* half starves us *Scotchmen*. We are kept so sharp at home, that we feed like Cannibals abroad. Hark ye, hast thou never a pretty Acquaintance now, that thou would'st consign over to a Friend for half an Hour, ha?

Fred. Faith, Colonel, I am the worst Pimp in *Christendom*, you had better trust to your own Luck! the Women will soon find you out, I warrant you.

Col. Ay, but it is dangerous foraging in an Enemy's Country, and since I have some hopes of seeing my own again, I had rather purchase my Pleasure, than run the Hazard of a *Stiletto* in my Guts. 'Egad, I think I must

e'en marry, and sacrifice my Body for the Good of my Soul ; wilt thou recommend me to a Wife then, one that is willing to exchange her *Moydores* for *English* Liberty ; ha Friend ?

Fred. She must be very handsome, I suppose.

Col. The handsomer the better—but be sure she has a Nose.

Fred. Ay, ay, and some Gold.

Col. Oh, very much Gold, I shall never be able to swallow the Matrimonial Pill, if it be not well gilded.

Fred. Puh, Beauty will make it slide down nimbly.

Col. At first perhaps it may, but the second or third Dose will choak me—I confess, *Frederick*, Women are the prettiest Play-things in Nature ; but Gold, substantial Gold, gives 'em the Air, the Mien, the Shape, the Grace, and Beauty of a Goddess.

Fred. And has not Gold the same Divinity in their Eyes, Colonel ?

Col. Too often.—Money is the very God of Marriage ; the Poets dress him in a Saffron Robe, by which they figure out the golden Deity, and his lighted Torch blazons those mighty Charms, which encourage us to list under his Banner.

None marry now for Love, no, that's a Jest.

The self same Bargain, serves for Wife, and Beast.

Fred. You are always gay, Colonel ; come, shall we take a refreshing Glass at my House, and consider what has been said ?

Col. I have two or three Compliments to discharge for some Friends, and then I shall wait on you with Pleasure : Where do you live ?

Fred. At yon Corner House with the green Rails.

Col. In the Close of the Evening I will endeavour to kiss your Hand. Adieu. [Exit.]

Fred. I shall expect you with Impatience. [Exit.]

Enter Isabella and Inis her Maid.

Inis. For Goodness sake, Madam, where are you going in this Pet ?

Isab. Any where to avoid Matrimony ; the Thoughts of a Husband is as terrible to me as the Sight of a Hobgoblin.

Inis.

Inis. Ay, of an old Husband ; but if you may chuse for yourself, I fancy Matrimony would be no such frightful thing to you.

Isab. You are pretty much in the right, *Inis* ; but to be forc'd into the Arms of an Ideot, a sneaking, snivling, drivling, avaricious Fool, who has neither Person to please the Eye, Sense to charm the Ear, nor Generosity to supply those Defects. Ah, *Inis* ! What pleasant Lives Women lead in *England*, where Duty wears no Fetter but Inclination : The Custom of our Country inflaves us from our very Cradles, first to our Parents, next to our Husbands ; and when Heaven is so kind to rid us of both these, our Brothers still usurp Authority, and expect a blind Obedience from us ; so that Maids, Wives, or Widows, we are little better than Slaves to the Tyrant Man ; therefore to avoid their Power, I resolve to cast myself into a Monastery.

Inis. That is, you'll cut your own Throat to avoid another's doing it for you. Ah, Madam, those Eyes tell me you have no Nun's Flesh about you ; a Monastery, quotha ! Where you'll wish yourself in the Green-Sickness in a Month.

Isab. What care I, there will be no Man to plague me.

Inis. No, nor what's much worse, to please you neither—Ad'slife, Madam, you are the first Woman that e'er despair'd in a Christian Country — Were I in your Place —

Isab. Why, what would your Wisdom do if you were ?

Inis. I'd imbark with the first fair Wind with all my Jewels, and seek my Fortune on t'other side the Water ; no Shore can treat you worse than your own ; there's ne'er a Father in *Christendom* should make me marry any Man against my Will.

Isab. I am too great a Coward to follow your Advice. I must contrive some way to avoid *Don Guzman*, and yet stay in my own Country.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. Must you so, Mistress ? but I shall take Care to prevent you. (*Aside.*) *Isabella*, whither are you going, my Child.

Isab. Ha ! my Father ! to Church, Sir.

Inis.

Inis. The old Rogue has certainly over-heard her.

[*Aside.*

Lop. Your Devotion must needs be very strong, or your Memory very weak, my Dear ; why, Vespers are over for this Night ; come, come, you shall have a better Errand to Church than to say your Prayers there. *Don Guzman* is arriv'd in the River, and I expect him ashore To-morrow.

Isab. Ha, To-morrow !

Lop. He writes me Word, That his Estate in *Holland* is worth 12000 Crowns a Year, which, together with what he had before, will make thee the happiest Wife in *Lisbon*.

Isab. And the most unhappy Woman in the World. Oh Sir ! If I have any Power in your Heart, if the Tenderness of a Father be not quite extinct, hear me with Patience.

Lop. No Objection against the Marriage, and I will hear whatever thou hast to say.

Isab. That's torturing me on the Rack, and forbidding me to groan ; upon my Knees I claim the Privilege of Flesh and Blood.

[*Kneels.*

Lop. I grant it, thou shalt have an Arm full of Flesh and Blood To-morrow ; Flesh and Blood, quotha ; Heaven forbid I should deny thee Flesh and Blood, my Girl.

Inis. Here's an old Dog for you.

[*Aside.*

Isab. Do not Mistake, Sir ; the fatal Stroke which separates Soul and Body, is not more terrible to the Thoughts of Sinners, than the Name of *Guzman* to my Ear.

Lop. Puh, Puh ; you lye, you lye.

Isab. My frightened Heart beats hard against my Breast, as if it sought a Passage to your Feet, to beg you'd change your Purpose.

Lop. A very pretty Speech this ; if it were turn'd into blank Verse, it would serve for a *Tragedy* ; why, thou hast more Wit than I thought thou hadst, Child. — I fancy this was all *extempore*, I don't believe thou did'st ever think of one Word on't before.

Inis. Yes, but she has, my Lord, for I have heard her say the same Things a thousand Times.

Lop. How, how ? What do you top your second-hand Jests upon your Father, Hussy, who knows better what's good for you than you do yourself ? remember 'tis your Duty to obey.

Isab.

Isab. (*Rising*) I never disobey'd before, and wish I had not Reason now; but Nature has got the better of my Duty, and makes me loath the harsh Commands you lay.

Lop. Ha, ha, very fine! Ha, ha.

Isab. Death itself wou'd be more welcome.

Lop. Are you sure of that?

Isab. I am your Daughter, my Lord, and can boast as strong a Resolution as yourself; I'll die before I'll marry *Guzman*.

Lop. Say you so? I'll try that presently. (*Draws.*) Here let me see with what Dexterity you can breathe a Vein now (*offers her his Sword.*) The Point is pretty sharp, 'twill do your Business I warrant you.

Inis. Bless me, Sir, What do you mean to put a Sword into the Hands of a desperate Woman?

Lop. Desperate, ha, ha, ha, you see how desperate she is; what art thou frightened little *Bell*? ha!

Isab. I confess I am startled at your Morals, Sir.

Lop. Ay, ay, Child, thou hadst better take the Man, he'll hurt thee the least of the two.

Isab. I shall take neither, Sir; Death has many Doors, and when I can live no longer with Pleasure, I shall find one to let him in at without your Aid.

Lop. Say'st thou so, my dear *Bell*? Ods, I'm afraid thou art a little Lunatick, *Bell*. I must take care of thee Child, (*takes hold of her, and pulls out of his Pocket a Key*) I shall make bold to secure thee, my Dear: I'll see if Locks and Bars can keep thee till *Guzman* comes; go, get you into your Chamber.

*There I'll your boasted Resolution try,
And see who'll get the better, you or I.*

(*pushes her in, and locks the Door.*)

A C T II.

SCENE, a Room in Don Pedro's House.

Enter Donna Violante reading a Letter, and Flora following.

Flora. WHAT must that Letter be read again?

Vio. Yes, and again, and again, and again, a thousand Times again; a Letter from a faithful Lover can ne'er be read too often; it speaks such kind, such soft, such tender Things—— [Kisses it.

Flo. But always the same Language.

Vio. It does not charm the less for that.

Flo. In my Opinion nothing charms that does not change; and any Composition of the four and twenty Letters, after the first Essay, from the same Hand, must be dull, except a Bank Note, or a Bill of Exchange.

Vio. Thy Taste is my Aversion—(*Reads*) My all that's charming, since Life's not Life exil'd from thee, this Night shall bring me to thy Arms. *Frederick* and thee are all I trust: These six Weeks Absence has been in Love's Account six hundred Years; when it is dark, expect the wonted Signal at thy Window, till when, adieu, thine more than his own. *Felix.*

Flo. Who wou'd not have said as much to a Lady of her Beauty, and twenty thousand Pounds.—Were I a Man, methinks I could have said a hundred finer Things; I wou'd have compar'd your Eyes to the Stars, your Teeth to Ivory, your Lips to Coral, your Neck to Alabaster, your Shape to——

Vio. No more of your Bombast, Truth is the best Eloquence in a Lover.—What Proof remains ungiven of his Love? When his Father threatned to disinherit him, for refusing *Don Antonio's* Sister, from whence sprung this unhappy Quarrel, did it shake his Love for me? And now, tho' strict Enquiry runs thro' every Place, with large Rewards to apprehend him, does he not venture all for me?

Flo. But you know, Madam, your Father *Don Pedro* designs

designs you for a Nun, and says your Grandfather left you your Fortune upon that Condition.

Vio. Not without my Approbation, Girl, when I come to one and Twenty, as I am inform'd. But however, I shall run the Risk of that ; go call in *Lissardo*.

Flo. Yes, Madam ; now for a Thousand Verbal Questions. [Exit, and enter with *Lissardo*.

Vio. Well, and how do you do, *Lissardo* ?

Liss. Ah, very weary, Madam—Faith thou look'st wondrous pretty, *Flora*. [Aside to *Flora*.

Vio. How came you ?

Liss. *En Cavalier*, Madam, upon a Hackney-Jade, which they told me formerly belong'd to an *English* Colonel. But I should have rather thought she had been bred a good *Roman Catholick* all her Life-time ; for she down on her Knees to every Stock and Stone we came along by. My Chaps waters for a Kifs, they do, *Flora*. [Aside to *Flora*.

Flo. You'd make one believe you are wondrous fond, now.

Vio. Where did you leave your Master.

Liss. Od, if I had you alone House-Wife, I'd show you how fond I cou'd be——(Aside to *Flora*) at a little Farm-House, Madam, about five Miles off ; he'll be at *Don Frederick's* in the Evening——Od, I will so revenge myself of those Lips of thine. [to *Flora*.

Vio. Is he in Health ?

Flo. Oh, you counterfeit wondrous well. [to *Liss*.

Liss. No, every Body knows I counterfeit very ill. [to *Flora*.

Vio. How say you ? Is *Felix* ill ? What's his Distemper ? Ha !

Liss. A pies on't, I hate to be interrupted——Love, Madam, Love——In short, Madam, I believe he has thought of nothing but your Ladyship ever since he left *Lisbon*. I am sure he cou'd not, if I may judge of his Heart by my own. [Looking lovingly upon *Flora*.

Vio. How came you so well acquainted with your Master's Thoughts, *Lissardo* ?

Liss. By an infallible Rule, Madam ; Words are the Pictures of the Mind, you know ; now to prove he thinks of nothing but you, he talks of nothing but you——for Example,

Example, Madam, coming from shooting t'other Day, with a Brace of Partridges, *Lissardo*, said he, go bid the Cook roast me these *Violante's*——I flew into the Kitchen, full of Thoughts of thee, cry'd, here Cook, roast me these *Florella's*. [to Flora.

Flo. Ha, ha, excellent——You mimick your Master then it seems.

Liss. I can do every Thing as well as my Master, you little Rogue:——Another Time, Madam, the Priest came to make him a Visit, he call'd out hastily, *Lissardo*, said he, bring a *Violante* for my Father to sit down on;——then he often mistook my Name, Madam, and call'd me *Violante*; in short, I heard it so often, that it became as familiar to me as my Prayers.

Vio. You liv'd very merrily then it seems.

Liss. Oh, exceeding merry, Madam. [*Kisses Flora's Hand.*

Vio. Ha! exceeding merry; had you Treats and Balls?

Liss. Oh! Yes, yes, Madam, several.

Flo. You are mad, *Lissardo*, you don't mind what my Lady says to you. [*Aside to Lissardo.*

Vio. Ha! Balls——Is he so merry in my Absence? And did your Master dance, *Lissardo*?

Liss. Dance Madam! Where Madam?

Vio. Why, at those Balls you speak of.

Liss. Balls! What Balls Madam?

Vio. Why, sure you are in Love, *Lissardo*; did not you say, but now, you had Balls where you have been?

Liss. Balls, Madam! Od'slife, I ask your Pardon, Madam! I, I, I, had mislaid some Wash-Balls of my Master's t'other day; and because I cou'd not think where I had laid them, just when he ask'd for them, he very fairly broke my Head, Madam, and now it seems I can think of nothing else. Alas! He dance, Madam! No, no, poor Gentleman, he is as melancholy as an unbrac'd Drum.

Vio. Poor *Felix*! There, wear that Ring for your Master's Sake, and let him know, I shall be ready to receive him. [*Exit Vio.*

Liss. I shall Madam——(*puts on the Ring*) methinks a Diamond Ring is a vast Addition to the little Finger of a Gentleman. [*admiring his Hand.*

Flo. That Ring must be mine——Well *Lissardo*! What Haste

Haste you make to pay off Arrears now? Look how the Fellow stands!

Liss. Egad, methinks I have a very pretty Hand——and very white——and the Shape!——Faith, I never minded it so much before!——In my Opinion it is a very fine snap'd Hand——and becomes a Diamond Ring, as well as the first Grandee's in *Portugal*.

Flo. The Man's transported! Is this your Love! This your Impatience!

Liss. (*Takes Snuff.*) Now in my Mind——I take Snuff with a very *Jantee* Air——Well, I am persuaded I want nothing but a Coach, and a Title, to make me a very fine Gentleman. [*Struts about.*]

Flo. Sweet Mr. *Lissardo*, (*curtesying*) if I may presume to speak to you, without affronting your little Finger.——

Liss. Odsso Madam, I ask your Pardon.——Is it to me, or to the Ring——you direct your Discourse, Madam?

Flo. Madam! Good lack! How much a Diamond Ring improves one!

Liss. Why, tho' I say it——I can carry myself as well as any Body——But what wer't thou going to say Child?

Flor. Why I was a going to say, that I fancy you had best let me keep that Ring; it will be a very pretty Wedding-Ring, *Lissardo*, would it not?

Liss. Humph! Ah! But——but——but——I believe I shan't marry yet a while.

Flo. You shan't you say——Very well! I suppose you design that Ring for *Inis*.

Liss. No, no, I never bribe an old Acquaintance——Perhaps I might let it sparkle in the Eyes of a Stranger a little, till we come to a right Understanding——But then like all other mortal Things, it would return from whence it came.

Flor. Insolent——Is that your Manner of dealing?

Liss. With all but thee——Kiss me, you little Rogue you. [*Hugging her.*]

Flor. Little Rogue! Prithee Fellow, don't be so familiar, (*pushing him away*) if I mayn't keep your Ring, I can keep my Kisses.

Liss. You can, you say! Spoke with the Air of a Chamber-maid.

Flor. Reply'd with the Spirit of a serving Man.

Liss.

Liss, Prithee, *Flora*, don't let you and I fall out, I am in a merry Humour, and shall certainly fall in somewhere.

Flor. What care I, where you fall in.

Enter Violante.

Vio. Why do you keep *Lissardo* so long, *Flora*? When you don't know how soon my Father may awake, his Afternoon Naps are never long.

Flor. Had *Don Felix* been with her, she wou'd not have thought the Time long; these Ladies consider no Body's Wants but their own. [*Aside.*]

Vio. Go, go, let him out, and bring a Candle.

Flo. Yes, Madam.

Liss. I fly, Madam.

[*Exit Liss. and Flora.*]

Vio. The Day draws in, and Night, ——— the Lover's Friend advances ——— Night more welcome than the Sun to me, because it brings my Love.

Flor. (*Shrieks within*) Ah Thieves, Thieves! Murder, Murder!

Vio. (*Shrieks*) Ah! defend me Heaven! What do I hear? *Felix* is certainly pursu'd, and will be taken.

Enter Flora running.

Vio. How now! Why dost stare so? Answer me quickly! What's the Matter?

Flo. Oh Madam! as I was letting out *Lissardo*, a Gentleman rushed between him and I, struck down my Candle, and is bringing a dead Person in his Arms into our House.

Vio. Ha! a dead Person! Heaven grant it do's not prove my *Felix*.

Flor. Here they are, Madam.

Enter Colonel with Isabella in his Arms.

Vio. I'll retire till you discover the Meaning of the Accident. [*Exit.*]

Col. (*Sets Isabella down in the Chair, and addresses himself to Flora.*)

Madam, The Necessity this Lady was under, of being convey'd into some House with Speed and Secrecy, will I hope excuse any Indecency I might be guilty of, in pressing so rudely into this——I am an entire Stranger to her
Name

Name and Circumstances ; wou'd I were so to her Beauty too. (*Aside*) I commit her, Madam, to your Care, and fly to make her Retreat secure, if the Streets be clear ; permit me to return and learn from her own Mouth, if I can be farther serviceable ; pray Madam, how is the Lady of this House call'd ?

Flor. Violante, Senior——He is a handsome Cavalier, and promises well. [*Aside.*]

Col. Are you she, Madam ?

Flor. Only her Woman, *Senior*.

Col. Your humble Servant. Mrs. Pray be careful of the Lady——(*gives her two Moydores.*) [*Exit Col.*]

Flor. Two Moydores ! Well he is a generous Fellow. This is the only Way to make one careful ; I find all Countries understand the Constitution of a Chamber-maid.

Enter Violante.

Vio. Was you distracted *Flora* ? To tell my Name to a Man you never saw ! Unthinking Wench ! Who knows what this may turn to——What is the Lady dead ! Ah ! defend me Heaven, 'tis *Isabella*, Sister to my *Felix*, what has befall'n her ? Pray Heaven he's safe——Run and fetch some cold Water, (*Exit Flora, and enters with Water*) *Isabella*, Friend, speak to me, Oh ! speak to me, or I shall die with Apprehension.

Flor. See, she revives.

Isab. Oh ! hold my dearest Father, do not force me, indeed I cannot love him.

Vio. How wild she talks.——

Isab. Ha ! where am I ?

Vio. With one as sensible of thy Pain as thou thyself canst be.

Isab. Violante ! What kind Star preserv'd, and lodg'd me here ?

Flor. It was a Terrestrial Star call'd a Man, Madam ; pray *Jupiter* he proves a lucky one.

Isab. Oh ! I remember now, forgive me dear *Violante*, my Thoughts ran so much upon the Danger I escap'd, I had forgot.

Vio. May I not know your Story ?

Isab. Thou art no Stranger to one part of it ; I have often told thee that my Father design'd to sacrifice me to
the

the Arms of *Don Guzman*, who it seems is just return'd from *Holland*, and expected ashore to-morrow, the Day that he has set to celebrate our Nuptials; upon my refusing to obey him, he lock'd me into my Chamber, vowing to keep me there till he arriv'd, and force me to consent. I know my Father to be positive, never to be won from his Design; and having no hope left me, to escape the Marriage, I leap'd from the Window, into the Street.

Vio. You have not hurt yourself I hope.

Isab. No, a Gentleman passing by, by Accident caught me in his Arms; at first my Fright made me apprehend it was my Father, till he assur'd me to the contrary.

Flor. He is a very fine Gentleman I promise you, Madam, and a well bred Man I warrant him. I think I never saw a Grandee put his Hand into his Pocket with a better Air in my whole Life Time; then he open'd his Purse with such a Grace, that nothing but his Manner of presenting me the Gold could equal.

Vio. There is but one common Road to the Heart of a Servant, and 'tis impossible for a generous Person to mistake it.—But how came you hither *Isabella*?

Isab. I know not, I desir'd the Stranger to convey me to the next *Monastery*, but e'er I reach'd thy Door, I saw, or fancy'd that I saw, *Lissardo*, my Brother's Man, and the Thought that his Master might not be far off, flung me into a Swoon, which is all that I remember: Ha! What's here (*takes up a Letter*) For Colonel *Britton*, to be left at the Post-House in *Lisbon*; this must be drop'd by the Stranger which brought me hither.

Vio. Thou art fallen into the Hands of a Soldier, take care he does not lay thee under Contribution, Girl.

Isab. I find he is a Gentleman; and if he be but unmarried I cou'd be content to follow him all the World over.—But I shall never see him more I fear. (*Sighs and Pauses.*)

Vio. What makes you sigh, *Isabella*?

Isab. The fear of falling into my Father's Clutches again.

Vio. Can I be serviceable to you?

Isab. Yes, if you'll conceal me two or three Days.

Vio. You command my House and Secrecy.

Isab.

Isab. I thank you *Violante*,—I wish you wou'd oblige me with Mrs. *Flora* a while.

Vio. I'll send for her to you—I must watch if Dad be still asleep, or here will be no room for *Felix*. [Exit.

Isab. Well, I don't know what ails me, but methinks I wish I cou'd find this Stranger out.

Enter *Flora*.

Flor. Does your Ladyship want me, Madam?

Isab. Ay, Mrs. *Flora*, I resolve to make you my Confident.

Flor. I shall endeavour to discharge my Duty, Madam.

Isab. I doubt it not, and desire you to accept this as a Token of my Gratitude.

Flora. O dear *Senjora*, I shou'd have been your humble Servant, without a Fee.

Isab. I believe it—But to the Purpose—Do you think if you saw the Gentleman which brought me hither, you shou'd know him again?

Flor. From a Thousand, Madam, I have an excellent Memory where a handsome Man's concern'd; when he went away he said he would return again immediately, I admire he comes not.

Isab. Here, did you say? You rejoice me—Tho' I'll not see him, if he comes, cou'd not you contrive to give him a Letter?

Flor. With the Air of a Duenna.—

Isab. Not in this House—You must veil and follow him—He must not know it comes from me.

Flor. What do you take me for a Novice in Love Affairs? Tho' I have not practis'd the Art since I have been in *Donna Violante's* Service, yet I have not lost the Theory of a Chamber-maid—Do you write the Letter, and leave the rest to me—Here, here, here's Pen, Ink and Paper.

Isab. I'll do't in a Minute. [Sits down to write.

Flor. So! This is Business after my own Heart; Love always takes care to reward his Labourers, and *Great Britain* seems to be his Favourite Country—Oh, I long to see the t'other two Moydores with a British Air—Methinks there's a Grace peculiar to that Nation in making a Present.

Isab.

Isab. So I have done, now if he does but find this House again !

Flor. If he shou'd not — I warrant I'll find him if he's in *Lisbon*.
[*Puts the Letter into her Bosom.*]

Enter Violante.

Vio. *Flora*, watch my Papa ; he's fast asleep in his Study—If you find him stir, give me Notice.—Hark, I hear *Felix* at the Window, admit him instantly, and then to your Post.
[*Exit Flora.*]

Isab. What say you *Violante* ? Is my Brother come ?

Vio. It is his Signal at the Window.

Isab. (*Kneels.*) Oh ! *Violante*, I conjure thee by all the love thou bear'st to *Felix*—By thy own generous Nature—Nay more, by that unspotted Vertue thou art Mistress of, do not discover to my Brother I am here.

Vio. Contrary to your Desire, be assur'd I never shall, but where's the Danger ?

Isab. Art thou born in *Lisbon*, and ask that Question ? He'll think his Honour blemish'd by my Disobedience, and wou'd restore me to my Father, or kill me, therefore dear, dear Girl.

Vio. Depend upon my Friendship, nothing shall draw thy Secret from these Lips, not even *Felix*, tho' at the Hazard of his Love ; I hear him coming, retire into that Closet.

Isab. Remember *Violante*, upon thy Promise my very Life depends.
[*Exit.*]

Vio. When I betray thee, may I share thy Fate.

Enter Flora with Felix.

Vio. My *Felix*, My everlasting Love.
[*runs into his Arms.*]

Fel. My Life, my Soul ! My *Violante* !

Vio. What Hazards dost thou run for me ; Oh, how shall I requite thee ?

Fel. If during this tedious painful Exile, thy Thoughts have never wander'd from thy *Felix*, thou hast made me more than Satisfaction.

Vio. Can there be room within this Heart for any but thyself No, if the God of Love were lost to all the rest of Human Kind, thy Image wou'd secure him in my Breast,

Breast, I am all Truth, all Love, all Faith, and know no jealous Fears.

Fel. My Heart's the proper Sphere where Love resides; cou'd he quit that he wou'd be no where found: And yet *Violante* I'm in doubt.

Vio. Did I ever give thee Cause to doubt, my *Felix*.

Fel. True Love has many Fears, and Fear as many Eyes as Fame; yet sure I think they see no Fault in thee—
What's that? [*the Colonel pats at the Window without.*

Vio. What? I heard nothing. [*He pats again.*

Fel. Ha! What means this Signal at your Window?

Vio. Some Body perhaps, in passing by, might accidentally hit it, it can be nothing else.

Col. (*Within*) Hift, hift, *Donna Violante, Donna Violante.*

Fel. They use your Name by Accident too, do they, Madam? [*Enter Flora.*

Flo. There is a Gentleman at the Window, Madam, which I fancy to be him who brought *Isabella* hither; shall I admit him? [*Aside to Violante.*

Vio. Admit Distraction rather, thou art the Cause of this, unthinking Wretch! [*Aside to Flora.*

Fel. What has Mistress *Scout* brought you fresh Intelligence? Death, I'll know the Bottom of this immediately! [*offers to go.*

Flor. *Scout*, I scorn your Words, *Senior*.

Vio. Nay, nay, nay, nay, you must not leave me. [*runs and catches hold of him.*

Fel. Oh! 'Tis not fair, not to answer the Gentleman, Madam. It is none of his Fault, that his Visit proves unreasonable; pray let me go, my Presence is but a Restraint upon you. [*struggles to get from her.*

[*The Colonel pats again.*

Vio. Was ever Accident so mischievous? [*Aside.*

Flor. It must be the Colonel, now to deliver my Letter to him. [*Exit.*

Fel. Hark, he grows impatient at your Delay—Why do you hold the Man, whose Absence wou'd oblige you, pray let me go, Madam; consider, the Gentleman wants you at the Window. Confusion! [*struggles still.*

Vio. It is not me he wants.

Fel. Death, not you? Is there another of your Name in
B the

the House? But, come on, convince me of the Truth of what you say: Open the Window, if his Business does not lye with you, your Conversation may be heard — This, and only this, can take off my Suspicion — What do you pause! Oh! Guilt! Guilt! Have I caught you, nay then I'll leap the Balcony. If I remember, this Way leads to it. [*breaks from her, and goes to the Door where Isabella is.*]

Vio. Oh Heavens! What shall I do now? Hold, hold, hold, hold, not for the World — You enter there — Which way shall I preserve his Sister from his Knowledge? [*Aside.*]

Fel. What have I touch'd you; do you fear your Lover's Life?

Vio. I fear for none but you — For Goodness Sake, do not speak so loud my *Felix*. If my Father hear you I am lost for ever, that Door opens into his Apartment, What shall I do if he enters? There he finds his Sister — If he goes out he'll quarrel with the Stranger — Nay, do not struggle to be gone, my *Felix*. — If I open the Window he may discover the whole Intrigue, and yet of all Evils we ought to chuse the least. Your Curiosity shall be satisfied. Whoe'er you are that with such Insolence dare use my Name, and give the Neighbourhood Pretence to reflect upon my Conduct: I charge you instantly be gone, or expect the Treatment you deserve. [*goes to the Window, and throws up the Sash.*]

Col. I ask your Pardon, Madam, and will obey; but when I left this House to Night.

Fel. Good!

Vio. It is most certainly the Stranger, what will be the Event of this, Heaven knows. (*Aside.*) you are mistaken in the House I suppose, Sir.

Fel. No, no, he is not mistaken — Pray Madam let the Gentleman go on.

Vio. Wretched Misfortune, pray be gone Sir, I know of no Business you have here.

Col. I wish I did not know it neither — But this House contains my Soul, then can you blame my Body for hovering about it!

Fel. Excellent!

Vio. Distraction! He will infallibly discover *Isabella*.
I tell

I tell you again you are mistaken ; however, for your own Satisfaction, call To-morrow.

Fel. Matchless Impudence ! An Affignation before my Face——No, he shall not live to meet your Wishes.

[Takes out a Pistol and goes towards the Window ; she catches hold of him.]

Vio. Ah ! (*Scrieks*) hold I conjure you.

Col. To-morrow's an Age, Madam ! May I not be admitted to Night ?

Vio. If you be a Gentleman, I command your Absence. Unfortunate ! What will my Stars do with me ? *[Aside.]*

Col. I have done——Only this——Be careful of my Life, for it is in your keeping. *[Exit from the Window.]*

Fel. Pray observe the Gentleman's Request, Madam. *[Walking off from her.]*

Vio. I am all Confusion. *[Aside.]*

Fel. You are all Truth, all Love, all Faith ; Oh ! thou all Woman !——How have I been deceiv'd ? S'Death, cou'd not you have impos'd upon me for this one Night ? Cou'd neither my faithful Love, nor the Hazard I have run to see you, make me worthy to be cheated on ?

Vio. Can I bear this from you ? *[Weeps.]*

Fel. (*Repeats*) When I left this House to Night——to Night the Devil ! Return so soon !

Vio. Oh *Isabella* ! What hast thou involv'd me in ! *[Aside.]*

Fel. (*Repeats*) This House contains my Soul.

Vio. Yet I resolve to keep the Secret. *[Aside.]*

Fel. (*Repeats*) Be careful of my Life, for 'tis in your keeping——Damnation !——How ugly she appears ? *[Looking at her.]*

Vio. Do not look so sternly on me, but believe me, *Felix*, I have not injur'd you, nor am I false.

Fel. Not false, not injur'd me ! O *Violante*, lost and abandon'd to thy Vice ! Not false, Oh monstrous !

Vio. Indeed I am not——There is a Cause which I must not reveal——Oh think how far Honour can oblige your Sex——Then allow a Woman may be bound by the same Rule to keep a Secret.

Fel. Honour, what hast thou to do with Honour, thou that canst admit plurality of Lovers, a Secret ? Ha, ha, ha, his Affairs are wondrous safe, who trusts his Secret to

a Woman's keeping, but you need give yourself no Trouble about clearing this Point, Madam, for you are become so indifferent to me, that your Truth, and Falshood are the same !

Vio. My Love !

[*Offers to take his Hand.*

Fel. My Torment !

[*Turns from her.*

Enter Flora.

Flo. So I have deliver'd my Letter to the Colonel, and receiv'd my Fee. (*Aside*) Madam, your Father bad me see what Noise that was — For Goodness sake, Sir, why do you speak so loud !

Fel. I understand my cue Mistress, my Absence is necessary, I'll oblige you. (*going*) [*takes hold of him.*

Vio. Oh, let me undeceive you first !

Fel. Impossible !

Vio. 'Tis very possible if I durst.

Fel. Durst ! Ha, ha, ha, durst quotha.

Vio. But another Time I'll tell thee all.

Fel. Nay, now or never. —

Vio. Now it cannot be.

Fel. Then it shall never be — Thou most ungrateful of thy Sex, farewell. [*Breaks from her and Exit.*

Vio. Oh exquisite Tryal of my Friendship ! Yet not even this, shall draw the Secret from me,

*That I'll preserve, let Fortune frown, or smile,
And trust to Love, my Love to reconcile.*

[*Exit.*

A C T III.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. **W**AS ever Man thus plagu'd ! Odsheart, I cou'd swallow my Dagger for Madnefs ; I know not what to think, sure *Frederick* had no Hand in her Escape — She must get out of the Window ; and she could not do that without a Ladder ; and who cou'd bring it her, but him ? Ay, it must be so. The Dislike he shew'd to
Don

Don Guzman in our Discourse to Day, confirms my Suspicion, and I will charge him home with it; sure Children were given me for a Curse! Why, what innumerable Misfortunes attend us Parents, when we have employ'd our whole Care to educate, and bring our Children up to Years of Maturity? Just when we expect to reap the Fruits of our Labour; a Man shall in the tinkling of a Bell, see one hang'd, and t'other whor'd. — This graceless Baggage — But I'll to *Frederick* immediately. I'll take the *Alguazil* with me, and search his House; and if I find her, I'll use her — by *St. Anthony*, I don't know how I'll use her. [Exit.

The Scene changes to the Street.

Enter Colonel with Isabella's Letter in his Hand, and Gibby following.

Col. Well, tho' I cou'd not see my fair *Incognita*, Fortune, to make me amends, has flung another Intrigue in my way. Oh! How I love these pretty, kind, coming Females, that won't give a Man the Trouble of wracking his Invention to deceive them. — Oh *Portugal*! Thou dear Garden of Pleasure — Where Love drops down his mellow Fruit, and every Bough bends to our Hands, and seems to cry come, Pull and Eat, how deliciously a Man lives here without Fear of the Stool of Repentance? — This Letter I receiv'd from a Lady in a Veil — Some *Duenna*! Some necessary Implement of *Cupid*? I suppose the Stile is frank and easy, I hope like her that writ it. (*Reads.*) “ Sir, I have seen your Person, and like it. — Very concise — “ And if you'll meet at five o'Clock in “ the Morning upon the *Terriero de passa*, half an Hours “ Conversation will let me into your Mind.” — Ha, ha, ha, a philosophical Wench: This is the first Time I ever knew a Woman had any Business with the Mind of a Man. — “ If your Intellects answer your outward Appearance, the “ Adventure may not displease you. I expect you'll not “ attempt to see my Face, nor offer any thing unbecom- “ ing the Gentleman I take you for:” — Humph, the Gentleman she takes me for; I hope she takes me to be Flesh and Blood, and then I am sure I shall do nothing unbecoming a Gentleman. Well, if I must not see her

Face, it shall go hard if I don't know where she lives.
—Gibby.

Gib. Here, an lik yer Honour.

Col. Follow me at a good Distance, do you hear, Gibby?

Gib. In troth dee I, weel eneugh, Sir.

Col. I am to meet a Lady upon the *Terreira de passa*.

Gib. The Deel an mine Eye gin I kenn her, Sir.

Col. But you will when we come there, Sirrah.

Gib. Like eneugh, Sir; I have as sharp an Eyn tul a bonny Lass, as ere a Lad in aw *Scotland*; and what mun I dee wi her, Sir?

Col. Why, if she and I part, you must watch her home, and bring me Word where she lives.

Gib. In troth sal I, Sir, gin the Deel tak her not.

Col. Come along then, 'tis pretty near the Time.—I like a Woman that rises early to pursue her Inclination.

*Thus we improve the Pleasures of the Day,
While tasteless Mortals sleep their Time away.*

[Exit.

Scene changes to Frederick's House.

Enter Inis and Liffardo.

Liff. Your Lady run away, and you not know whither? Say you?

Inis. She never greatly car'd for me after finding you and I together; but you are very grave, methinks, *Liffardo*.

Liff. (*Looking upon the Ring*) Not at all—I have some Thoughts indeed of altering my Course of living; there is a critical Minute in every Man's Life, which, if he can but lay hold of, he may make his Fortune.

Inis. Ha! What, do I see a Diamond Ring! Where the Deuce had he that Ring? You have got a very pretty Ring there, *Liffardo*.

Liff. Ay, the Trifle is pretty enough — But the Lady which gave it me is a *Bona Roba* in Beauty, I assure you.

[Cocks his Hat and struts.

Inis. I can't bear this — The Lady! What Lady, pray?

Liff. Oh fy! There's a Question to ask a Gentleman.

Inis.

Inis. A Gentleman! Why, the Fellow's spoil'd! is this your Love for me? Ungrateful Man, you'll break my Heart, so you will. *[Bursts into Tears.*

Liss. Poor tender-hearted Fool.—

Inis. If I knew who gave you that Ring, I'd tear her Eyes out, so I wou'd. *[Sobs.*

Liss. So, now the Jade wants a little Coaxing; why, what dost thou weep for now, my Dear? Ha!

Inis. I suppose *Flora* gave you that Ring; but I'll—

Liss. No, the Devil take me if she did, you make me swear now — So, they are All for the Ring, but I shall bob 'em: I did but joke, the Ring is none of mine, it is my Master's; I am to give it to be new set, that's all; therefore, prithee dry thy Eyes, and kiss me, come.

[Enter Flora.

Inis. And do you really speak Truth now?

Liss. Why do you doubt it?

Flo. So, so, very well! I thought there was an Intrigue between him and *Inis*, for all he has forsworn it so often. *[Aside.*

Inis. Nor han't you seen *Flora* since you came to Town.

Flo. Ha! How dares she name my Name? *[Aside.*

Liss. No, by this Kiss I han't. *[Kisses her.*

Flo. Here's a dissembling Varlet. *[Aside.*

Inis. Nor don't you love her at all?

Liss. Love the Devil; why did not I always tell thee she was my Aversion?

Flo. Did you so, Villain? *[Strikes him a Box on the Ear.*

Liss. Zounds, she here! I have made a fine Spot of Work on't. *[Aside.*

Inis. What's that for? Ha. *[Brushes up to her.*

Flo. I shall tell you by and by, Mrs. *Frippery*, if you don't get about your Business.

Inis. Who do you call *Frippery*, Mrs. *Trollop*? Pray get about your Business: If you go to that, I hope you pretend to no Right and Title here.

Liss. What the Devil do they take me for, an Acre of Land, that they quarrel about Right and Title to me? *[Aside.*

Flo. Pray what Right have you, Mistress, to ask that Question?

Inis. No matter for that, I can show a better Title to him than you, I believe.

Flo. What, has he given thee nine Months earnest for a living Title? Ha, ha.

Inis. Don't fling your flaunting Jests at me, Mrs. *Bold-face*, for I won't take 'em, I assure you.

Liss. So! Now am I as great as the fam'd *Alexander*. But my dear *Statira* and *Roxana*, don't exert yourselves so much about me: Now, I fancy, if you wou'd agree lovingly together, I might, in a modest Way, satisfy both your Demands upon me.

Flo. You satisfy! No, Sirrah, I am not to be satisfy'd so soon as you think, perhaps.

Inis. No, nor I neither——What, do you make no Difference between us?

Flor. You pityful Fellow, you; what, you fancy, I warrant, that I gave myself the trouble of dogging you, out of Love to your filthy Person; but you are mistaken, Sirrah—it was to detect your Treachery.—How often have you sworn to me that you hated *Inis*, and only carried fair for the good Chear she gave you; but that you could never like a Woman with crooked Legs, you said.

Inis. How, how, Sirrah, crooked Legs! Ods; I cou'd find in my Heart. [Snatching up her Petticoat a little.

Liss. Here's a lying young Jade now! Prithee, my Dear, moderate thy Passion. [Coaxingly.

Inis. I'd have you to know, Sirrah, my Legs was never—your Master, I hope, understands Legs better than you do, Sirrah. [passionately.

Liss. My Master, so, so. [Shaking his Head and winking.

Flo. I am glad I have done some Mischief, however. [Aside.

Liss. (To *Inis*.) Art thou really so foolish to mind what an enrag'd Woman says? Don't you see she does it on purpose to part you and I? (runs to *Flora*) cou'd not you find the Joke without putting yourself in a Passion! You silly Girl you? why I saw you follow us plain enough, Mun, and said all this, that you might not go back with only your Labour for your Pains—But you are a revengeful young Slut tho'. I tell you that, but come kifs, and be Friends.

Flo. Don't think to coax me; hang your Kisses.

Fel.

Fel. (Within.) Lissardo.

Liss. Odsheart, here's my Master; the Devil take both these Jades for me, what shall I do with them?

Inis. Ha! 'Tis *Don Felix's* Voice; I wou'd not have him find me here, with his Footman, for the World.

[*Aside.*

Fel. (Within) Why, *Lissardo, Lissardo!*

Liss. Coming Sir, What a Pox will you do?

Flo. Bless me, which Way shall I get out?

Liss. Nay, nay, you must e'en set your Quarrel aside, and be content to be mew'd up in this Cloaths Press together, or stay where you are, and face it out — there is no help for it!

Flo. Put me any where, rather than that; come, come, let me in.

[*He opens the Press, and she goes in.*

Inis. I'll see her hang'd, before I'll go into the Place where she is. — I'll trust Fortune with my Deliverance: Here us'd to be a Pair of back Stairs, I'll try to find them out.

[*Exit.*

Enter Felix and Frederick.

Fel. Was you asleep, Sirrah, that you did not hear me call?

Liss. I did hear you, and answer'd you, I was coming, Sir.

Fel. Go get the Horses ready, I'll leave *Lisbon* to Night, never to see it more.

Liss. Hey dey! What's the Matter now? [Exit.

Fred. Pray tell me, *Don Felix!* What has ruffled your Temper thus?

Fel. A Woman — Oh Friend, who can name Woman, and forget Inconstancy!

Fred. This from a Person of mean Education were excusable, such low Suspicions have their Source from vulgar Conversation; Men of your politer Taste never rashly censure. — Come, this is some groundless Jealousy — Love raises many Fears.

Fel. No, my Ears convey'd the Truth into my Heart, and Reason justifies my Anger: *Violante's* false, and I have nothing left, but thee, in *Lisbon*, which can make me wish ever to see it more, except Revenge upon my Rival, of whom I am ignorant. Oh, That some Miracle wou'd re-

veal him to me, that I might thro' his Heart punish her Infidelity.

Enter Lissardo.

Liss. Oh! Sir, here's your Father *Don Lopez* coming up.

Fel. Does he know that I am here?

Liss. I can't tell, Sir, he ask'd for *Don Frederick*.

Fred. Did he see you?

Liss. I believe not, Sir, for as soon as I saw him, I ran back to give my Master Notice.

Fel. Keep out of his Sight then.—And dear *Frederick*, permit me to retire into the next Room, for I know the old Gentleman will be very much displeased at my Return without his Leave. [Exit.

Fred. Quick, quick, be gone, he is here.

Enter Don Lopez, speaking as he enters.

Lop. Mr. *Alguazil*, wait you without till I call for you. *Frederick*, an Affair brings me here—which—requires Privacy—So that if you have any Body within Ear-shot, pray order them to retire.

Fred. We are private, my Lord, speak freely.

Lop. Why then, Sir, I must tell you, that you had better have pitch'd upon any Man in *Portugal* to have injur'd, than myself.

Fel. (Peeping) What means my Father?

Fred. I understand you not, my Lord!

Lop. Tho' I am old, I have a Son.—Alas! Why name I him? He knows not the Dishonour of my House.

Fel. I am confounded! The Dishonour of his House.

Fred. Explain yourself my Lord! I am not conscious of any dishonourable Action to any Man, much less to your Lordship.

Lop. 'Tis false! you have debauched my Daughter.

Fel. Debauch'd my Sister! Impossible! He cou'd not, durst not be that Villain.

Fred. My Lord I scorn so foul a Charge.

Lop. You have debauch'd her Duty at least, therefore, instantly restore her to me, or by St. *Anthony* I'll make you.

Fred. Restore her my Lord! Where shall I find her?

Lop. I have those that will swear she is here in your House.

Fel.

Fel. Ha! In this House?

Fred. You are misinform'd, my Lord, upon my Reputation I have not seen *Donna Isabella*, since the Absence of *Don Felix*.

Lop. Then, pray Sir——If I am not too inquisitive, what Motive had you for those Objections you made against her Marriage with *Don Guzman* Yesterday?

Fred. The Disagreeableness of such a Match, I fear'd, wou'd give your Daughter cause to curse her Duty, if she comply'd with your Demand, that was all, my Lord!

Lop. And so you help'd her thro' the Window to make her disobey.

Fel. Ha, my Sister gone! Oh Scandal to our Blood!

Fred. This is insulting me, my Lord, when I assure you I have neither seen, nor know any thing of your Daughter——If she is gone, the Contrivance was her own, and you may thank your Rigour for it.

Lop. Very well, Sir; however, my Rigour shall make bold to search your House: Here, call in the Alguazil.—

Flo. (*Peeping*) The Alguazil! What in the Name of Wonder will become of me!

Fred. The Alguazil! My Lord, you'll repent this.

Enter Alguazil and Attendants.

Lop. No Sir, 'tis you that will repent it, I charge you, in the King's Name, to assist me in finding of my Daughter.— Besure you leave no Part of the House unsearch'd; come, follow me. [*Goes towards the Door where Felix is; Frederick draws, and plants himself before the Door.*]

Fred. Sir, I must first know by what Authority you pretend to search my House, before you enter here.

Alg. How! Sir, dare you presume to draw your Sword upon the Representative of Majesty! I am, Sir, I am his Majesty's *Alguazil*, and the very Quintessence of Authority——therefore put up your Sword, or I shall order you to be knock'd down——for know, Sir, the Breath of an *Alguazil*, is as dangerous as the Breath of a *Demy-Culverin*.

Lop. She is certainly in that Room, by his guarding the Door——if he disputes your Authority, knock him down, I say.

Fred. I shall show you some Sport first ! The Woman you look for is not here, but there is something in this Room, which I'll preserve from your Sight at the Hazard of my Life.

Lop. Enter, I say, nothing but my Daughter can be there—Force his Sword from him. [Felix comes out and joins Frederick.

Fel. Villains, stand off ! Assassinate a Man in his own House.

Lop. Oh, oh, oh, *Misericordia*, what do I see my Son !

Alg. Ha, his Son ! Here's five hundred Pounds good, my Brethren, if *Antonio* dies, and that's in the Surgeon's Power, and he's in love with my Daughter, you know — *Don Felix* ! I command you to surrender yourself into the Hands of Justice, in order to raise me and my Posterity, and in Consideration you lose your Head to gain me five hundred Pounds, I'll have your Generosity recorded on your Tomb-stone—at my own proper Cost and Charge—I hate to be ungrateful.

Fred. Here's a generous Dog now——

Lop. Oh that ever I was born—Hold, hold, hold.

Fred. Did I not tell you, you wou'd repent, my Lord. What ho ! Within there (*Enter Servants*) Arm yourselves, and let not a Man in, nor out, but *Felix* —— Look ye, *Alguazil*, when you wou'd betray my Friend for filthy Lucre, I shall no more regard you as an Officer of Justice, but as a Thief and Robber thus resist you.

Fel. Generous *Frederick* ! Come on, Sir, we'll show you Play for the five hundred Pounds.

Alg. Fall on, seize the Money right or wrong, ye Rogues. [They fight.

Lop. Hold, hold, *Alguazil* ! I'll give you the five hundred Pounds, that is, my Bond to pay it upon *Antonio's* Death, and twenty Pistoles however Things go, for you and these honest Fellows to drink my Health.

Alg. Say you so, my Lord ! Why look ye, my Lord, I bear the young Gentleman no ill Will, my Lord, if I get but the five hundred Pounds, my Lord —— Why, look ye, my Lord——'Tis the same Thing to me whether your Son be hanged or not, my Lord.

Fel. Scoundrels.——

Lop. Ay, well, thou art a good-natur'd Fellow, that
is

is the Truth on't—Come then, we'll to the Tavern, and sign and seal this Minute: Oh *Felix*! be careful of thyself, or thou wilt break my Heart. [*Exit Lopez, Alguazil and Attendants.*]

Fel. Now *Frederick*, tho' I ought to thank you for your Care of me, yet, till I am satisfied about my Father's Accusation, I can't return the Acknowledgments I owe you: Know you aught relating to my Sister?

Fred. I hope my Faith and Truth are known to you—And here by both I swear, I am ignorant of every Thing relating to your Father's Charge.

Fel. Enough, I do believe thee! Oh Fortune! Where will thy Malice end!

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, I bring you joyful News; I am told that *Don Antonio* is out of Danger, and now in the Palace.

Fel. I wish it be true, then I'm at Liberty to watch my Rival, and pursue my Sister? Prithee *Frederick*, inform thyself of the Truth of this Report.

Fred. I will this Minute—Do you hear, let no body in to *Don Felix* till my Return, [*Exit.*]

Ser. I'll observe, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Flo. (*Peeping*) They have almost frightened me out of my Wits—I'm sure—Now *Felix* is alone, I have a good Mind to pretend I came with a Message from my Lady; but then how shall I say I came into the Cupboard. [*Aside.*]

Enter Servant, seeming to oppose the Entrance of somebody.

Ser. I tell you, Madam, *Don Felix* is not here.

Vio. (*Within*) I tell you, Sir, he is here, and I will see him. (*breaks in*) You are as difficult of Access, Sir, as a first Minister of State.

Flo. My Stars! My Lady here! [*Shuts the Press close.*]

Fel. If your Visit was design'd to *Frederick*, Madam, he is abroad.

Vio. No Sir, the Visit is to you.

Fel. You are very punctual in your Ceremonies, Madam.

Vio. Tho' I did not come to return your Visit, but to take that which your Civility ought to have brought me.

Fel.

Fel. If my Ears, my Eyes and my Understanding ly'd, then I am in your Debt, else not, Madam.

Vio. I will not charge them with a Term so gross, to say they ly'd, but call it a Mistake, nay, call it any thing to excuse my *Felix*—Cou'd I, think ye, cou'd I put off my Pride so far, poorly to dissemble a Passion which I did not feel? Or seek a Reconciliation, with what I did not love? Do but consider, if I had entertain'd another, shou'd I not rather embrace this Quarrel, pleas'd with the Occasion that rid me of your Visits, and gave me Freedom to enjoy the Choice which you think I have made; have I any Interest in thee but my Love? Or am I bound by aught but Inclination to submit and follow thee——No Law whilst single binds us to obey, but you by Nature and Education, are oblig'd to pay a Deference to all Woman-kind.

Fel. These are fruitless Arguments: 'Tis most certain thou wert dearer to these Eyes than all that Heaven e're gave to charm the Sense of Man; but I wou'd rather tear them out, than suffer 'em to delude my Reason, and enslave my Peace.

Vio. Can you love without Esteem? And where is the Esteem for her you still suspect? Oh *Felix*! There is a Delicacy——in Love, which equals even a religious Faith; true Love ne'er doubts the Object it adores, and Scepticks there, will disbelieve their Sight.

Enter Servant.

Fel. Your Notions are too refin'd for mine, Madam. How now, what do you want?

Ser. Only my Master's Cloak out of this Press, Sir, that's all——Oh! The Devil, the Devil. [*Opens the Press, sees Flora, and roars out.*]

Vio. Ha, a Woman conceal'd! Very well, *Felix*!

Flo. Discover'd! Nay then Legs befriend me. [*runs out.*]

Fel. A Woman in the Press! [*Enter Lissardo.*]
How the Devil came a Woman there, Sirrah?

Liss. What shall I say now?

Vio. Now *Lissardo* shew your Wit to bring your Master off.

Liss. Off Madam! Nay, nay, nay, there, there needs
no

no great Wit to, to, to, bring him off Madam, for she did, and she did not come as, as, as, as, a, a, a Man may say directly to, to, to, to speak with my Master, Madam.

Vio. I see by your Stammering, *Lissardo*, that your Invention is at a very low Ebb.

Fel. 'Sdeath, Rascal! speak without Hesitation, and the Truth too, or I shall stick my Stiletto in your Guts.

Vio. No, no, your Master mistakes, he wou'd not have you speak the Truth.

Fel. Madam, my Sincerity wants no Excuse.

Liss. I am so confounded between one and the other, that I can't think of a Lye.— [Aside.

Fel. Sirrah, fetch me this Woman back instantly, I'll know what Business she had here!

Vio. Not a step; your Master shan't be put to the Blush.—Come a Truce, *Felix*! Do you ask me no more Questions about the Window, and I'll forgive this.

Fel. I scorn Forgiveness where I own no Crime, but your Soul, conscious of its Guilt, would fain lay hold of this Occasion to blend your Treason with my Innocence.

Vio. Insolent! Nay, if instead of owning your Fault you endeavour to insult my Patience, I must tell you, Sir, you don't behave yourself like that Man of Honour you wou'd be taken for, you ground your Quarrel with me upon your own Inconstancy; 'tis plain you are false yourself, and wou'd make me the Aggressor——It was not for nothing the Fellow oppos'd my Entrance——This last Usage has given me back my Liberty, and now my Father's Will shall be obey'd without the least Reluctance. [Exit.

Fel. Oh, stubborn, stubborn Heart, what wilt thou do? Her Father's Will shall be obey'd; Ha, That carries her to a Cloyster, and cuts off all my Hopes at once——By Heaven she shall not, must not leave me! No she is not false, at least my Love now represents her true, because I fear to lose her: Ha! Villain, art thou here: (*turns upon Lissardo*) tell me this Moment who this Woman was, and for what Intent she was here conceal'd——Or

Liss. Ah, good Sir, forgive me, and I'll tell you the whole Truth. (*falls on his Knees.*

Fel. Out with it then——

Liss. It, it, it, was Mrs. *Flora*, Sir, *Donna Violante's* Woman——you must know, Sir, we have had a sneaking Kind-

Kindness for one another a great while—She was not willing you should know it, so when she heard your Voice, she ran into the Cloaths-Prefs; I wou'd have told you this at first, but I was afraid of her Lady's knowing it; this is the Truth, as I hope for a whole Skin, Sir.

Fes. If it be not, I'll not leave you a whole Bone in it, Sirrah——fly, and observe if *Violante* goes directly home.

Liss. Yes, Sir; yes.

Fel. I must convince her of my Faith: Oh! how irresolute is a Lover's Heart! My Resentment cool'd when hers grew high—Nor can I struggle longer with my Fate; I cannot quit her, no I cannot, so absolute a Conquest has she gain'd——Woman's the greatest sovereign Power on Earth.

*In vain Men strive their Tyranny to quit,
Their Eyes command, and force us to submit.
So have I seen a mettled Courser fly,
Tear up the Ground, and toss his Rider high,
Till some experienc'd Master found the Way,
With Spur and Rein to make his Pride obey.*

Scene the Terreiro de passa.

Enter Colonel and Isabella veil'd.

Gibby at a Distance.

Col. Then you say, it is impossible for me to wait of you home, Madam.

Isab. I say it is inconsistent with my Circumstance, Colonel, and that Way impossible for me to admit of it.

Col. Consent to go with me then——I lodge at one *Don Frederick's* a Merchant just by here, he is a very honest Fellow, and I dare confide in his Secrecy.

Isab. Ha, does he lodge there? Pray Heaven I am not discover'd. *[Aside.*

Col. What say you, my Charmer? shall we breakfast together; I have some of the best Bohea in the Universe.

Isab. Pu! Bohea! Is that the best Treat you can give a Lady at your Lodgings—Colonel!

Col. Well hinted——No, no, no, I have other Things at thy Service, Child.

Isab. What are those Things pray?

Col.

Col. My Heart, Soul, and Body into the Bargain.

Isab. Has the last no Incumbrance upon it; can you make a clear Title, Colonel?

Col. All Freehold, Child, and I'll afford thee a very good Bargain. *[embraces her.]*

Gib. Au my Sol, they mak muckle Wards about it, Ise feer weary with standing, Ise e'en tak a Sleep.

[Lies down.]

Isab. If I take a Lease it must be for Life, Colonel.

Col. Thou shalt have me as long, or as little Time as thou wilt; my Dear, come, let's to my Lodging, and we'll Sign and Seal this Minute.

Isab. Oh, not so fast, Colonel, there are many Things to be adjusted before the Lawyer and the Parson comes.

Col. The Lawyer, and Parson! No, no, ye little Rogue, we can finish our Affairs without the Help of the Law—or the Gospel.

Isab. Indeed but we can't, Colonel.

Col. Indeed! Why hast thou then trappan'd me out of my warm Bed this Morning for nothing! Why, this is showing a Man half famish'd a well furnish'd Larder, then clapping a Padlock on the Door, till you starve him quite.

Isab. If you can find in your Heart to say Grace, Colonel, you shall keep the Key.

Col. I love to see my Meat before I give Thanks, Madam, therefore uncover thy Face, Child, and I'll tell thee more of my Mind.—If I like you—

Isab. I dare not risk my Reputation upon your Ifs, Colonel,—and so Adieu. *[Going.]*

Col. Nay, nay, nay, we must not part.

Isab. As you ever hope to see me more, suspend your Curiosity now; one Step farther loses me for ever.—Show yourself a Man of Honour, and you shall find me a Woman of Honour. *[Exit.]*

Col. Well, for once, I'll trust to a blind Bargain, Madam.—*(Kisses her Hand and parts.)* But I shall be too cunning for your Ladyship, if *Gibby* observes my Orders: Methinks these Intrigues, which relate to the Mind, are very insipid.—The Conversation of Bodies is much more diverting.—Ha! What do I see, my Rascal asleep?
Sirrah,

Sirrah, did I not charge you to watch the Lady ? And is it thus you observe my Orders, ye Dog. *[Kicks him*

all this while, and he shrugs, and rubs his Eyes, and yawns.

Gib. That's treu, and lik your Honour ; but I thought that when ence ye had her in yer awn Honds, yee mite a orderd her yer fal weel eneugh without me, en ye keen, and lik yer Honour.

Col. Sirrah, hold your impertinent Tongue, and make haste after her ; if you don't bring me some Account of her, never dare to see my Face again. *[Exit.*

Gib. Ay ! This is bony Wark indeed, to run three hundred Mile to this wicked Town, an before I can weel fill my Wem, to be sent a Whore-hunting after this black shee Devil.—What Gat fal I gang to speer for this Wutch now ? Ah, for a ruling Elder——or the Kirk's Treaserer——or his Mon——Id gar, my Master mak twa oh this ; —But I'm feer ther's na fike honest People here, or there wou'd na be so muckle Sculdudrie *.

[Enter an English Soldier passing along.

Gib. Geud Mon, did ye see a Woman, a Lady, ony gate her away enow ?

Eng. Man. Yes, a great many. What kind of a Woman is it you enquire after.

Gib. Geud troth, she's ne Kenspekle, she's aw in a Clowd.——

Eng. Man. What ! it's some High-land Monster which you brought over with you, I suppose, I see no such, not I, kenspekle quotha !

Gib. Huly, huly, Mon, the Deel pike out yer Eyn, and then you'll see the bater, ye *Englisb* bag Pudn Tike.

Eng. Man. What says the Fellow ? *[Turning to Gibby.*

Gib. Say ! I say I am a better Fellow than e'er stude up-on yer Shanks—an gin I heer meer a yer din, deal a my Sol, Sir, but Ise crak your Crown.

Eng. Man. Get you gone, you *Scotch* Rascal, and thank your Heathen Dialect, which I don't understand, that you han't your Bones broke.

Gib. Ay ! an ye do no understond a *Scots* Man's Tongue

* *Fornication.*

—Ife se gin ye can understond a Scots Man's Gripe : Wha's the batter Man now, Sir ?

[Lays hold of him, strikes up his Heels, and gets astride over him.]

Here Violante crosses the Stage, Gibby jumps up from the Man, and brushes up to Violante.

Gib. I vow, Madam, but I am glad that yee and I are foregather'd.

Vio. What wou'd the Fellow have ?

Gib. Nothing, away Madam, wo worth yer Heart, what a muckle deel a Mischief had yee like to bring upon poor *Gibby*.

Vio. The Man's drunk.——

Gib. In troth am I not.——An gin I had not fond ye, Madam, the Laird knows when I shou'd; [for my Master bad me nere gang Heam, without Tydings of yee, Madam.]

Vio. Sirrah, get about your Business, or I'll have your Bones drubb'd.

Gib. Geud Faith, my Master has e'en dun that te yer Honds, Madam.

Vio. Who is your Master, Friend ?

Gib. Mony e'en Spiers the gat, they ken right weel—It is no so long sen yee parted wi him, I wish he ken yee haafe as weel as yee ken him.

Vio. Pugh, the Creature's mad or mistakes me for some Body else ; and I shou'd be as mad as he, to talk to him any longer. *[Exit.]*

Enter Lissardo at the upper End of the Stage.

Liss. So, she's gone Home, I see. What did that Scotch Fellow want with her ? I'll try to find it out, perhaps I may discover something that may make my Master friends with me again.

Gib. Are ye gaune, Madam, a deel scope in your Company, for I'm as weese as I was ; but I'll bide and see whase House it is, gin I can meet wi ony Civil Body to spier at.——Weel of aw Men in the World, I think our Scots Men the greatest Feuls, to leave their weel favour'd honest Women at Heam, to rin walloping after a Pack of Gyrcarlings here, that shame to show their Faces, and
peer

peer Men, like me, are forc'd to be their Pimps; a Pimp! Godswarbit, *Gibby's* ne'er be a Pimp——And yet in troth it is a Threving Trade; I remember a Countryman aw mi ean, that by ganging a fike like Errants as I am now, come to gat Preferment: My Lad, wot yee wha lives here?

[Turns and sees *Lissardo*.

Liss. *Don Pedro de Mendosa.*

Gib. An did ye see a Lady gang in but now?

Liss. Yes I did.

Gib. An dee ken her te?

Liss. It was *Donna Violante* his Daughter; what the Devil makes him so inquisitive? Here is something in it, that's certain. 'Tis a cold Morning, Brother, what think you of a Dram?

Gib. In troth, very weel, Sir.

Liss. You seem an honest Fellow, prithee let's drink to our better Acquaintance.

Gib. Wi aw my Heart, Sir; gang yer gat to the next House, and Ise follow ye.——

Liss. Come along then. [Exit.

Gib. *Don Pedro de Mendosa*———*Donna Violante* his Daughter; that's as right as my Leg now——Ise need na meer, I'll tak a Drink, an then to my Master.——

Ise bring him News will mak his Heart full Blee;

Gin he rewards it not, Deel pimp for me. [Exit.



A C T IV.

S C E N E, *Violante's Lodgings.*

Enter Isabella in a gay Temper, and Violante out of Humour.

Isab. MY Dear, I have been seeking you this half Hour, to tell you the most lucky Adventure.

Vio. And you have pitched upon the most unlucky Hour for it, that you cou'd possibly have found in the whole four and Twenty.

Isab.

Ifab. Hang unlucky Hours, I won't think of them ; I hope all my Misfortunes are past.

Vio. And mine all to come.

Ifab. I have seen the Man I like.

Vio. And I have seen the Man that I cou'd wish to hate.

Ifab. And you must assist me in discovering whether he can like me, or not.

Vio. You have assisted me in such a Discovery already, I thank ye.

Ifab. What say you, my Dear ?

Vio. I say I am very unlucky at Discoveries, *Isabella* ; I have too lately made one pernicious to my Ease ; your Brother is false.

Ifab. Impossible !

Vio. Most true.

Ifab. Some Villain has traduc'd him to you.

Vio. No, *Isabella*, I love too well to trust the Eyes of others ; I never credit the ill judging World, or form Suspicions upon vulgar Censures ; no, I had ocular Proof of his Ingratitude.

Ifab. Then I am most unhappy ; my Brother was the only Pledge of Faith betwixt us ; if he has forfeited your Favour, I have no Title to your Friendship.

Vio. You wrong my Friendship, *Isabella* ; your own Merit intitles you to every Thing within my Power.

Ifab. Generous Maid——But may I not know what Grounds you have to think my Brother false.

Vio. Another time——But tell me, *Isabella*, how can I serve you ?

Ifab. Thus then —— The Gentleman that brought me hither, I have seen and talk'd with upon the *Terreiro de passa* this Morning, and find him a Man of Sense, Generosity, and good Humour ; in short, he is every Thing that I cou'd like for a Husband, and I have dispatch'd Mrs. *Flora* to bring him hither ; I hope you'll forgive the Liberty I have taken.

Vio. Hither, to what Purpose ?

Ifab. To the great universal Purpose, Matrimony.

Vio. Matrimony ! Why do you design to ask him ?

Ifab. No, *Violante*, you must do that for me.

Vio. I thank you for the Favour you design me, but de-
fire

fire to be excus'd : I manage my own Affairs too ill, to be trusted with those of other People ; besides ; if my Father shou'd find a Stranger here, it might make him hurry me into a *Monastery* immediately ; I can't for my Life admire your Conduct, to encourage a Person altogether unknown to you.——'Twas very imprudent to meet him this Morning, but much more so, to send for him hither, knowing what Inconveniency you have already drawn upon me.

Isab. I am not insensible how far my Misfortunes have embarrass'd you ; and, if you please, sacrifice my Quiet to your own.

Vio. Unkindly urg'd—Have I not preferr'd your Happiness to every Thing that's dear to me ?

Isab. I know thou hast——Then do not deny me this last Request, when a few Hours perhaps, may render my Condition, able to clear thy Fame, and bring my Brother to thy Feet for Pardon.

Vio. I wish you don't repent of this Intrigue. I suppose he knows you are the same Woman that he brought in here last Night.

Isab. Not a Syllable of that ; I met him veil'd, and to prevent his knowing the House, I order'd Mrs. *Flora* to bring him by the back Door into the Garden.

Vio. The very Way which *Felix* comes ; if they should meet, there would be fine Work——Indeed, my Dear, I can't approve of your Design.

Enter Flora.

Flor. Madam, the Colonel waits your Pleasure.

Vio. How durst you go upon such a Message, Mistress, without acquainting me ?

Isab. 'Tis too late to dispute that now, dear *Violante*. I acknowledge the Rashness of the Action—But consider the Necessity of my Deliverance.

Vio. That is indeed a weighty Consideration ; well, what am I to do ?

Isab. In the next Room I'll give you Instructions ; in the mean time, Mrs. *Flora*, show the Colonel into this.

[*Exit Flora one Way, and Isab. and Vio. another.*]

Re-enter Flora with the Colonel.

Flo. The Lady will wait on you presently, Sir. [*Exit. Col.*]

Col. Very well—This is a very fruitful Soil. I have not been here quite four and twenty Hours, and I have three Intrigues upon my Hands already, but I hate the Chase, without partaking the Game. (*Enter Violante veil'd*) Ha, a fine siz'd Woman—Pray Heaven she proves handsome—I am come to obey your Ladyship's Commands.

Vio. Are you sure of that, Colonel?

Col. If you be not very unreasonable indeed, Madam; a Man is but a Man. [*Takes her Hand and kisses it.*]

Vio. Nay, we have no Time for Compliments, Colonel.

Col. I understand you, Madam—*Montre moy votre Chambre.* [*Takes her in his Arms.*]

Vio. Nay, nay, hold Colonel, my Bed-chamber is not to be enter'd without a certain Purchase.

Col. Purchase! Humph: This is some kept Mistress, I suppose, who industriously lets out her leisure Hours. (*Aside*) Look ye, Madam, you must consider we Soldiers are not over-stock'd with Money.—But we make ample Satisfaction in Love; we have a World of Courage upon our Hands now, you know:—Then prithee use a Conscience, and I'll try if my Pocket can come up to your Price.

[*Puts his Hands into his Pocket.*]

Vio. Nay, don't give yourself the Trouble of drawing your Purse, Colonel, my Design is level'd at your Person, if that be at your own Disposal.

Col. Ay, that it is Faith, Madam, and I'll settle it as firmly upon thee—

Vio. As Law can do it.

Col. Hang Law in Love affairs; thou shalt have Right and Title to it out of pure Inclination—A matrimonial Hint again! Gad, I fancy the Women have a Project on Foot to transplant the Union into *Portugal*.

Vio. Then you have an Aversion to Matrimony, Colonel; did you never see a Woman, in all your Travels, that you cou'd like for a Wife?

Col. A very odd Question—Do you really expect that I shou'd speak Truth now?

Vio. I do, if you expect to be so dealt with, Colonel.

Col. Why then—Yes.

Vio. Is she in your own Country, or this?

Col.

Col. This is a very pretty kind of a Catechism ; but I don't conceive which Way it turns to Edification : In this Town I believe, Madam.

Vio. Her Name is——

Col. Ay, how is she call'd, Madam ?

Vio. Nay, I ask you that, Sir.

Col. Oh, oh, why she is call'd—Pray, Madam, how is it you spell your Name ?

Vio. Oh, Colonel, I am not the happy Woman, nor do I wish it.

Col. No, I am sorry for that.—What the Devil does she mean by all these Questions ? [*Aside.*

Vio. Come, Colonel, for once be sincere.—Perhaps you may not repent it.

Col. Faith, Madam, I have an Inclination to Sincerity, but I'm afraid you'll call my Manners in Question : This is like to be but a silly Adventure, here's so much Sincerity required. [*Aside*

Vio. Not at all : I prefer Truth before Compliment in this Affair.

Col. Why then, to be plain with you, Madam, a Lady last Night wounded my Heart by a Fall from a Window, whose Person I cou'd be contented to take, as my Father took my Mother, till Death us doth part.—But whom she is, or how distinguish'd, whether Maid, Wife, or Widow, I can't inform you ; perhaps you are she.

Vio. Not to keep you in Suspence, I am not she, but I can give you an Account of her : That Lady is a Maid of Condition, has ten thousand Pounds ; and if you are a single Man, her Person and Fortune are at your Service.

Col. I accept the Offer with the highest Transports ; but say, my charming Angel, art thou not she ? (*offers to embrace her*) This is a lucky Adventure. [*Aside.*

Vio. Once again, Colonel, I tell you I am not she—But at Six this Evening you shall find her on the *Terreiro de possa*, with a white Handkerchief in her Hand ; get a Priest ready, and you know the rest.

Col. I shall infallibly observe your Directions, Madam.

Enter Flora hastily, and whispers Violante, who starts and seems surprized.

Vio. Ha, *Felix* crossing the Garden, say you, what shall I do now ? *Col.*

Col. You seem surpriz'd, Madam.

Vio. Oh, Colonel, my Father is coming hither, and if he finds you here, I am ruin'd!

Coc. Od'slife, Madam, thrust me any where; can't I go out this Way?

Vio. No, no, no, he comes that Way; how shall I prevent their Meeting? Here, here, step into my Bed-chamber and be still, as you value her you love; don't stir till you've Notice, as ever you hope to have her in your Arms.

Col. On that Condition I'll not breathe. [Exit.

Enter Felix.

Fel. I wonder where my Dog of a Servant is all this while——But she is at home I find——How coldly she regards me——You look, *Violante*, as if the Sight of me were troublesome.

Vio. Can I do otherwise, when you have the Assurance to approach me, after what I saw to Day.

Fel. Assurance, rather call it good Nature, after what I heard last Night; but such regard to Honour have I in my Love to you, I cannot bear to be suspected, nor suffer you to entertain false Notions of my Truth, without endeavouring to convince you of my Innocence, so much good Nature have I more than you *Violante*.——Pray give me Leave to ask your Woman one Question; my Man assures me she was the Person you saw at my Lodgings.

Flor. I confess it, Madam, and ask your Pardon.

Vio. Impudent Baggage, not to undeceive me sooner; what Business cou'd you have there?

Flo. *Lissardo* and she, it seems, imitate you and I.

Fel. I love to follow the Example of my Betters, Madam.

Fel. I hope I am justify'd——

Vio. Since we are to part, *Felix*, there needed no Justification.

Fel. Methinks you talk of parting as a Thing indifferent to you; can you forget how I have lov'd?

Vio. I wish I could forget my own Passion; I shou'd with less Concern remember yours——But for Mrs. *Flora*——

Fel. You must forgive her;——Must, did I say? I fear
C I have

I have no Power to impose, tho' the Injury was done to me.

Vio. 'Tis harder to pardon an Injury done to what we love than to ourselves; but at your Request, *Felix*, I do forgive her; go watch my Father, *Flora*, lest he shou'd awake and surprize us.

Flo. Yes, Madam.

[Exit *Flora*.

Fel. Dost thou then love me, *Violante*?

Vio. What need of Repetition from my Tongue, when every Look confesses what you ask?

Fel. Oh! let no Man judge of Love but those who feel it; what wondrous Magic lies in one kind Look.—One tender Word destroys a Lover's Rage, and melts his fiercest Passion into soft Complaint. Oh the Window, *Violante*, would'st thou but clear that one Suspicion!

Vio. Prithee, no more of that, my *Felix*, a little Time shall bring thee perfect Satisfaction.

Fel. Well, *Violante*, on that Condition you think no more of a Monastery.—I'll wait with Patience for this mighty Secret.

Vio. Ah, *Felix*, Love generally gets the better of Religion in us Women: Resolutions made in Heat of Passion, ever dissolve upon Reconciliation.

Enter Flora hastily.

Flo. Oh, Madam, Madam, Madam! my Lord your Father has been in the Garden, and lock'd the back Door, and comes muttering to himself this Way.

Vio. Then we are caught: Now, *Felix*, we are undone.

Fel. Heavens forbid, this is most unlucky! let me step into your Bed-chamber, he won't look under the Bed; there I may conceal myself. [runs to the Door, and pushes it open a little.

Vio. My Stars! If he goes in there he'll find the Colonel.—No, no, *Felix*, that's no safe Place, my Father often goes thither; and shou'd you cough, or sneeze, we are lost.

Fel. Either my Eyes deceiv'd me, or I saw a Man within; I'll watch him close.—She shall deal with the Devil, if she conveys him out without my Knowledge.

(*Aside.*) What shall I do then?

Vio. Bless me, how I tremblè!

Flo.

Flo. Oh, Invention, Invention!—I have it, Madam; here, here, here, Sir, off with your Sword, and I'll fetch you a Disguise. [*Runs in and fetches out a Riding-Hood.*

Fel. Ay, ay, any thing to avoid *Don Pedro*.

Vio. Oh! Quick, quick, quick, I shall die with Apprehension. [*Flora puts the Riding-Hood on Felix.*

Flo. Befure you don't speak a Word!

Fel. Not for the *Indies*.——But I shall observe you clofer than you imagine. [*Aside.*

Pedro (Within.) *Violante*, where are you Child? (*Enter Don Pedro.*) Why, how came the Garden Door open? Ha! How now; who have we here?

Vio. Humph, he'll certainly discover him. [*Aside.*

Flo. 'Tis my Mother, and please you, Sir.

[*She and Felix both Curtesy.*

Pedro. Your Mother! By *St. Anthony* she's a Strapper; why, you are a Dwarf to her.—How many Children have you, good Woman?

Vio. Oh! If he speaks we are lost. [*Aside.*

Flo. Oh! Dear *Senior*, she can't hear you; she has been deaf these twenty Years.

Pedro. Alas, poor Woman.——Why, you muffle her up as if she were blind too.

Fel. Wou'd I were fairly off. [*Aside.*

Pedro. Turn up her Hood.

Vio. Undone for ever.——*St. Anthony* forbid: Oh, Sir, she has the dreadfullest unlucky Eyes.——Pray don't look upon them; I made her keep her Hood shut on purpose.——Oh, oh, oh!

Pedro. Eyes! Why, what's the Matter with her Eyes?

Flo. My poor Mother, Sir, is much afflicted with the Cholick; and about two Months ago she had it grievously in her Stomach, and was over-persuaded to take a Dram of filthy *English Geneva*.——Which immediately flew up into her Head, and caus'd such a Defluxion in her Eyes, that she cou'd never since bear the Day-light.

Pedro. Say you so—Poor Woman!—Well, make her sit down, *Violante*, and give her a Glas of Wine.

Vio. Let her Daughter give her a Glas below, Sir; for my part she has frightened me so, I shan't be myself these two Hours. I am sure her Eyes are evil Eyes.

Fel. Well hinted.

Pedro. Well, well, do so; evil Eyes, there is no evil Eyes, Child. [Exit Felix and Flora.

Vio. I am glad he's gone.

Pedro. Hast thou heard the News, *Violante*?

Vio. What News, Sir?

Pedro. Why, *Vasquez* tells me, that *Don Lopez's* Daughter *Isabella*, is run away from her Father; that Lord has very ill Fortune with his Children.—Well, I'm glad my Daughter has no Inclination to Mankind; that my House is plagu'd with no Suitors. [Aside.

Vio. This is the first Word I ever heard of it; I pity her Frailty.—

Pedro. Well said, *Violante*.—Next Week I intend thy Happiness shall begin. [Enter Flora.

Vio. I don't intend to stay so long, I thank you Papa.

[Aside.

Pedro. My Lady *Abbess* writes Word she longs to see thee, and has provided every Thing in order for thy Reception.—Thou wilt lead a happy Life, my Girl.—Fifty Times before that of Matrimony; where an extravagant Coxcomb might make a Beggar of thee, or an ill-natur'd surly Dog break thy Heart.

Flo. Break her Heart! She had as good have her Bones broke as to be a Nun; I am sure I had rather of the two.—You are wondrous kind, Sir; but if I had such a Father, I know what I would do.

Pedro. Why, what wou'd you do Minx, ha?

Flo. I wou'd tell him I had as good Right and Title to the Laws of Nature, and the End of the Creation, as he had.—

Pedro. You wou'd, Mistress; who the Devil doubts it? A good Assurance is a Chamber-maid's Coat of Arms; and lying, and contriving, the Supporters—Your Inclinations are on Tip-toe it seems—If I were your Father, Housewife, I'd have a Pennance enjoyn'd you, so strict, that you should not be able to turn you in your Bed for a Month—You are enough to spoil your Lady, Housewife, if she had not abundance of Devotion.

Vio. Fye, *Flora*; Are not you asham'd to talk thus to my Father? You said, Yesterday, you wou'd be glad to go with me into the Monastery.

Pedro. She go with thee! No, no, she's enough to debauch

bauch the whole Convent——Well, Child, remember what I said to thee ; next Week——

Vio. Ay, and what am I to do this too. —— (*Aside.*) I am all Obedience, Sir ; I care not how soon I change my Condition.

Flo. But little does he think what Change she means.

[*Aside.*

Pedro. Well said, *Violante*.——I am glad to find her so willing to leave the World, but it is wholly owing to my prudent Management ; did she know that she might command her Fortune when she came at Age, or upon the Day of Marriage, perhaps she'd change her Note.——But I have always told her that her Grandfather left it with this Proviso, That she turn'd Nun ; now a small Part of this twenty thousand Pounds provides for her in the Nunnery, and the rest is my own ; there is nothing to be got in this Life without Policy. (*Aside.*) Well, Child, I am going into the Country for two or three Days, to settle some Affairs with thy Uncle.——And then——Come help me on with my Cloak, Child.

Vio. Yes, Sir, [Exit *Pedro and Violante*.

Flo. So, now for the Colonel. (*Goes to the Chamber-Door.*) Hift, hift, Colonel. [Colonel peeping.

Col. Is the Coast clear ?

Flo. Yes, if you can climb ; for you must get over the Wash-House, and jump from the Garden-Wall into the Street.

Col. Nay, nay, I don't value my Neck if my Incognita answers but thy Lady's Promise. [Exit *Col. and Flora*.

Re-enter Pedro and Violante.

Pedro. Good by, *Violante*, take care of thyself, Child.

Vio. I wish you a good Journey, Sir.—Now to set my Prisoner at Liberty. [Enter *Felix behind Violante*.

Fel. I have lain perdue under the Stairs, till I watch'd the old Man out.

Vio. Sir, Sir, you may appear. [Goes to the Door.

Fel. May he so, Madam?—I had Cause for my Suspicion, I find, treacherous Woman.

Vio. Ha, *Felix* here ! Nay, then, all's discover'd.

Fel. (*Draws.*) Villain, whoe'er thou art, come out I charge thee, and take the Reward of thy adulterous Errand.

Vio. What shall I say ? — Nothing but the Secret which I have sworn to keep can reconcile this Quarrel.

[*Aside.*

Fel. A Coward ! Nay, then I'll fetch you out, think not to hide thyself ; no, by St. *Anthony*, an Altar should not protect thee, even there I'd reach thy Heart, tho' all the Saints were arm'd in thy Defence.

[*Exit.*

Vio. Defend me Heaven ! What shall I do ? I must discover *Isabella*, or here will be Murder. —

Enter Flora.

Flo. I have help'd the Colonel off clear, Madam.

Vio. Say'st thou so, my Girl ? then I am arm'd.

Re-enter Felix.

Fel. Where has the Devil in Compliance to your Sex convey'd him from my just Resentments ?

Vio. Him, who do you mean, my dear inquisitive Spark ? Ha, ha, ha, will you never leave these jealous Whims ?

Fel. Will you never cease to impose upon me ?

Vio. You impose upon yourself, my Dear ; do you think I did not see you ? Yes, I did, and resolved to put this Trick upon you ; I knew you'd take the Hint, and soon relapse into your wonted Error : How easily your Jealousy is fired ? I shall have a blessed Life with you.

Fel. Was there nothing in it then, but only to try me ?

Vio. Won't you believe your Eyes ?

Fel. No, because I find they have deceiv'd me ; well, I am convinc'd that Faith is as necessary in Love as in Religion ; for the Moment a Man lets a Woman know her Conquest, he resigns his Senses, and sees nothing but what she'd have him.

Vio. And as soon as that Man finds his Love return'd, she becomes as errant a Slave, as if she had already said after the Priest.

Fel. The Priest, *Violante*, would dissipate those Fears which cause these Quarrels ; when wilt thou make me happy ?

Vio. To-morrow, I will tell thee ; my Father is gone for two or three Days to my Uncle's, we have Time enough to finish our Affairs — But prithee leave me now, for I expect some Ladies to visit me.

Fel.

Fel. If you command it.—Fly swift ye Hours, and bring To-morrow on.—You desire I wou'd leave you, *Violante.*

Vio. I do at present.

Fel. So much you reign the Sovereign of my Soul,
That I obey without the least Controul. [Exit.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. I am glad my Brother and you are reconcil'd, my Dear, and the Colonel escap'd without his Knowledge; I was frighted out of my Wits when I heard him return.—I know not how to express my Thanks, Woman—for what you suffer'd for my Sake, my grateful Acknowledgments shall ever wait you; and to the World proclaim the Faith, Truth, and Honour of a Woman.——

Vio. Prithee don't compliment thy Friend, *Isabella.*—You heard the Colonel, I suppose?

Isab. Every Syllable, and am pleas'd to find I do not love in vain.

Vio. Thou hast caught his Heart, it seems; and an Hour hence may secure his Person.—Thou hast made hasty Work on't, Girl.

Isab. From hence I draw my Happiness, we shall have no Accounts to make up after Consummation.

*She who for Years, protracts her Lover's Pain,
And makes him wish, and wait, and sigh in vain,
To be his Wife, when-late she gives Cons.nt,
Finds half his Passion was in Courtship spent;
Whilst they who boldly all Delays remove,
Find every Hour a fresh Supply of Love.*

*****!*****

A C T V.

S C E N E, Frederick's House.

Enter Felix and Frederick.

Fel. **T**HIS Hour has been propitious, I am reconcil'd to *Violante*, and you assure me *Antonio* is out of Danger.

Fred. Your Satisfaction is doubly mine.

Enter Lissardo.

Fel. What Haste you made, Sirrah, to bring me Word if *Violante* went home?

Liss. I can give you very good Reasons for my Stay, Sir—Yes, Sir, she went home.

Fred. O! Your Master knows that, for he has been there himself, *Lissardo*.

Liss. Sir, may I beg the Favour of your Ear.

Fel. What have you to say? [*Whispers, and Felix seems uneasy.*]

Fred. Ha, *Felix* changes Colour at *Lissardo's* News. What can it be?

Fel. A Scots Footman, that belongs to Colonel *Britton*, an Acquaintance of *Frederick's*, say you? the Devil! If she be false, by Heaven I'll trace her. Prithee, *Frederick*, do you know one Colonel *Britton*, a Scotsman?

Fred. Yes, why do you ask me?

Fel. Nay, no great Matter; but my Man tells me that he has had some little Difference with a Servant of his, that's all.

Fred. He is a good harmless innocent Fellow, I am sorry for it; the Colonel lodges in my House, I knew him formerly in *England*, and met him here by Accident last Night, and gave him an Invitation home; he is a Gentleman of a good Estate, besides his Commission; of excellent Principles, and strict Honour, I assure you.

Fel. Is he a Man of Intrigue?

Fred. Like other Men, I suppose, here he comes.—
[*Enter Colonel.*]

Colonel, I began to think I had lost you.

Col. —And not without some Reasons, if you knew all.

Fel. There's no Danger of a fine Gentleman's being lost in this Town, Sir.

Col. That Compliment don't belong to me, Sir. But I assure you I have been very near being run away with.

Fred. Who attempted it?

Col. Faith, I know her not—Only that she is a charming Woman, I mean as much as I saw of her.

Fel. My Heart swells with Apprehension.—Some accidental Rencounter.—

Fred. A Tavern, I suppose, adjusted the Matter.—

Col. A Tavern! No, no, Sir, she is above that Rank,
I af-

I assure you; this Nymph sleeps in a Velvet Bed, and Lodgings every Way agreeable.

Fel. Ha, a Velvet Bed!—I thought you said but now, Sir, you knew her not.

Col. No more I don't, Sir.

Fel. How came you then so well acquainted with her Bed?

Fred. Ay, ay, come, come, unfold.

Col. Why then you must know, Gentlemen, that I was convey'd to her Lodgings, by one of Cupid's Emissaries, call'd a Chambermaid, in a Chair, thro' fifty blind Alleys, who, by the help of a Key, let me into a Garden.

Fel. S'Death, a Garden, this must be *Violante's* Garden. [*Aside.*]

Col. From thence conducted me into a spacious Room, then dropt me a Courtesy, told me her Lady would wait on me presently; so, without unvailing, modestly withdrew.

Fel. Damn her Modesty; this was *Flora*. [*Aside.*]

Fred. Well, how then Colonel?

Col. Then Sir, immediately from another Door issued forth a Lady, arm'd at both Eyes; from whence such Showers of Darts fell round me, that had I not been cover'd with the Shield of another Beauty, I had infallibly fall'n a Martyr to her Charms; for you must know I just saw her Eyes: Eyes, did I say? No, no, hold, I saw but one Eye, tho' I suppose it had a Fellow, equally as killing.

Fel. But how came you to see her Bed, Sir? S'Death, this Expectation gives a thousand Racks. [*Aside.*]

Col. Why, upon her Maid's giving Notice her Father was coming, she thrust me into the Bed-Chamber.

Fel. Upon her Father's coming?

Col. Ay, so she said; but putting my Ear to the Key-hole of the Door, I found it was another Lover.

Fel. Confound the Jilt! 'Twas she without Dispute. [*Aside.*]

Fred. Ah poor Colonel, ha, ha, ha.

Col. I discover'd they had had a Quarrel, but whether they were reconcil'd or not, I can't tell, for the second Alarm brought the Father in good earnest, and had like

to have made the Gentleman and I acquainted, but she found some other Stratagem to convey him out.

Fel. Contagion seize her, and make her Body ugly as her Soul. There's nothing left to doubt of now,—'Tis plain 'twas she——Sure he knows me, and takes this Method to insult me; S'Death, I cannot bear it. [*Aside.*

Fred. So, when she had dispatched her old Lover, she paid you a Visit in her Bed-Chamber, ha, Colonel?

Col. No, Pox take the impertinent Puppy, he spoil'd my Diversion, I saw her no more.

Fel. Very fine! give me Patience, Heaven, or I shall burst with Rage. [*Aside.*

Fred. That was hard.

Col. Nay, what was worse, the Nymph that introduced me convey'd me out again over the Top of a high Wall, where I ran the Danger of having my Neck broke, for the Father, it seems, had lock'd the Door by which I enter'd.

Fel. That Way I miss'd him:——Damn her Invention. (*Aside.*) Pray Colonel, was this the same Lady you met upon the *Terrero de passa* this Morning?

Col. Faith I can't tell, Sir, I had a Design to know who that Lady was, but my Dog of a Footman, whom I had order'd to watch her home, fell fast a Sleep—I gave him a good beating for his Neglect, and I have never seen the Rascal since.

Fred. Here he comes.

Enter Gibby.

Col. Where have you been, Sirrah?

Gib. Troth Ise been seeking yee an like yer Honour these twa Hoors an meer, I bring yee glad Teedings, Sir.

Col. What have you found the Lady?

Gib. Geud Faite ha I, Sir—an shee's call'd *Donna Violante*, and her Parent *Don Pedro de Mendosa*, an gin yee wull gang wa mi, an't like ye'r Honour, Ise mak you ken the Huse right weel.

Fel. O Torture! Torture! [*Aside.*

Col. Ha! *Violante*! That's the Lady's Name of the House where my Incognita is, sure it could not be her, at least it was not the same House I'm confident. [*Aside.*

Fred.

Fred. Violante! 'Tis false, I wou'd not have you credit him, Colonel.

Gib. The Deel burst my Blader, Sir, gin I lee.

Fel. Sirrah, I say you do lye, and I'll make you eat it, you Dog. (*kicks him*) And if your Master will justify you.—

Col. Not I, faith Sir,—I answer for no body's Lyes but my own, if you please, kick him again.

Gib. But gin he dus, Ise ne take it, Sir, gin he was a thousand *Spaniards*. [*walks about in a Passion.*]

Col. I ow'd you a beating, Sirrah, and I'm oblig'd to this Gentleman for taking the Trouble off my Hands; therefore say no more, d'ye hear, Sir? [*Aside to Gibby.*]

Gib. Troth de I Sir, and feel tee.

Fred. This must be a Mistake, Colonel, for I know *Violante* perfectly well, and I'm certain she would not meet you upon the *Terriero de passa*.

Col. Don't be too positive, *Frederick*, now I have some Reasons to believe it was that very Lady.

Fel. You'd very much oblige me, Sir, if you'd let me know these Reasons.

Col. Sir.

Fel. Sir, I say I have a Right to enquire into those Reasons you speak off.

Col. Ha, ha, really Sir I cannot conceive how you, or any Man can have a Right to enquire into my Thoughts.

Fel. Sir, I have a Right to every Thing that relates to *Violante*—And he that traduces her Fame, and refuses to give his Reasons for't, is a Villain. [*Draws.*]

Col. What the Devil have I been doing; now Blisters on my Tongue, by Dozens. [*Aside.*]

Fred. Prithee *Felix* don't quarrel, till you know for what; this is all a Mistake I'm positive.

Col. Look ye, Sir, that I dare draw my Sword I think will admit of no Dispute — But tho' fighting's my Trade, I'm not in Love with it, and think it more honourable to decline this Business, than pursue it. This may be a Mistake; however, I'll give you my Honour never to have any Affair directly, or indirectly with *Violante*, provided she is your *Violante*; but if there shou'd happen to be another of her Name, I hope you wou'd not engross all the *Violantes* in the Kingdom.

Fel. Your Vanity has given me sufficient Reasons to believe I'm not mistaken; I'm not to be impos'd upon, Sir.

Col. Nor I bully'd, Sir.

Fel. Bully'd! S'Death, such another Word, and I'll nail thee to the Wall.

Col. Are you sure of that, *Spaniard*. [Draws.

Gib. (*Draws*) Say ne meer Mon, aw my Sol here's Twa to Twa, dona fear Sir, *Gibby* stonds by ye for the Honor a *Scotland*. [Vapours about.

Fred. By *St. Anthony* you shan't fight (*interposes*) on bare Suspicion, be certain of the Injury, and then.—

Fel. That I will this Moment, and then, Sir—I hope you are to be found.—

Col. Whenever you please, Sir. [Exit *Felix*.

Gib. S'Bleed, Sir, there neer was *Scotsman* yet that sham'd to shew his Face. [Strutting about.

Fred. So, Quarrels spring up like Mushrooms, in a Minute: *Violante*, and he, was but just reconcil'd, and you have furnish'd him with fresh Matter for falling out again, and I am certain, Colonel, *Gibby* is in the Wrong.

Gib. Gin I be Sir, the Mon that tald me leed, and gin he dud, the Deel be my Landlard, Hell my Winter Quarters, and a Rope my Winding Sheet, Gin I dee no lik him as lang as I can hold a Stick in my Hond, now see yee

Col. I am sorry for what I have said, for the Lady's Sake, but who could divine, that she was his Mistress; prithee who is this warm Spark?

Fred. He is the Son of one of our Grandees, nam'd *Don. Lopez de Pementell*, a very honest Gentleman, but something passionate in what relates to his Love—He is an only Son, which perhaps may be one Reason for indulging his Passion.

Col. When Parents have but one Child, they either make a Madman, or a Fool of him.

Fred. He is not the only Child, he has a Sister; but I think, thro' the Severity of his Father, who would have married her against her Inclination, she has made her Escape, and notwithstanding he has offer'd five hundred Pounds, he can get no Tydings of her.

Col. Ha! How long has she been missing?

Fred.

Fred. Nay, but since last Night, it seems.

Col. Last Night! The very Time! How went she?

Fred. No body can tell, they conjecture thro' the Window.

Col. I'm transported! This must be the Lady I caught; what sort of a Woman is she?

Fred. Middle siz'd, a lovely brown, a fine, pouting Lip, Eyes that roul and languish, and seem to speak the exquisite Pleasure that her Arms could give!

Col. Oh! I'm fir'd with his Description—'Tis the very she—What's her Name?

Fred. *Isabella*—You are transported, Colonel.

Col. I have a natural Tendency in me to the Flesh, thou know'st, and who can hear of Charms so exquisite, and yet remain unmov'd? Oh, how I long for the appointed Hour! I'll to the *Terriero de passa*, and wait my Happiness; if she fails to meet me, I'll once more attempt to find her at *Violante's* in spite of her Brother's Jealousy. (*Aside*) Dear *Frederick*, I beg your Pardon, but I had forgot, I was to meet a Gentleman upon Business at Five; I'll endeavour to dispatch him, and wait on you again as soon as possible.—

Fred. Your humble Servant, Colonel. [Exit.

Col. *Gibby*, I have no Business with you at present. [Exit Colonel.

Gib. That's weel—naw will I gang and seek this Loon, and gar him gang with me to *Don Pedro's* Huse — Gin he'll no gang of himsel, Ise gar him gang by the Lug, Sir; Godswarbit *Gibby* hates a Lear. [Exit.

Scene changes to Violante's Lodgings.

Enter Violante and Isabella.

Isab. The Hour draws on, *Violante*, and now my Heart begins to fail me, but I resolve to venture for all that.

Vio. What does your Courage sink, *Isabella*.

Isab. Only the Force of Resolution a little retreated, but I'll rally it again for all that.

Enter Flora.

Flo. *Don Felix* is coming up, Madam!

Isab. My Brother! Which Way shall I get out — Dispatch

patch him as soon as you can, dear *Violante*.

[Exit into the Closet.]

Vio. I will. (*Enter Felix in a surly Posture.*) *Felix*, what brings you back so soon, did not I say to-morrow?

Fel. My Passion choaks me, I cannot speak, oh, I shall burst! (*Aside.*) [Throws himself into a Chair.]

Vio. Bless me! are you not well, my *Felix*?

Fel. Yes,—No,—I don't know what I am.

Vio. Hey Day! What's the Matter now? Another jealous Whim!

Fel. With what an Air she carries it.—I sweat at her Impudence. [Aside.]

Vio. If I were in your Place, *Felix*, I'd chuse to stay at home, when these Fits of Spleen were upon me, and not trouble such Persons as are not oblig'd to bear with them.

[Here he affects to be careless of her.]

Fel. I am very sensible, Madam, of what you mean: I disturb you no doubt, but were I in a better Humour, I shou'd not incommode you less. I am but too well convinc'd, that you could easily dispense with my Visit.

Vio. When you behave yourself as you ought to do, no Company so welcome—But when you reserve me for your ill Nature, I wave your Merit, and consider what's due to myself—And I must be so free to tell you, *Felix*, that these Humours of yours will abate, if not absolutely destroy, the very Principles of Love.

Fel. (*Rising*) And I must be so free to tell you, Madam, that since you have made such ill Returns to the Respect that I have paid you, all you do shall be indifferent to me for the Future, and you shall find me abandon your Empire with so little Difficulty, that I'll convince the World your Chains are not so hard to break as your Vanity would tempt you to believe—I cannot brook the Provocation you give.

Vio. This is not to be born—Insolent! You abandon! You! Whom I have so often forbid ever to see me more! Have you not fall'n at my Feet? Implor'd my Favour and Forgiveness—Did you not trembling wait, and wish, and sigh, and swear yourself into my Heart? Ingrateful Man! If my Chains are so easily broke as you pretend, then you are the silliest Coxcomb living, you did not break 'em long ago; and I must think him capable of brooking

brooking any thing on whom such Usage could make no Impression.

Isab. (Peeping.) A Duce take your Quarrels, she'll never think on me.

Fel. I always believed, Madam, my Weakness was the greatest Addition to your Power, you would be less imperious, had my Inclination been less forward to oblige you — You have indeed forbid me your Sight, but your Vanity even then assured you I would return, and I was Fool enough to feed your Pride. — Your Eyes, with all their boasted Charms, have acquired the greatest Glory in conquering me. — And the brightest Passage of your Life is, wounding this Heart with such Arms as pierce but few Persons of my Rank. [*Walks about in a great Pet.*]

Vio. Matchless Arrogance! True Sir, I should have kept Measures better with you, if the Conquest had been worth preserving, but we easily hazard what gives us no Pain to lose — As for my Eyes, you are mistaken if you think they have vanquished none but you; there are Men above your boasted Rank who have confess'd their Power, when their Misfortune in pleasing you made them obtain such a disgraceful Victory.

Fel. Yes, Madam, I am no Stranger to your Victories.

Vio. And what you call the brightest Passage of my Life, is not the least glorious Part of yours.

Fel. Ha, ha, do'nt put yourself into a Passion, Madam, for I assure you, after this Day, I shall give you no Trouble — You may meet your Sparks on the *Terriero de Passa* at Four in the Morning, without the least Regard of mine — For when I quit your Chamber, the World shan't bring me back.

Vio. I am so well pleas'd with your Resolution, I don't care how soon you take your Leave. — But what you mean by the *Terriero de Passa* at Four in the Morning, I can't guess.

Fel. No, no, no, not you — You was not upon the *Terriero de Passa* at Four this Morning.

Vio. No, I was not; but if I was, I hope I may walk where I please, and at what Hour I please, without asking you Leave.

Fel. Oh, doubtless, Madam! And you might meet Colonel *Britton* there, and afterwards send your Emissary to
fetch

fetch him to your House——And upon your Father's coming in, thrust him into your Bed-Chamber — without asking my Leave. 'Tis no Business of mine if you are exposed among all the Footmen in Town—Nay, if they Ballad you, and cry you about at a Halfpenny a-piece——They may, without my Leave.

Vio. Audacious! Don't provoke me—don't; my Reputation is not to be sported with (*Going up to him*) at this Rate——No, Sir, it is not. (*bursts into Tears.*) Inhuman *Felix*! — Oh, *Isabella*, what a Train of Ills hast thou brought on me? [*Aside.*

Fel. Ha! I cannot bear to see her weep—A Woman's Tears are far more fatal than our Swords. (*Aside.*) Oh, *Violante*—S'Death! what a Dog am I? Now have I no Power to stir;—Dost not thou know such a Person as Colonel *Britton*? Prithee tell me, didst not thou meet him at Four this Morning upon the *Terriero de Passa*?

Vio. Were it not to clear my Fame, I would not answer thee, thou black Ingrate!—But I cannot bear to be reproach'd with what I even blush to think of, much less to act; by Heaven, I have not seen the *Terriero de Passa* this Day.

Fel. Did not a *Scots* Footman attack you in the Street, neither, *Violante*?

Vio. Yes, but he mistook me for another, or he was drunk, I know not which.

Fel. And do not you know this *Scots* Colonel?

Vio. Pray ask me no more Questions, this Night shall clear my Reputation, and leave you without Excuse for your base Suspicions; more than this I shall not satisfy you, therefore pray leave me.

Fel. Didst thou ever love me, *Violante*?

Vio. I'll answer nothing.—You was in Haste to be gone just now, I should be very well pleas'd to be alone, Sir.

[*She sits down, and turns aside.*

Fel. I shall not long interrupt your Contemplation. — Stubborn to the last. [*Aside.*

Vio. Did ever Woman involve herself as I have done?

Fel. Now would I give one of my Eyes to be Friends with her; for something whispers to my Soul she is not guilty.—(*He pauses, then pulls a Chair, and sits by her at a little Distance, looking at her some time without speaking—*
Then

Then draws a little nearer to her.) Give me your Hand at Parting, however, *Violante*, won't you, *(Here he lays his open upon her Knee several times.)* won't you—won't you—won't you?

Vio. (Half regarding him) Won't I do what?

Fel. You know what I would have, *Violante*. Oh, my Heart!

Vio. (Smiling.) I thought my Chains were easily broke. *(Lays her Hand into his.)*

Fel. (Draws his Chair close to her, and kisses her Hand in a Rapture.) Too well thou knowest thy Strength.—Oh my charming Angel, my Heart is all thy own. Forgive my hasty Passion; 'tis the Transport of a Love sincere!

Don Pedro *within*.

Pedro. Bid *Sancho* get a new Wheel to my Chariot presently.

Vio. Bless me! My Father return'd! What shall we do now, *Felix*? We are ruin'd, past Redemption.

Fel. No, no, no, my Love; I can leap from thy Closet Window. *[Runs to the Door where Isabella is, who claps too the Door, and bolts it within side.]*

Isab. (Peeping.) Say you so: But I shall prevent you.

Fel. Confusion! Some Body bolts the Door within-side; I'll see who you have conceal'd here, if I die for't: Oh *Violante*! hast thou again sacrific'd me to my Rival? *[Draws.]*

Vio. By Heaven thou hast no Rival in my Heart, let that suffice——Nay, sure you will not let my Father find you here——Distraction!

Fel. Indeed but I shall—except you command this Door to be open'd, and that Way conceal me from his Sight.

[He struggles with her to come at the Door.]

Vio. Hear me, *Felix*—Though I were sure the refusing what you ask would separate us for ever, by all that's powerful you shall not enter here: Either you do love me, or you do not; convince me by your Obedience.

Fel. That's not the Matter in debate—I will know who is in this Closet, let the Consequence be what it will. Nay, nay, nay, you strive in vain; I will go in.

Vio. You shall not go in——

Enter

Enter Don Pedro.

Ped. Hey day! What's here to do? I will go in, and you shan't go in—and, I will go in—Why, who are you, Sir?

Fel. 'Sdeath! What shall I say now!

Ped. *Don Felix*, pray what's your Business in my House? Ha, Sir?

Vio. Oh Sir, what Miracle return'd you home so soon? Some Angel 'twas that brought my Father back to succour the distress'd—This Ruffian he, I cannot call him Gentleman—has committed such an uncommon Rudeness, as the most profligate Wretch would be ashamed to own—

Fel. Ha, what the Devil does she mean! [*Aside.*

Vio. As I was at my Devotion in my Closet, I heard a loud knocking at our Door, mix'd with a Woman's Voice, which seem'd to imply she was in Danger.—

Fel. I am confounded! [*Aside.*

Vio. I flew to the Door with utmost Speed, where a Lady veil'd rushed in upon me; who, falling on her Knees, begged my Protection, from a Gentleman, who, she said, pursued her: I took Compassion on her Tears, and locked her into this Closet; but in the Surprise having left open the Door, this very Person whom you see, with his Sword drawn, ran in, protesting, if I refus'd to give her up to his Revenge, he'd force the Door.

Fel. What in the Name of Goodness does she mean to do! Hang me! [*Aside.*

Vio. I strove with him till I was out of Breath, and had you not come as you did, he must have enter'd—But he's in Drink, I suppose, or he could not have been guilty of such an Indecorum. [*Leering at Felix.*

Ped. I'm amazed!

Fel. The Devil never fail'd a Woman at a Pinch: What a Tale has she form'd in a Minute—In Drink, quotha; a good Hint: I'll lay hold on't to bring myself off. [*Aside.*

Ped. Fie *Don Felix*! No sooner rid of one Broil, but you are commencing another.—To assault a Lady with a naked Sword, derogates much from the Character of a Gentleman, I assure you.

Fel. (*Counterfeits Drunkenness*) Who, I assault a Lady, ———upon

— upon Honour the Lady assaulted me, Sir; and would have seiz'd this Body Politick upon the King's Highway — let her come out, and deny it if she can—pray, Sir, command the Door to be open'd, and let her prove me a Lyar if she knows how—I have been drinking right *French Claret*, Sir, but I love my own Country for all that.

Ped. Ay, ay, who doubts it, Sir?—Open the Door, *Violante*, and let the Lady come out. — Come, I warrant thee, he shan't hurt her.

Fel. Ay, now which Way will she come off?

Vio. (*Unlocks the Door*) Come forth, Madam, none shall dare to touch your Veil—I'll convey you out with Safety, or lose my Life—I hope she understands me. [*Aside.*

Enter Isabella veil'd, and crosses the Stage.

Isab. Excellent Girl! [*Exit.*

Fel. The Devil! A Woman! I'll see if she be really so. [*Offers to follow her.*

Ped. (*Draws*) Not a Step, Sir, till the Lady be past your Recovery.—I never suffer the Laws of Hospitality to be violated in my House, Sir.—I'll keep *Don Felix* here till you see her safe out, *Violante*.

Vio. Get clear of my Father, and follow me to the *Terriero de passa*, where all Mistakes shall be rectified. (*Aside to Felix.*) [*Exit Violante.*

Ped. Come, Sir, you and I will take a Pipe and a Bottle together.

Fel. Damn your Pipe, Sir, I won't smoak—I hate Tobacco—Nor I, I, I, I won't drink, Sir—No, nor I won't stay, neither, and how will you help yourself?

Ped. As to smoaking, or drinking, you have your Liberty, but you shall stay, Sir, [*Gets between him and the Door, Felix strikes up his Heels and Exit.*

Fel. Shall I so, Sir—But I tell you, old Gentleman, I am in haste to be married—And so God be with you.

Ped. Go to the Devil—In haste to be married, quotha, thou art in a fine Condition to be married, truly!

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Here's *Don Lopez de Pementel* to wait on you, Senior.

Ped.

Ped. What the Devil does he want? Bring him up, he's in pursuit of his Son, I suppose.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. I am glad to find you at Home, *Don Pedro*, I was told that you was seen upon the Road to ——— this Afternoon.

Ped. That might be, my Lord; but I had the Misfortune to break the Wheel of my Chariot, which oblig'd me to return—What is your Pleasure with me, my Lord?

Lop. I am inform'd that my Daughter is in your House, *Don Pedro*.

Ped. That's more than I know, my Lord; but here was your Son just now as drunk as an Emperor.

Lop. My Son drunk! I never saw him in drink in my Life; where is he, pray, Sir?

Ped. Gone to be married.

Lop. Married! To whom? I don't know that he court-ed any Body.

Ped. Nay, I know nothing of that——Within there! (*Enter Servant.*) bid my Daughter come hither, she'll tell you another Story, my Lord.

Ser. She's gone out in a Chair, Sir.

Ped. Out in a Chair! What do you mean, Sir?

Ser. As I say, Sir; and *Donna Isabella* went in another just before her.

Ser. And *Don Felix* follow'd in another; I overheard them all bid the Chairs go to the *Terriero de passa*.

Ped. Ha! What Business has my Daughter there? I am confounded, and know not what to think. —— Within there. [*Exit.*

Lop. My Heart misgives me plaguily —— Call me an *Alguazil*, I'll pursue them strait.

SCENE changes to the Street before *Don Pedro's House*.

Enter Lissardo.

Liss. I wish I cou'd see *Flora*——Methinks I have an hankering Kindness after the Slut——We must be reconcil'd.

Enter Gibby.

Gib. Aw my Sol, Sir, but Ise blithe to find yee here now. *Liss.*

Liss. Ha! Brother! Give me thy Hand, Boy.

Gib. Not se fast, se ye me—Brether me ne Brethers, I scorn a Lyar as muckle as a Theife, se ye now, and yee must gang intul this House with me, and justifie to *Donna Violante's* Face, that she was the Lady that gang'd in here this Morn, se yee me, or the Deel ha my Sol, Sir, but ye and I shall be twa Folks.

Liss. Justify it to *Donna Violante's* Face, quotha, for what? Sure you don't know what you say.

Gib. Troth de I, Sir, as weel as ye de; therefore come along, and mak no meer Words about it.

[Knocks hastily at the Door.

Liss. Why, what the Devil do you mean? Don't you consider you are in *Portugal*? Is the Fellow mad?

Gib. Fallow! Ise none of yer Fallow, Sir, and gin this Place were Hell, id gar ye de me Justice, (*Liss. going*) nay, the Deel a Feet ye gang. [Lays hold of him, and knocks again.

Enter Don Pedro.

Ped. How now! what makes you knock so loud?

Gib. Gin this be *Don Pedro's* House, Sir, I wou'd speak with *Donna Violante*, his Daughter.

Liss. Ha! *Don Pedro* himself, I wish I were fairly off. [Aside.

Ped. Ha! What is it you want with my Daughter, pray?

Gib. An she be your Doughter, and lik yer Honour, command her to come out, and answer for hersel now, and either justify or disprove what this Child told me this Morn.

Liss. So, here will be a fine Piece of Work. [Aside.

Ped. Why, what did he tell you, ha?

Gib. Be me Sol, Sir, Ise tell you aw the Truth; my Master got a pratty Lady upon the how de yee call't—*Passa* here at Five this Morn, and he gar me watch her heam—And in Troth I lodg'd her here, and meeting this ill-favour'd Theife, se ye me, I spierd wha she was—And he told me her Name was *Donna Violante*, *Don Pedro de Mendosa's* Daughter.

Ped. Ha! My Daughter with a Man abroad at Five in the Morning: Death, Hell, and Furies; by St. *Anthony* I'm undone. [Stamps.

Gib.

Gib. Wunds, Sir, ye put yer Saint intul bony Company.

Ped. Who is your Master, you Dog you? Adsheart, I shall be trick'd of my Daughter, and my Money too, that's worst of all.

Gib. Ye Dog you! 'Sblead, Sir, don't call Names—I wont tell you wa my Master is, se ye me now.

Ped. And who are you, Rascal, that knows my Daughter so well? Ha! [Holds up his Cane.

Liff. What shall I say to make him give this Scots Dog a good beating? (*Aside.*) I know your Daughter, Senior. Not I, I never saw your Daughter in all my Life.

Gib. (*Knocks him down with his Fist.*) Deel ha my Sol, Sar, gin ye get no your Carich for that Lye now.

Pedro. What hoa! Where are all my Servants? (*Enter Servants on one Side, Colonel, Felix, Isabella, and Violante on the other Side.*) Raife the House in pursuit of my Daughter.

Serv. Here she comes, Senior.

Col. Hey Day! What is here to do?

Gib. This is the Loon lik Tik, and lik yer Honor, that sent me Heam with a Lye this Morn.

Col. Come, 'tis all well, *Gibby*, let him rise.

Pedro. I am Thunder-struck—and have not Power to speak one Word.

Fel. This is a Day of Jubilee, *Liffardo*; no quarrelling with him this Day.

Liff. A Pox take his Fists.—Egad, these Britons are but a Word and a Blow.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. So, have I found you, Daughter; then you have not hang'd yourself yet, I see.

Col. But she is married, my Lord.

Lop. Married! Zounds, to whom?

Col. Even to your humble Servant, my Lord. If you please to give us your Blessing. [Kneels.

Lop. Why, hark ye, Mistress, are you really married?

Isab. Really so, my Lord.

Lop. And who are you, Sir?

Col. An honest North Briton by Birth, and a Colonel by Commission, my Lord.

Lop.

Lop. A Heretick! The Devil! [*Holds up his Hands.*]

Pedro. She has plaid you a slippery Trick indeed, my Lord—Well, my Girl, thou hast been to see thy Friend married.—Next Week thou shalt have a better Husband, my Dear. (*To Violante.*)

Fel. Next Week is a little too soon, Sir, I hope to live longer than that.

Pedro. What do you mean, Sir? You have not made a Rib of my Daughter too, have you?

Vio. Indeed but he has, Sir; I know not how, but he took me in an unguarded Minute,——when my Thoughts were not over strong for a Nunnery, Father.

Lop. Your Daughter has play'd you a slippery Trick too, Senior.

Pedro. But your Son shall be never the better for't, my Lord; her twenty Thousand Pounds was left on certain Conditions, and I'll not part with a Shilling.

Lop. But we have a certain Thing call'd Law, shall make you do Justice, Sir.

Pedro. Well, we'll try that,——my Lord, much good may it do you with your Daughter-in Law. [*Exit.*]

Lop. I wish you much Joy of your Rib. [*Exit.*]

Enter Frederick.

Fel. *Frederick*, welcome! — I sent for thee to be Witness of my good Fortune, and make one in a Country Dance.

Fred. Your Messenger has told me all, and I sincerely share in all your Happiness.

Col. To the Rightabout, *Frederick*, with thy Friend Joy.

Fred. I do with all my Soul;——and, Madam, I congratulate your Deliverance.—Your Suspicions are clear'd now, I hope, *Felix*.

Fel. They are, and I heartily ask the Colonel Pardon, and wish him happy with my Sister; for Love has taught me to know, that every Man's Happiness consists in chusing for himself.

Liss. After that Rule I fix here. [*To Flora.*]

Flo. That's your Mistake; I prefer my Lady's Service, and turn you over to her that pleaded Right and Title to you to Day.

Liss.

Liss. Chuse, proud Fool ; I shan't ask you twice.

Gib. What say ye now, Lads ; will ye ge yer Maiden-head to poor *Gibby*.—What say you, will ye dance the Reel of Bogye with me ?

Inis. That I may not leave my Lady,—I take you at your Word,—and tho' our Wooing has been short, I'll by her Example love you dearly. *[Music plays.]*

Fel. Hark ! I hear the Musick ; somebody has done us the Favour to send them ; call them in.

A Country Dance.

Gib. Waunds, this is bony Musick.—How caw ye that Thing that ye pinch by the Craig, and tickle the Weam, ont make it cry *Grum, Grum*.

Fred. Oh ! that's a Guittar, *Gibby*.

Fel. Now, my *Violante*, I shall proclaim thy Vertues to the World.

*No more let us thy Sex's Conduct blame,
Since thou'rt a Proof to their eternal Fame,
That Man has no Advantage but the Name.*

}



E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by Miss S A N T L O W.

Written by Mr. P H I L I P S.

*C*ustom with all our Modern Laws combin'd,
Has given such Power despotic to Mankind,
That We have only so much Vertue now,
As they are pleas'd in favour to allow.
Thus like Mechanic Work we're us'd with Scorn,
And wound up only, for a present Turn;
Some are for having our whole Sex enslav'd,
Affirming we've no Souls, * and can't be sav'd;
But were the Women all of my Opinion,
We'd soon shake off this false usurp'd Dominion;
We'd make the Tyrants own, that we cou'd prove,
As fit for other Business as for Love.
Lord! What Prerogative might we obtain,
Could we from Yielding, a few Months refrain!
How fondly wou'd our dang'ling Lovers doat!
What Homage wou'd be paid to Petticoat!
'T wou'd be a Jest to see the Change of Fate,
How we might all of Politicks debate;
Promise and Swear, what we ne'er meant to do,
And what's still harder, Keep our Secrets too.
Ay Marry! Keep a Secret, says a Beau,
And sneers at some ill-natur'd Wit below;
But faith, if we shou'd tell but half we know,

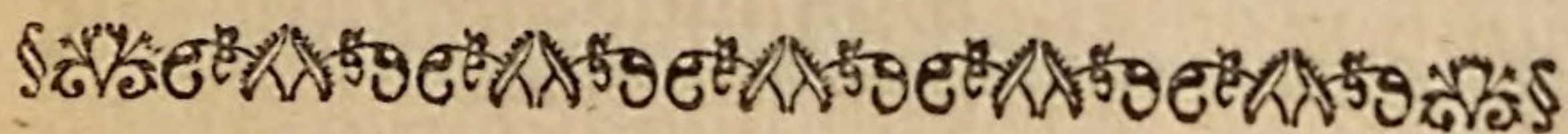
* Alluding to an ironical Pamphlet tending to prove that Women had no Souls.

EPILOGUE.

*There's many a spruce young Fellow in this Place,
Would never more presume to show his Face;
Women are not so weak, whate'er Men prate:
How many tip top Beaus have had the Fate,
T' enjoy from Mamma's Secrets their Estate.
Who, if her early Folly had made known,
Had rid behind the Coach, that's now their own.
But here, the wond'rous Secret you discover;
A Lady ventures for a Friend,——a Lover.
Prodigious! For my Part I frankly own,
I'ad spoil'd the Wonder, and the Woman shown.*



The



The M A N's bewitch'd ;

O R,

The Devil to do about Her.

A

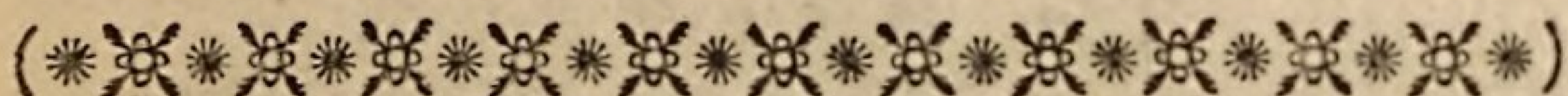
C O M E D Y,

As it is A C T E D at the

NEW-THEATRE in the HAY-MARKET.

By Her M A J E S T Y's Servants.





T H E P R E F A C E.

I Shou'd not have troubled my courteous Reader with a Preface, had I not lain under the Necessity of clearing myself of what some People have been pleased to charge me with, viz. of being the Author of a Paper call'd, The Female Tatler, consequently of a Paragraph in that of the 14th Instant, relating to this Comedy; tho' I think no reasonable Person will believe I could be guilty of so much Folly. Tho' Vanity is said to be the darling Vice of Womankind, yet nothing but an Idiot would express themselves so openly; and I hope the World won't think me guilty of printing, what I must blush to read, nor imagine it wrote even by any Friend of mine, for two Reasons: First, the Grossness of the Flattery; Secondly, the Injury it must of course do me, in the Run of my Play, by putting those People out of Humour, whose Action was to give Life to the Piece. I suppose these Reasons are sufficient to convince the judicious Part, that I was no ways concerned in those Reflections, but own I was treated with all the seeming Civility in the World, till the second Night of my Comedy. I willingly submitted to Mr. Cibber's superior Judgment in shortening the Scene of the Ghost in the last Act, and believed him perfectly in the Right, because too much Repetition is tiresome. Indeed, when Mr. Estcourt sliced most of it out, I could not help interposing my Desires to the contrary, which the rest readily comply'd with; and I had the Satisfaction to see I was not deceived in my Opinion, of its pleasing. This Passage I happen'd to mention among my Acquaintance; for 'tis natural to have a kind of a Tender for our own Productions, but especially if they have the good Fortune to divert others. Now, if from this the Author of the Tatler gather'd his Accounts, I am guilty of speaking, but not designedly; for who they are that write that Paper, or how distinguish'd, I am perfectly ignorant, and declare I never was concerned, either in writing or publishing any of the Tatlers.

The PREFACE.

I never had the Vanity to think, much less to publish, that any thing I am capable of doing, could support the Stage, tho' I have had the good Fortune to please, or to find the Town willing to be pleased; tho', at present, it seems, a certain Author has enter'd a Caveat against all Plays running to a sixth Night, but his own. Tho' an Opera interfer'd with this Comedy, yet brought above Forty Pounds the second Night, which shew'd it had some Merit; for I have known a Play kept up, that fail'd of half that Money the second Night. Now, by the Rules of the House, it ought to have been play'd on: But who can secure the Life of a Play, when that of a Man is often sacrificed to the Malice of Parties? This Play met with a kind Reception in general, and notwithstanding the Disadvantages it had to struggle with, by raising the Prices the first Day, and the Nearness of Christmas, it would have made its way to a sixth Night, if it had had fair Play. Mistake me not, I do not mean from the Representation; for I must do the Players Reason: Had I search'd all the Theatres in the World, I could not have selected a better Company, nor had more Justice done me in the Action, tho' they have not dealt honourably by me in my Bargain; for they ought not to have stop'd the Run, upon any Pique whatever. 'Tis small Encouragement to write for the Stage, when the Actors, according to the Caprice of their Humours, maugre the Taste of the Town, have Power to sink the Reputation of a Play; for if they resolve not to act it, the Town can't support it.

Well, if there is any Merit in suffering wrongfully, I shall find my Account in't one time or other; in the mean while I intreat the Female Tattler to be witty no more at my Expence. I desire I may not be rank'd in the Number of those that support the Stage, since the Stage is become a Noun Substantive, and resolves to shew it is able to stand by itself.

P R O L O G U E,

By a G E N T L E M A N.

Spoken by Mr. W I L K S.

*O U R Female Author trembling stands within,
Her Fear arises from another's Sin;
One of her Sex has so abus'd the Town,
That on her Score she dreads your angry Frown:
Tho' I dare say, poor Soul, she never writ
Lampoon, or Satyr on the Box or Pit;
A harmless hum'rous Play is her Extent of Wit.
Tho' Bickerstaff's vast Genius may engage,
And last the Vice and Follies of the Age;
Why shou'd tender Delia tax the Nation;
Stickle, and make a Noise for Reformation,
Who always gave a Loose, herself, to Inclination?
Scandal and Satyr's thrown aside to-day,
And Humour the sole Business of our Play.
Beaux may dress on to catch the Ladies Hearts,
And good Assurance pass for mighty Parts:
The Cits may bring their Spouses without Fear,
We shew no Wife that's poaching for an Heir,
Nor teach the Use of fine Gause Handkerchier.
Cowards may buff, and talk of mighty Wonders,
And Filts set up—for Twenty thousand Pounds.
Our Author, even tho' she knows full well,
Is so good-natur'd, she forbears to tell
What Colonels, lately, have found out the Knack
To muster Madam, still, by Ned, or Jack.
To keep their Pleasures up; a frugal Way,
They give her—Subaltern's Subsistence for her Pay.
In short, whate'er your Darling Vices are,
They pass untouch'd in this Night's Bill of Fare.
But if all this can't your Good-Nature wake,
Tho' here and there, a Scene should fail to take,
Yet spare her for the Busie-Body's sake.*

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

Written by Mr. CIBBER.

A Porter delivers a Letter just as she is going to speak.

*WHAT's this? a Billet-Doux? from Hands unknown?
'Tis new to send it thus 'fore all the Town:
But since the poor Man's Passion's so agog,
I'll read it out by way of Epilogue.*

*Reads, Madam,
Permit a Wretch to let you know,
That he's no more in Statu Quo.
My Ruin from this Night commences,
Unless your Smiles refund my Senses;
For with one Thrust of Cupid's Dart,
You've whip'd your Slave quite thro' the Heart:
Therefore, I beg you, cast your Eye
O'er Boxes, Pit and Gallery,
In Pity of my Pains and Doubt,
And try if you can find me out.*

*Poor Soul! He seems indeed in dismal Plight;
Let's see! it can't be, sure! from th' upper Flight;
No, no—that's plain—for—None of them can Write:
Nor can I think it from the Middle fell;
For I'm afraid—as few of them can Spell:
Beside, their haggling Passions never gain,
Beyond the Passage-walking Nymphs of Drury-Lane:
And then the Pit's more stock'd with Rakes and Rovers,
Than any of these senseless, whining Lovers.
The Backs o' th' Boxes too seem mostly lin'd
With Souls, whose Passion's to themselves confin'd.
In short, I can't perceive, 'mongst all you Sparks,
The Wretch distinguish'd, by these bloody Marks.*

But

EPILOGUE.

*But since the Town has heard your kind Commands, Sir,
The Town shall e'en be Witness of my Answer.
First then, beware you prove no Spark in Red,
With empty Purse, and regimental Head;
That thinks no Woman can refuse t' engage in't,
While Love's advanc'd with offer'd Bills on Agent;
That swears he'll settle from his Joy's commencing,
And make the Babe, the Day he's born, an Ensign.
Nor cou'd I bear a titl'd Beau, that steals
From fasting Spouse her matrimonial Meals;
That Modish sends next Morn to her Apartment,
A civil How d'ye—far alas! from th' Heart meant:
Then powder'd for th' ensuing Day's Delights,
Bows thro' his Croud of Duns, and drives to White's.
Nor cou'd I like the Wretch, that all Night plays,
And only takes his Rest on winning Days;
Then sets up from a lucky Hit, his Rattler,
Then's trac'd from his Orig'nal—in the Tattler.
To tell you all that are my fixt Aversion,
Wou'd tire the Tongue of Malice, or Aspersions.
But if I find'mong st All one generous Heart,
That deaf to Stories takes the Stage's Part;
That thinks that Purse deserves to keep the Plays,
Whose Fortune's bound for the Support of Opera's;
That thinks our Constitution here is justly fixt,
And now no more with Lawyers Brawls perplext:
He, I declare, shall my whole Heart receive;
And (what's more strange) I'll love him while I live.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir Jeffrey Constant, <i>Father to Captain Constant.</i>	}	Mr. Bowman.
Captain Constant, <i>in Love with Belinda.</i>	}	Mr. Mills.
Lovely, <i>Friend to Captain Constant.</i>		Mr. Husband.
Faithful, <i>a Gentleman of Fortune in Love with Laura.</i>	}	Mr. Wilks.
Sir David Watchum, <i>Guardian to Laura.</i>	}	Mr. Johnson.
Trusty, <i>Steward to Sir Jeffrey.</i>	—	Mr. Estcourt.
Num, <i>A Country Squire in Love with Belinda.</i>	}	Mr. Dogget.
Slouch, <i>Servant to Num.</i>	—	Mr. Cross.
Clinch, <i>Servant to Captain Constant.</i>	}	Mr. Pinkeman.
Roger, <i>Farmer to Sir Jeffrey.</i>	—	Mr. Bullock.
Manage, <i>Servant to Faithful.</i>	—	Mr. Cibber.
Coachman. — — —	—	Mr. Harris.
Sam — — —		
<i>Another Servant.</i>		

W O M E N.

Belinda, <i>Suppos'd Daughter to Trusty.</i>	}	Mrs. Oldfield.
Laura, <i>An Heiress in Love with Faithful.</i>	}	Mrs. Cross.
Maria, <i>A Gentlewoman of Fortune.</i>		Mrs. Porter.
Dorothy, <i>Belinda's Maid.</i> — —	—	Mrs. Saunders.
Lucy, <i>Laura's Maid.</i> — — —	—	Mrs. Bicknell.

S C E N E, *the Minster-yard in Peterborough.*
The Hour, Six in the Morning.

The



The M A N's bewitch'd ;

O R,

The Devil to do about Her.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *The Minster-Yard in Peterborough.*

Enter Captain Constant, and Clinch in Mourning, with Riding-Habit over it.

Capt.  *LINCH!* Where are you, Sirrah? Why don't you come along?

Clin. Ah! Pox of this riding Post. —Look ye, Captain; if you have threescore Miles farther to go, I am your humble Servant.

Capt. No, Sirrah, I am at my Journey's End——This Town of *Peterborough* is the Bound of all my Wishes.

Clin. Say you so, Sir! Pray be pleas'd to make it mine too.

Capt. Why? What is your Wish?

Clin. Why, with Submission, Sir, to know the Reason of your Expedition, and Gravity of Habit: Have you a mind to set up the Business of an Undertaker here in the Country?

Const. No, *Clinch*, my Business is with the Living, not with the Dead, I'll assure you.

Clin. Then can't I for my Blood imagine why you are thus dress'd; your Father, nay, your whole Family are well; not so much as a Nephew, or second Cousin dead; nay, nor no fear of Peace——Then why the Devil are we in black? You laugh——Can these Clothes cause

Joy, without the Perquisite that belongs to it? 'Tis a mournful Equipage, and shocks my Soul, I am sure.

Const. Perquisite! Why what Perquisite does Mourning bring with it to cause Joy? ha!

Clin. Oh, Sir, several:—As when a Wife buries her Husband, she has Sorrow in one Hand, and Joy in t'other; a short Widowhood cures such a Grief.—Or a rich Heir at the last Gasp of his Parent, where there is a Year's Rent in the Steward's Hands—But, Sir, to the Point; either let me into the Secret, or discharge me.

Const. Ha, ha, ha! Why then if I must tell thee; this Habit, if Fortune favours me, will be worth to me two thousand Pounds.

Clin. Say you so, Sir; and pray how much will it be worth to me? For I am dress'd like you—If I have not the same Privilege, why should I be confin'd to the same Garb?

Const. Oh! you shall have your Part, *Clinch*, never fear.

Clin. Ay, Sir, but there are some Parts I don't care for—I hope you have no Design to rob upon the Highway.

Const. Rascal!

Clin. Nay, ben't angry, Sir; if there should be Peace, 'tis what many an honest Gentleman must come to: I have no Aversion for the Name; but I have for the Punishment—I'll not strike a Stroke—therefore what good can I do you?

Const. Ha, ha, ha! I shall have more Occasion for your Eyes than your Arm—You can weep, Sirrah, can't you?

Clin. Ay, Sir, I shall weep, that's certain, to see you come to the Gallows—

Const. Ye Dog you, I tell you there is no Danger.

Clin. No Danger—Why then shall I weep for Joy, Sir.—But how, Sir, how; must I roar, or shed Tears?

Const. So you do but counterfeit well, no matter which.

Clin. Ah, let me alone for counterfeiting, I defy a Woman to outdo me in that.—Look ye, Sir, you shall hear—hem, hem. [Roars out.]

Const. Very well—be sure when I weep—

Clin. I'll make terrible Faces—What think you, Sir, is not my Pipe very musical for weeping?

Const. Oh! Excellent.

Clin. But what does this signify! Where lies the Mystery?

Const.

Const. Well then—Since you must know it ; You are not insensible how my Father has treated me, ever since I refus'd to marry Mrs. *Homebred*, whose Manners suited with her Name, and her Face was coarser than either ; and because I drew a Bill upon him for fifty Pounds last Campaign, he threatens to disinherit me ; nay, and swears, that if for the future I don't make it appear I live upon half my Pay, he'll make my Serjeant his Heir, who was once his Footman. In short, I can bear his ill Usage no longer.

Clin. Ah ! Sir, had you married that Lady with twenty thousand Pounds, you need not have drawn upon him for fifty.

Const. If she had twenty Times as much, I shou'd refuse her for *Belinda's* Sake.

Glin. But Sir *Jeffry* resolves against that Match——You must not marry his Steward's Daughter.

Const. I hope to prove you a Lyar, Sir ; and by this Drefs to carry my Design ; which is to persuade *Trusty*, that my Father dy'd of an Apoplexy, by which means he must account with me for the half Year's Rent, he sent the old Gentleman Word was ready for him. Two thousand Pound, *Clinch*——This Letter I surpriz'd by an Accident ; 'tis from my Father to him. [Reads.]

Mr. *Trusty*, “ The several Sums which you have re-
 “ turn'd me without any Receipt, amount to eight hun-
 “ dred Pounds ; there remains behind two thousand two
 “ hundred Pounds, which you tell me is ready for me ;
 “ don't give yourself any Trouble about remitting that,
 “ for I design to be down myself in a Fortnight ; and then
 “ the Leases which you mention'd, shall be renewed.”
You need write no more, till you see

Your real Friend, Jeffrey Constant.

Clin. Excellent, Sir ! Why here may be a pretty Penny towards, if the Devil don't cross it. But, Sir, if my old Master should take a Maggot, and write to *Trusty*, to return his Money after all——His Letter and our Story wou'd have small Connexion ; we shou'd be oblig'd to alter our Note. I wou'd advise you to take the old Steward to the Tavern, and stay as little in his House as you can,

can, for fear of discovery: Besides, Sir, a Glass of Wine and a Fowl, makes Business go on chearfully, Sir.

Const. Chearfully, Sirrah! — You don't consider that it is not my Business to be chearful — I admire *Faithful* stays so long.

Clin. Perhaps he can't find Mr. *Lovely*, Sir.

Const. I directed him to the Coffee-house, where he seldom fails to be at this Time of the Morning.

Clin. Poor Gentleman! I warrant he's ruminating upon his Misfortunes. Well! 'tis sometimes a Blessing to want Money — You 'scap'd the Highway-men, Sir!

Const. What am I the better for that, Sirrah? My Pockets are as empty as my Friends, who fell into their Hands: But here comes my fellow Traveller — and *Lovely* with him; he has found him at last — Dear *Lovely*, how is't?

Enter Lovely, Faithful, and Manage, in riding Habit.

Lov. Captain *Constant*, welcome! Who expected to see you here? Why did not you send me Word of your coming?

Clin. He hardly knew it himself two Hours before he got on Horseback, Sir; nay, I much question if he knows it yet.

Const. My Journey indeed was something precipitate.

Clin. Ay, Sir; don't you see we are in Mourning?

Lov. Mr. *Faithful* has inform'd me of every Particular; and I wish I cou'd really give thee Joy of six thousand a Year, Boy.

Clin. At the rate of half a Year's Rent you may — If Fortune proves not an errant Jilt indeed, Sir.

Lov. Come, Gentlemen; what think you of my House? I'll get something for Breakfast, whilst you change your Linnen.

Const. 'Tis near Six — I have a mind to see if *Belinda* comes to Church this Morning.

Lov. She seldom fails —

Faith. Prithee, *Lovely*; can you inform me, if a young Lady that lives at Sir *David Watchum's* will be here too?

Lov. Mrs. *Laura Wealthy*, your Mistress, you mean.

Faith. The same.

Lov. We have heard of the Lady; but I believe nobody

body in *Peterborough* has seen her, except his own Servants.

Const. What kind of a Temper is the old Fellow of?

Lov. The most peevish, splenetick, mistrustful, ill-natur'd Wretch in the whole County: He comes to the Coffee-house every Morning in an old rusty Chariot for haste, the longest Journey he takes in the Year: He seldom comes to Church; nay, since that Lady came, he has not once been seen there; we fancy he dare not stay two Hours from home, for fear she should be stol'n away.

Man. Ah, Sir! This Account is most uncomfortable in our Affairs.——

Faith. It gives me more chagrin, than the Rogues did, when they stripp'd me of my Money this Morning——Which way shall I give *Laura* Notice of my being in Town?

Const. Have Courage, *Faithful*; I warrant we prosper.

Lov. Nothing like a good Heart; you shall not want a small Sum of Money, Sir.

Faith. I thank you, Sir.

Const. I'll be as diligent in thy Affairs, as in my own——If any lucky Opportunity offers, I'll be ready to serve thee.

Lov. I'll be the same to both.

Const. I know it; and when I am able, I hope, if my Design succeeds, thou shalt meet Returns in me.

Faith. I am oblig'd to both.—But who have we here?

Several People cross the Stage to Church.

Lov. Here comes *Belinda*, and with her my Tyrant *Maria*.

Faith. Well, Gentlemen, you'll best entertain your Mistresses alone; I'll back to the Coffee-house, and over a Dish of Tea think what course to steer.——

Const. Mind if the *Courant* be there, wherein I got my Father's Death inserted, the better to favour my Plot.

Faith. I will, Captain, and be sure to confirm the News. [Exit Faith. and Manage.

Lov. We'll call on you there presently.——

The Bell rings.

Const. But is *Maria* obdurate still, *Lovely*?

Lov.

Lov. Not in reality, *Constant*——But she has so much of the Woman in her, to keep up her Rule till the last.

Enter Belinda and Maria.

Const. Ladies, good Morrow ! The Sound of the Saint's Bell brings Angels abroad. [Salutes 'em.]

Bel. *Constant* ! and in Mourning ! Pray who's dead ?

Const. One for whom I ought to grieve, did it not smoothe a Passage to *Belinda's* Arms, through the Hearts of our inexorable Parents.

Bel. Your Father ! Sir.

Clin. The same, Madam ! He's as dead as an Herring, I promise you.——

Mar. Now don't I know, whether I had best say I'm sorry for your Loss, or wish you much Joy of your Gain.

Clin. I dare swear, Madam, he can't tell you yet.

Const. Peace, Blockhead.

Mar. Mr. *Lovely*, are you for Prayers ?

Const. You are the Shrine he kneels to, Madam ; if you'll vouchsafe to hear him, he can pray most devoutly.

Mar. And dissemble most fervently——

Lov. No faith, Madam, that Quality does not belong to us —— that is the Womens Prerogative.

Bel. And do you never encroach upon our Privileges, sweet Sir ?

Lov. Yes, yes, faith ; I have encroach'd upon some of the Sex's Privileges in my Time, I must own. Curiosity——Madam, seldom leads us to put on masking Habits ; but a Lady cannot dress without 'em ; Dissimulation is as necessary as her Patches.

Bel. Ay ! How do you prove that ?

Lov. Why thus : When you wou'd gain a Man you like, you appear what you are not——We believe you Angels, but don't always find you so.

Mar. We always find you Angels, but of the fal'n Kind.

Const. 'Tis impossible to be otherwise, whilst Beauty keep her Court below ; you charm our Eyes, and all our Senses wait you.

Lov. Pride and Vanity predominate in your Sex, and like Centinels relieve one another ; Pride has made a Lady swear she has hated such a Man, tho' she was dying for the

the Sight of him.——And Vanity made her cares a Fop, that at the same Time she wish'd at the Devil.

Mar. And are not you even with us? Will not you sigh, ogle, cringe, flatter, swear, kneel, nay, give it under your Hand, you love to Desperation? But let the poor mistaken Nymph once yield, and you'd give Bond and Judgment to that old Gentleman you nam'd but now, in two Days to take her off your Hands.

Const. I hope you don't include the whole Sex, Madam?

Lov. That she does not, I'm sure; for she knows I never swore any thing to her, but what I'm ready to make good——And if she be not the most unconscionable Woman, she will own I love her heartily.

Const. That I dare witness for thee, *Lovely*.

Bel. Ay! Why, what Proofs has he given?

Lov. Proofs! Why I talk of her all Day——And dream of her all Night——When she's absent, sigh for her; and am transported when I see her. If these be not Proofs of Love, let the Parson say Grace, and I'll give her better.

Bel. All this may be done without one Grain of Love, may it not, Captain?

Const. Not when you are the Object, Madam; and you are too well acquainted with my Heart, to ask that Question out of scruple, I'm certain.

Mar. These are no Proofs; you must grow lean and meagre——Eat little, and sleep less——Write fifty Letters in a Day, and burn them all again——Then start up, and draw your Sword; hold it to your Breast; then throw it away again——Then take your Pen and write your last Farewel——Dispatch it to your Mistress——Then take a Turn by some melancholy purling Stream, with Hat pull'd o'er your Eyes, in deep Contemplation resolve thro' what Door to let in Death, if the Messenger return without Success——When I see you do this, I'll write Lover upon your Brow.

Lov. When I do, you shall write Fool on my Forehead.

Hang this whining Way of wooing,

Loving was design'd a Sport, &c.

[Sings.

Const. Come, come, Madam, a Truce; you know he loves you.

Lov. As well as I know she loves me; we were born
for

for one another, Child; no Man in the Kingdom shall have thee but myself——Then if you will eat Chalk, and die of the Pip, I can't help it: Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Be not so positive, *Lovely*.—One Sect of Philosophers tell us, we ought to doubt of every Thing.

Lov. But the Topic was not a Woman in that Assertion; but if it were, Women in their Days were no more like Women in ours, than a Clodhopper is to a Captain o'Foot. Our Ladies are like two Negatives, to be understood in the Affirmative; ha, ha! Madam, does not my Friend here look like one of those Lovers you describ'd? Faith, I think a Woman cannot wish a simpler Figure——Now has he a thousand Things to say to *Belinda* alone.

Const. You guess right, *Lovely*——I am going to your Father's, Madam, to settle our Accounts; I hope you'll return as soon as Prayers are over.

Bel. Directly——

Const. Oh *Belinda*!

Now is the Crisis of our good or ill;

Turn for me, Fate, or let thy Wheel stand still.

Lov. You'll remember us in your Prayers, Ladies.—

Mar. Amongst Jews, Turks and Infidels. [Exit.

Lov. Come, now for my House——We'll call on *Faithful*.

Const. Lead on——I'll change my Linen, and to *Trusty's* immediately——But hold——*Clinch*, hark ye.

Clin. Sir.——

Const. I had no Opportunity to inform *Belinda* of my Project; you must away to *Trusty's* and let her Maid into the Secret, I wou'd not impose upon her——The Man that truly loves, cannot deceive the Object of his Vows.

He never felt the Force of Cupid's Dart,
Who lets his Tongue run counter to his Heart;

Or ever can deserve the charming Maid,
That is by Falshood to his Arms betray'd.

For mutual Passions in all States agree,
And lines the Yoke with true Felicity.

She shall my Project with my Love compare,
If she approves it, I'm indeed an Heir.

Clin. Or at the worst, we are but as we were.

}
Enter

Enter 'Squire Num, and his Man Slouch.

Num. What think you, *Slouch*! Had we best go into the *Minster*, or tarry here whilst Mrs. *Belinda* comes out; for her Maid says she's here: Lord, Lord, how religious Folks are in this Town! Why they rise as early to Church here, as our Parson's Wife does to milking, I think—— Well, but what had we best to do, ha?

Slou. Why go in, I think——Or tarry here; which you will, Master.

Num. Nay, nay, mun, I don't know which is best, that makes me ask you; for I know, *Slouch*, you understand Breeding and Haviours; for you have been at *London* with fat Bullocks, and so was never I; but I resolve to go next time, ha! *Slouch*!

Slou. Ay, Master; but an you marry this same Mrs. *Belinda*, as sure as your Name is 'Squire *Num*, she'll not let you budge a Step.

Num. Marry her! Nay, nay, I shall marry her, that's sure enough, I think; and yet I'll see *London* for all that——Why, what dost thou think I'll be ty'd to a Wife's Tail all Days of my Life? No, no; the Family of the *Nums* won't be Wife rid, *Slouch*——But hark ye, an her Father shou'd chop up the Wedding to Day, before my new Clothes are made; for he likes me woundily, mun.

Slou. Od, well thought on, Master! Don't go into the Church, I say; who knows, but when the Parson has done his Prayers, but he may begin your Plagues, Master, ha!

Num. Od, that's smart now——Ha, ha; hush, hush, *Slouch*, they are here——Now show your Manners——

Enter Trusty, Belinda and Maria. Several others cross the Stage as from Church.

Tru. I have met a Report in the Church, that the News says Sir *Jeffrey Constant* is dead; if it be true, there's a better Husband for *Belinda* than this Fool——Od! I'll for *London* as soon as I have din'd; my Heart akes; pray Heaven he settled his Affairs before he died: I have no Receipt for the Money I paid him.

Num. Sir, your Servant; Father has sent me agen to see Mrs *Belinda*, and bid me tell you, That he wou'd come over himself, I think, next Week, and do what you wou'd have him to do, I think——And so, I suppose, we are agreed,

agreed, Forsooth——Only I must desire you to stay till my new Clothes are made. Father bought the Cloth last *Sturbich* Fair ; and the Taylor comes To-morrow, don't he, *Slouch* ?

Slou. Ay, and his Man *Staytape*, too ; and he works like a Dragon——My Master will soon be fit, Forsooth.

Mar. Fit, quotha ! for what ? ha, ha.

Num. For what ! Nay, nay, let me alone for that, an I don't show her for what, when I have her once, I'll be flea'd.

Mar. Heaven defend me from the Trial !

Tru. Sir, since I saw you last, I have consider'd my Daughter is no proper Match for you ; and therefore I desire you to return with all possible Speed, and acquaint your Father, that he may not undertake any unnecessary Journey.

Bel. Ten thousand Blessings on that Voice.

Num. Hey-day : What's the Matter now ! Why you don't pretend to make a Fool of me, do ye ?

Mar. No, thou art made to his Hands——ha, ha, ha——

Num. Who speaks to you, Mistress ; I was not made for you, I'm sure.

Mar. No, I thank my Stars !

Num. I'll not be chous'd at this rate, mun : Did you not tell me, if my Father wou'd settle so, and so, that I shou'd have her——And now you come with a consider——when it has cost me the Lord knows what in Journeys, as *Slouch* can testify.

Slou. Yes, with a safe Conscience, I can swear it has cost my Master—and me, above thirty Shillings upon you.

Bel. What, did you club with your Master then, Mr. *Slouch* ?

Slou. Now and then, for a Flaggon of Ale, an it please you.

Bel. Oh you shall be no Loser, Friend——There's something to defray your Expences—— [Gives him Money.

Slou. Thank you kindly, Forsooth——Od, this 'tis to be sharp——Now wou'd I give Six-pence to know if this be a good Guinea, or a Counter—— [Aside.

Tru. As to your Charges, Mr. *Num*——if you please
to.

to give me a Bill, they shall be discharg'd—But for my Daughter, I have design'd her otherways.

Num. A Bill! I scorn your Words; I'm as well able, de you see, to spend thirty Shillings as you, for ought I know; yet I'm not angry neither; only what makes me mad, is, that you shou'd think me such a Fool to be fob'd off I know not how——Why mun, all our Town knows that I'm to have her, and they have promis'd me the Bells shou'd ring a whole Day——And now you'd have me go home with a Tale of a Tub, like a Dog that has lost his Ears——What did you come bouncing to our House for! and say I shou'd have your Daughter——I did not come after her, nor you neither, mun.

Tru. What I said I thought at that Time, Sir; but no Man can blame me for changing my Mind to Advantage in disposing of my Child——I have a better Prospect both in Birth and Estate, than you, or your Father can offer. Therefore I say, without any Passion, I desire you'd give yourself no farther Trouble about this Matter, Mr. *Num.*

Bel. Birth, and Estate! What means my Father? How I tremble!

Mar. He has certainly heard of Sir *Jeffrey's* Death, and designs to make thee happy.

Bel. Impossible! he was in the *Minster* before us.

Num. Birth, and Estate! *Slouch*, come hither, Sirrah! Han't my Father a Thousand a Year?

Slou. Yes, that he has, an more too: He has ten Hundred, I'll swear it.

Num. I believe he has, as you say, *Slouch*.

Om. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Num. An I am all the Children he heas, am I not, *Slouch*?

Slou. Ay, all that he dares own, Sir.

Num. Look ye there, now! An I'll hold you a Bottle of Cyder that I'm as well born as he; my Father's Churchwarden, and Captain of the Militia, as 'tis known very well; and I'm call'd the young Captain, so I am.

Slou. Aye, that every body knows.

Tru. Sir, I have nothing to say to that, and am your humble Servant——Come *Belinda*.

Bel. I wish you a good Journey, Sir.

Mar. Captain, your Servant.

[*Exit.*
Num.]

Num. A murrain take your Fleer——

Slou. You may go to *London* now, Sir.

Num. Go to *London*, go to the Devil! 'Slife I'll follow them mun, may hap he do's but joke; and Father will break my Head, because I did not understand a Joke—
Therefore come along, *Slouch*. [Exeunt.



A C T II.

SCENE, *Sir David Watchum's House.*

Enter Sir David into a Garden before the Door.

Sir Dav. I HAVE survey'd my House round and round to Night, from Door to Door, and Gate to Gate——He that wou'd keep a handsome Woman of twenty thousand Pound, must learn the Gamester's Art, to live without Sleep——Methought, from my Garret-Window, I saw a Man sauntring about my Ground, and seem'd to pry too narrowly into my House——It may be a Rogue——I would not lose Mrs. *Laura*; for, if possible, she shall fill no Arms but mine. I have kept her from the Sight of Man these twelve Months; and now I design to offer her Liberty, provided she'll consent to be my Wife; if she refuses, I'll have the Lights quite stop'd up, and she shall not so much as see the Sun——Ha! who's here! Ho, 'tis *Lucy*, her Maid; I wish I cou'd make this Jade of my Interest——What the Vengeance does she do up so early?

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. This old Fellow is certainly the Devil——One can go no where, but one is sure to meet him.

Sir Dav. What makes you here, ha, Mistress?—Now am I afraid of venturing to the Coffee-house, tho' my Coach is at the Door.

Lucy. Too much Sleep is unwholesome, you know, Sir, by your own Rule; so hearing the Door open, I came down to breathe the Morning Air.

Sir. Dav. That you might have done at your Window;
no,

no, no, you have some Plot in Hand now, I warrant! Where's your Mistress?

Lucy. In her Chamber: Where shou'd she be?

Sir Dav. In her Bed wou'd be a fitter Place——Women of Virtue, that have no Intrigues, are fast asleep in their Beds at this Time a-day.

Lucy. Asleep! That's impossible in this House——Pray how can any body sleep, as long as you are awake; are you not rambling all Night; up Stairs, down Stairs, locking one Door, and opening another; hemming, coughing, spitting, sneezing, yawning, stamping, mutt'ring?—One no sooner shuts one's Eyes——but flap goes a Door, clatter goes a Key—down tumbles a Stool, bow-wow goes the Dog——This is the constant Musick you make, Sir: 'Slife, if one were a Slave in *Turkey*, one should sometimes rest in quiet.

Sir Dav. Good lack, good lack, all this I get for my Care——Why all this is for your Lady's Good, *Lucy*.

Lucy. Nay, if you call this Good! Then pray, Sir, employ your Study for the future, to do her ill Offices; for nothing can be more disagreeable, than your present Treatment both to my Lady and me.

Sir Dav. Say you so! What, you don't like your way of living then? ha.

Lucy. Not at all, I assure you, Sir—Living! d'ye call it——We wou'd have Liberty, Sir.

Sir Dav. You shall have Liberty, if your Lady is not her own Enemy—and for your Part, if you please, you may serve yourself and her, by being serviceable to me.

Lucy. Which Way, pray Sir? For there are not many Things I wou'd refuse to procure my Lady her dear, dear Liberty; pray inform me, I'm impatient to know it.

Sir Dav. Why thus—I have a very cordial Affection for Mrs. *Laura*, out of pure Consideration of her Youth—I wou'd not have a young Woman fall into ill Hands at first; therefore I design to marry her myself.

Lucy. Heaven forbid! That wou'd be falling into ill Hands, indeed. [Aside.]

Sir Dav. Now I wou'd have you break this Matter to her; and second it with all the Force of Argument you are capable of——When we are married, you shall take what Liberty you please.

Lucy.

Lucy. Why, sure a Person of your experienc'd Years, wou'd not be guilty of such a Folly.

Sir Dav. What do you call Folly ? I had no Children by my last Wife, and I wou'd willingly have an Heir to keep up my Name — and do you call this Folly ?

Lucy. Heirs ! Why, do you hope for an Heir of your own getting, Sir ?

Sir Dav. Why not, pray ?

Lucy. What, upon such a fine Woman as she is——In my Conscience, were I in your Place, I shou'd dread being the errantest, you know what, in Christendom.

Sir Dav. Oh Mrs. Pert ! that's not your Business, I shall dread no such Thing — All I desire of you, is to tell her, my Estate, Prudence, Wisdom and Temperance, outweighs Youth, Folly, Titles and Debauchery.

Lucy. Yes, for one that is in love with her Grave. Certainly, Sir, you are not in your right Senses—Why, your Request is so abominable, so vile, so ridiculous, and so unjust ; that I wou'd not be concern'd in it for a thousand Pounds——Indeed, you have pitch'd upon the wrong Person, Sir.

Sir Dav. Say you so ! Good lack —— So I have pitch'd upon the wrong Person you say ! ha ! If I had desir'd you to say your Prayers, I'll be hang'd if I had not pitch'd upon the wrong Person too, Gossip prate-a-pace ——but I'll hamper ye, I warrant you ; I'll cross your Designs, till I have finish'd my own—go, get out of my Sight.

Lucy. Well, surely this Life won't last always. [*Exit.*]

Enter Manage.

Man. My Master stays at the Coffee-house, and has sent me to survey this Dome, and try to give Mrs. *Laura's* Maid Notice of his Arrival ; but how far I may be serviceable to him, I know not——Ha ! who have we yonder ? The old Guardian himself, I doubt——So, he has found me——What the Duce must I pretend now ?

Sir Dav. What do you want, Friend, ha ?

Man. Good-morrow, Sir.

Sir Dav. Well, Good-morrow ; what more ?

Man. I hope you are well, Sir.

Sir Dav. Yes, thank Heaven, Sir ! What then ?

Man.

Man. Why, then I am very glad of it, Sir.

Sir Dav. You are very glad of it, Sir! Why, what a Pox is my Health to you? Who are you? What are you? And from whence come you, ha, Sir?

Man. Faith, Sir, your Questions are so copious, that they require a considerable Study to answer: Let me recollect a little—I have gone through so many Trades, that without my Diary (which I have not about me at present) I can't remember half of them; nor indeed can I tell how to stile myself otherwise than an universal Man——The World is my Country; and for want of an Estate, I live by my Wits.

Sir Dav. A Rogue, I warrant him. [*Aside.*

Man. Sometimes an honest Man, sometimes a Knave; just as Occasions fall out.

Sir Dav. Ay! and you oftener happen to be a Knave, than an honest Man, I doubt, Friend.

Man. Why lock ye, Sir, that is just as I abound, or want Money; for my present Profession is Physick—Now, when my Pockets are full, I cure a Patient in three Days; when they are empty, I keep him three Months.

Sir Dav. An excellent Principle, truly—But, pray what is your Business at my House?——We are all in a good State of Health at present.

Man. Nay, no very great Business, only I look'd in as I pass'd by, Sir, that's all.

Sir Dav. Now in my Opinion you have another Reason; for you have the Aspect of those Sparks that come in at a Window, or down a Chimney at two in the Morning.——

Man. Have a care what you say, Sir, I'm known very well not far off.

Sir Dav. Ay, too well perhaps! Zounds, Sir, what Business have you here? speak.

Man. A queer old Duke this—Why, Sir, if you must know, I am in search of some Simples, which I have occasion for.——

Sir Dav. Simples!

Man. Yes, Sir.

Sir Dav. Simples! A very simple Excuse, Faith——

Man. Sir, I have many Years practis'd Chymistry, and there's scarce any Disease incident to Humanity, but I

have cur'd ; Stone, Gravel, Spleen, Vapours, Fits of the Mother, and so forth——

Sir Dav. Rather Fits of the Father, I fancy.

Man. I had attained to such Perfection in the Chymical Art, that I wanted but one Degree of Heat to reach the Philosopher's Stone.

Sir Dav. That Habit, methinks, does not answer this mighty Skill.

Man. Oh ! Sir, Skill does not lie in Clothes—And the most ingenious are not always the most fortunate—I have had many Crosses in my Time—which has reduc'd me much below my Birth, I assure you—I serve an Officer at present, in the Quality of a *Valet de Chambre*, whose Life I sav'd at the Battle of *Audenard*, when he was shot thro' with a Cannon-ball.

Sir Dav. How ! shot through with a Cannon-ball ?

Man. Yes, Sir ; what, do you wonder at that ? Why, Sir, I have a Water, that if your Head were off, I'd but wash it with that, and clap it upon your Shoulders again, and you shou'd grow as perfectly well in Half an Hour, as ever you was in your Life ; I have made the Experiment upon Thousands ; my Master's Brother was one of them.——

Sir Dav. If you were in Petticoats, I shou'd take you for the *Kentish* Miracle —— What is this Officer's Name, Friend, that you serve ?

Man. Captain *Bounce*, Sir.

Sir Dav. *Bounce* ! I fancy you are related to him ; are you not, Friend ;

Man. No, Sir, not at all ; indeed he uses me more like a Relation, than a Servant, for the Reason before-mentioned.

Sir Dav. Ha ! And where is he, pray ?

Man. At the *Talbot*, Sir ; if you please I'll fetch him hither ?

Sir Dav. By no means, Sir ; but what Business have you here in *Peterborough* ?

Man. We have been raising Recruits, Sir —— A Pox of this old Dog ; how many impertinent Questions does he ask ?—Here's no Hopes of seeing *Lucy*.——

Sir Dav. Well, Sir, I desire you'd look your Simples else-

elsewhere; for I don't like you, notwithstanding your fair Pretences.

Man. Sir I shall obey you — But pray who does this House belong to?

Sir Dav. Why, this House belongs to——its Master.

Man. Indeed, Sir — Pray who is that Master, if I may be so bold to ask?

Sir Dav. Why that Master is——a Man, Friend.

Man. Really Sir! your Answers are so concise and so ingenious, that it is impossible to quit your Company—— We design for *Cambridge* to-night, pray what Time do you think we shall get in?

Sir Dav. The Town-Clock will tell you, when you come there.

Man. Is it possible!—I humbly thank you, Sir—one Thing more I wou'd gladly be resolv'd——I have a Brother bound for *Portugal*, pray is the Wind fair, Sir?

Sir Dav. What do you take me for, a Weather-cock, Sirrah? Hark ye, the Wind will blow you no good, if you don't get about your Business; remember that, and so farewell.

[*Exit.*

Man. Very well——this must be *Sir David* his ownself——'Egad he has all his Paces, it will be hard to bring Matters about here; I'm just as wise as I was when I came——and have told fifty Lyes to no Purpose——Ha! his Coach at the Door, I'll watch whither he goes, I'm resolv'd.——

Re-enter Sir David.

Sir Dav. What, are you not gone yet, Sirrah? I'll have you laid by the Heels, if you don't get off my Ground this Moment.

Man. Sir, I am going this Moment——A Pox of his Leathern Jaws——Well, I'll inform my Master what has pass'd, and leave him to think on what's to come.——

[*Exit.*

Sir Dav. So, he is gone——I don't like the Countenance of this Fellow——*Sam*——

Enter Servant.

Sam. Sir.

Sir Dav. Lock my Doors, d'ye hear; till I return from the Coffee-house, let no Body in or out.——

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Sam.

Sam. I shall observe, Sir.

[*Ex. severally.*]

SCENE *changes to the Coffee-house*; *Lovely, Constant, and Faithful.*

Faith. I have confirm'd the whole Town in the Belief of thy Father's Death.

Const. Then thou hast done me Service—Come, you'll both go with me to *Trusty's*—

Faith. No, I have a Mind to stay here ; to see if Sir *David* comes ; this Morning I will try to get acquainted with him ; perhaps my being a Stranger, he may invite me to Dinner.

Lov. Ha, ha ! He wou'd as soon give thee his Estate.

Enter Manage.

Faith. Ha ! *Manage*, what News ? Hast thou seen *Lucy*

Man. No, Sir, but I have seen the Knight.

Faith. Well, and what have you discover'd ?

Man. That it was not worth your while to come Post from *London*, to return the same Way—Ah ! Pox of the last Horse I rid ; what a cursed Fall had I in *Stangate-hole*—don't you remember, Sir, how I lay over Head and Ears in Mire ; whilst the Gentlemen of the Pad disburthen'd you of a hundred Pounds ?

Faith. Hang your unseasonable Memory, Sirrah ; leave fooling, and tell me ——— You saw Sir *David*, did you speak to him ?

Man. Yes, Sir, but he answer'd me with a damn'd four Air ; and I assure you it will require Cannon to reduce his Citadel.

Faith. Love has taught me to surmount all Difficulties.

Man. But here the Knight will be immediately ; for I heard him give Orders to lock up the Doors, till he return'd from the Coffee-house.

Lov. Ay, that's right Sir *David* ! ha, ha.

Faith. Lock up the Doors ! Ah poor *Laura* ! how shall I give thee Notice of my being here ?—

Const. I have a Thought in my Head, if it cou'd be put in Practice—Hark, I hear the Coach—ha ! here's nobody in the Room to discover the Trick—Let us pretend a Quarrel—Draw, *Faithful*.

Faith. To what Purpose ?

Const.

Const. You shall know instantly——*Lovely*, do you seem to part us ; he's here—Damn you, Sir, you lye. (*draws.*) I have not lost, nor will I pay——

Faith. Take your Lye back, Sir. [*seem to fight.*]

Enter Sir David.

Low. Why Gentlemen, Gentlemen, what do you mean ?

Faith. Damn you, Sir, you shall pay me——

Const. There is the Money then, you have it——pretend to be wounded with that Thrust, *Faithful*.

[*Aside to him.*]

Faith. I am wounded—pray help to lead me home.

Low. Oh Friend ! what have you done ?

Sir Dav. What's here, Murder ?

Const. I hope the Wound's not mortal——Curse on my unlucky Arm ; how dost thou, *Ned* ?

Sir Dav. Do quotha ! If the Gentleman is wounded, I must secure you, Sir.

Const. Secure me, Sir ! Alas ! Sir, I don't intend to fly ; a Pox of all Wagers, I say.

Faith. Pray lead me to my Inn, for I feel my Spirits very faint.

Low. Lead you ! Alas, I doubt you cannot walk so far.

Const. What, is there not a Chair or a Coach to be got ?

Low. Sir *David* has a Coach at the Door, if you could prevail with him to lend it you a little.

Const. Sir, pray oblige us with your Coach, it shall return immediately.

Sir Dav. With all my Heart. —— [*Goes to the Door, and speaks to his Coachman aloud.*]

Tom, here, carry this Gentleman home——d'ye hear, and make Haste back again.

Faith. Oh ! Friend, I understand you now ; my Soul dances with the bare Idea.

Const. It has succeeded to my Wish——*Lovely*, help lead him to the Coach.

Sir Dav. If there be any Danger, Mr. *Lovely*, take care to secure the Murderer.

Low. Oh ! they are intimate Friends, Sir *David*, he won't flinch, I know.

Sir Dav. Well, well, look you to that.—

[*Ex. into the House.*]

Const. Manage! Come you along with us, I have some Instructions for you. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E *changes to the Outside of Trusty's House.*

Enter Lovely, Constant, Clinch and Manage.

Lov. He'll certainly get Admittance to his Mistress by this Stratagem; but if the Knight shou'd find him there, how will he come off?

Const. Nay, let him look to that — but Manage shall take Clinch's great Coat, 'tis like a Livery. — Sweet Sir, can you condescend to wear a Livery an Hour or two?

Man. To serve my Master's Amour I will, Sir — else I scorn a Livery—I must have that black Wig too.

Const. Well, well! Here, Clinch, change, change with him. [They change Clothes.]

Clin. So Sir! Now I am your *Valet de Chambre*.

Man. Well, Sir, what am I to do now?

Const. Why, go watch about Sir David's Door, and as you see occasion, employ your Wits.

Man. Very well, Sir, let me alone for that; your humble Servant, Gentlemen. [Exit.]

Enter Dolly, out of the House.

Dolly. Oh! Are you come, Captain; I have told my Mistress every Particular—Please to walk in, Sir, I'll inform my Master you are here. [They go in.]

The S C E N E draws, and discovers them in a Room.

Lov. 'Tis an admirable Project, Captain, if you are not discover'd; but your Father will certainly know it in a little Time.

Const. If possible, I'll marry the Woman to-night.

Lov. I fear Sir Jeffrey will resent the Trick.

Const. I hope to convince him the Trick was upon Trusty; for he may recover the Money of him, if he pleases, and with me it may pass for his Daughter's Portion: but rather than fail, I'll give the Steward my Bond, when 'tis discover'd, to refund the Money, when I become Master of
of

of my Father's Estate; for without *Belinda*, nothing can make me happy.

Clin. Ah, Sir, you'll scarce find a Man in the Army of your Mind—Prefer a Woman to Money! Why, Sir, Money is the very Hinge the whole World turns upon—A Soldier, and not love Money!—Money has Power to alter all Constitutions, and in spite of Custom, stamp what Form it pleases—'Twill make an honest Man a Knave; nay, 'twill make a Knave an honest Man—'twill make a Coward valiant—an old Woman young—a young Woman a Saint—a Lawyer just—a Statesman loyal—and a Courtier keep his Word.

Lox. Ha, ha, *Clinch* is a Wit.

Clin. Faith, I always thought so by my Poverty.

Const. Well hinted *Clinch*—I'm in thy Debt—

[*gives him half a Guinea.*]

Clin. Oh Sir, I am yours in all Respects—Oh! this dear Colour!

*What can there be that this dear Coin can't buy?
For thee Men toil and sweat, swear, cheat and lye;
For thee does Friend his dearest Friend betray,
And Women give their very Souls away.
Join but Ambition to this glitt'ring Evil,
And in an Instant Man is made a Devil.*

Const. Ha, ha, ha!

Lox. Ha, ha, ha!

Const. Ad's-heart, Sir, set your weeping Face in order—Here comes the Steward——

Enter Trusty.

Tru. Captain *Constant*, your Servant! you are welcome into the Country. What, you are in want of Men; I warrant you are going to raise Recruits.

Const. Not at this Time, Sir; 'tis a more unwelcome Accident that brought me down. [*Takes out a Handkerchief, and seems to weep.*]

Trust. Good lack! the News is really true then, Sir *Jeffrey* is dead.

Clin. Ay, poor Gentleman, he's laid low——

Trust. I confess I heard so, but I hop'd it might be Report only; I did design to have set out for *London* as soon as I had din'd——My Heart akes——Bless me! What

have I paid without any Receipt? — I lov'd Sir *Jeffrey* like a Brother; truly I am very much troubled——

[*seems to weep.*]

Clin. Grief is very catching, I find; it makes me weep too —— Be comforted, Sir, (*To Constant.*) Fathers must go as well as Sons — Why do you afflict yourself at this rate, Sir? Since Death is Death, who can help it?

Low. Pray be comforted, Sir *John*—— [*To Constant.*]

Tru. Pray of what Distemper did he die?

Clin. Ah! Duce on't! What was that hard Word? Now can't I think on't, as I hope to be Great——

Low. Of an Apoplexy—A Pox on the Doctors, for giving Death so many strange Names. [*Aside.*]

Clin. Right, Sir——He died of an Apoplexy, Sir.

Tru. Of an Apoplexy! Why then I doubt he died suddenly.

Const. In a Moment's Time, Sir, he was alive and dead——

Clin. Ay, without ever speaking one Word, Sir——

Tru. (*Roars out*) Oh, oh, oh. Did he settle his Affairs in his Health? Did he make any Will?——

Const. Not any, Sir.

Clin. No, Sir; he has left all at Sixes and Sevens.

Tru. Oh, oh, oh—— [*faints.*]

Low. Ha! Help, *Clinch*, I hope he is not dead.

Clin. No, no, he breathes, thank Heaven; pray you look up, Sir.

Const. Why are you thus concern'd?

Low. You really encrease Sir *John's* Grief, Sir.

Tru. Oh! what have I lost?

Const. I know you have lost a Friend in my Father; but you shall find him again in me.

Tru. Oh, but he has left all Things at sixes and sevens, *Clinch* says — Did he say nothing to you about me before he dy'd?

Const. Not a Syllable — But I suppose your Concern proceeds from having paid him Money without any Thing to show for it under his Hand.

Tru. Ay, Sir, there's my Misfortune—Oh, oh.

Clin. 'Tis the Money, not the Man—Let not that trouble you, Sir, my young Master has been inform'd to a Farthing what it was—Tell him, tell him, Sir, your Father

ther appear'd, and let me alone to clinch it.

[*Aside to Constant.*

Tru. Inform'd!

Const. Yes, Mr. *Trusty*; my Father cou'd not rest till he had disclos'd your Affair.

Clin. Ah, good honest Soul; seeing he was snatch'd away so suddenly, he has several Times appeared.

Tru. How! appear'd, say you?

Clin. Ask my Master else.

Const. Most certain, Sir.——

Clin. He haunted us six Days like the Devil; sometimes like a shag Dog — Sometimes like a white Pidgeon — At last he took his own Shape. *Clinch*, said he, don't you know me? Then addressing himself to my Master, don't be afraid, said he, I come to tell you, that at several Times I have received from Mr. *Trusty*——

Tru. Ah dear Ghost, dear Ghost; how much did he say?

Const. Eight hundred Pound.

Tru. Right to a Penny; look ye there now, see what it is to deal with honest Men; one loses nothing by them, tho' in their Graves.

Clin. Oh, the Dead, Sir, are always generous; they value Money no more than that— [Snapping his Fingers.

Tru. Poor Gentleman, that he shou'd take a Journey from the other World upon my Account.

Clin. Ah, Sir, the Dead ride Post upon the Winds — He charg'd me to tell you, for your Satisfaction, he wou'd come and give you an Acquittance himself.

Tru. By no means, I am content; let the Dead visit who they will for me.

Const. Oh, fear not, Sir, he'll not trouble you; but to our Business, Sir, what you have paid I will discount.

Tru. And the rest of the Money is at your Service, and my Daughter too, Sir *John*, if you have not lost the Remembrance of her.

Const. To show you that I have not, Mr. *Trusty*, I assure you she will be the welcomest Present of the two.

Low. Thy Business is done, *Constant*.

Tru. Say you so, Sir *John*! Well, I'll fetch the Writings, and dispatch some Affairs, and then I'll carry you to

my Daughter—But upon second Thoughts, please to walk into my Study, 'tis more convenient.

Const. With all my Heart, I'll follow you.——

[*Exit Trusty.*]

Lov. Matters go as you cou'd wish; you'll be married to-night, Captain.

Const. I wish 'twere over; Egad I'd rather fight half a dozen Men, than descend to this rascally Way of Lying, were there any Help for it; it is beneath a Soldier.—

*A Soldier scorns the whining Lover's Art;
His Courage takes Possession of the Heart:
Disdains by Treachery to raise his Name,
But boldly owns the bright ambitious Flame,
And courts his Mistress as he courts his Fame.*

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A C T III.

SCENE, *Trusty in his Study, with Constant, Lovely and Clinch. Papers and Money upon the Table.*

Trusty. **T**HERE, Sir *John*, there are in these Bags Two and twenty hundred Pounds, which, with the Eight hundred I remitted Sir *Jeffrey*, is just Three thousand Pound; if you please, you may count it, 'tis most in Gold.

Const. No, I'll take your Word for't; here, *Clinch*, carry it to *Drive* the Carrier, he is just now going to *London*; order him where to pay it in, d'ye hear?

Clin. Yes, Sir——

[*Exit with the Bags.*]

Lov. He is loaden with it; ha, ha, ha.——

Tru. Poor Sir *Jeffrey*, rest his Soul, did promise to bate me twenty Pound a Year; for I have paid him two hundred Pounds a Year these sixteen Years, for that Land which is not worth an Hundred and four-score.

Lov. Say you so, Mr. *Trusty*? Then you must perform your Father's Promise, Sir *John*.

Const. Ay, when he has paid me as much as he has my Father.

Lov. Come, shall I settle Matters between you? Advance

vance Sir *John* a hundred Pounds ; you know he has been kept short, and doubtless has Occasion for ready Money, and he shall bate you twenty Pound a Year.

Tru. Oh, that's all one, Mr. *Lovely*—I can't do that.

Const. Nay, since Mr. *Lovely* has propos'd it, if you won't do that——

Tru. Well, but Sir *John*, perhaps you'll expect a large Fortune with my Daughter ; I can't tell you how to——

Const. I ask you for none, Sir.

Tru. Why then there's the hundred Pound ; but you must signify at the Bottom of this Lease our Bargain.

Enter Roger, a Farmer.

Const. Give it me, I'll do't.—— [*sits down to write.*

Rog. Morrow Landlord, I ha' brought you a little Rent, and in troth 'tis but a little neither ; for we ha' had but a sorry Crop of Barley, and the Crows, a Murrain take 'em, ha' eat up all my Beans, I think.

Tru. But you have a new Landlord, *Roger*. Old Sir *Jeffrey* is dead, and there's his Son.

Rog. Say you so, Master ! Bless you, Sir, I did not know your Father, not I, tho' I have paid him many a fair Pound——Nor I dan't know you ; but an you be my Landlord, I'm an honest Man ; and tho' I say it, pay my Rent as well as any body.

Const. I don't doubt it, Friend—I am sorry your Harvest has not prov'd so good as you expected.

Rog. I hope, Master, for Luck's sake now, you'll 'bate me something of my Rent.

Const. I can't do that, *Roger*—For the taxes take away all my Money.——

Rog. Nay, as you say, Master, these Taxes are sad Things, that's the Truth on't — Od they find out strange Ways ; they had got a Trick here once to make one pay for one's Head — Mercy on us, I was afraid they wou'd make one pay for one's Tail too—My Neighbour *What de call um* —— says it cost him the Lord knows what in Burings and Christnings —— Adod 'tis a sore Thing, a Man must pay for lying with his own Wife.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha, 'twas a Grievance indeed ; but Taxes can't be help'd, so long as the Wars continue.

Rog. Wars ! Why what need there be any Wars ?

Can't People live peaceably and quietly among themselves — If they will squabble and play the Rogue, let 'em go to Law ; can't they set the Lawyers to work ? I warrant they'll quickly make them as quiet as Lambs.

Const. Ha, ha, ha ; but we are at Wars with a Prince that cares for no Laws but his own ; nay, he breaks them too, when 'tis his Interest. —

Rog. Why then Mercy upon us, I say — Well an how ! may one wish you much Joy ? Ha, you got a Wife, Landlord ? By the Mefs you are a pretty Man. —

Const. I'm not so happy yet, *Roger*.

Rog. Say you so ? Good lack, I'm sorry for't. — Why now here's Master *Trusty* has a good sweetly look'd Gentlewoman to his Daughter — What think you of her, Landlord ? — Od, and all Parties were agreed, she'd make a rare Bedfellow, I'm persuaded.

Lov. I believe Sir *John* is of your Mind ; have you any Interest with her Father ?

Rog. Not I, in troth, Master *Lovely* — but the Gentlewoman is of a sweet Temper.

Lov. Do you think you cou'd persuade her to run away with him ?

Rog. Wou'd I cou'd, Sir — for a pretty Woman is the best Luggage in the World — for when a Man is weary, he may rest upon it ; ha, ha.

Const. You are waggish, *Roger*.

Trusty. Yes, yes, *Roger* will joke ; there's your Acquittance, if Sir *John* please to sign it. —

Const. 'Tis the same Thing if you sign it, Mr. *Trusty*.
[Signs the Note.]

Trusty. I find my Daughter stands fair in your Opinion, *Roger*.

Rog. Look ye, Sir — I hope you ar'n't angry ! I meant no harm — I spoke as I thought ; an I had a hundred Daughters — my Landlord, and Mr. *Lovely* should have them all, an they wou'd ; ha, ha.

Const. I am obliged to you truly.

Lov. Oh ! a hundred wou'd be too many.

Const. Prithee hast thou never a single one at present ?

Rog. Not that I know of, in troth, Sir ; but an you'll do me a small Kindness, Sir, I may chance to get you one about fourteen Years hence.

Lov.

Low. That will be something too long to stay.

Const. But what can I serve thee in, *Roger*?

Rog. Why, Mrs. *Belinda* has a kind of a Maid called *Dorothy*; I have had a hankering Mind after her these two Years; but the fliving Baggage will not come to a Resolution yet.

Tru. You must apply yourself to my Daughter, *Roger*, she'll be the best Advocate; but I doubt she's too fine for you.

Rog. Too fine! nay, nay, I'll never quarrel with her for that; an she can win Gold, as the Saying is, e'en let her wear it.

Tru. But I doubt you are not fine enough for her.

Rog. Mayhap so, as you say; indeed, I have not such gay Clothes as these Gentlefolk have, because I can't afford it, de ye see? else I shou'd like 'em well enough — In troth, I believe I have some Seeds of a Gentleman in me; for methinks now I like broad Cloath better than my Leathern Breeches; and a Holland Shirt, far before a Hempen one—adod methinks, I, I, I, cou'd be well enough contented with a Bottle of Wine every Day — I am mainly inclin'd to strong Beer—and don't care a Farthing if I never were to drink any small.

Low. Oh! extraordinary Symptoms of a Gentleman, I'll assure you—Well, we'll speak to *Dolly* for you.

Tru. Ay, ay, we'll all speak for you; go, go into the Cellar then, and drink thy Belly full.

Con. Be sure to drink *Dolly's* Health.

Rog. Thank you kindly, Sir—Ay, ay, Master, that I will, I promise you, in a full Horn—So, Landlord, good-by to you with all my Heart. [Exit,

Tru. Now, Sir *John*, I'll send my Daughter to keep you Company, till I look for some Leases your Father order'd me to get drawn, which, if you think fit to sign——

Con. If the Tenants are able Men, with all my Heart.

Tru. Oh! very sufficient Men, Sir *John*. [Ex. Trusty.

Low. Well, thou hast secured the Money, *Constant*; and my Advice is to dispatch the Woman, as fast as you can, and find some Pretence to defer these Leases for two or three Days — Sir *Jeffrey* is whimsical, and if he shou'd alter hls Mind, and come down,——

Con.

Con. Here wou'd be no staying for me, if he shou'd ; therefore I design to be as quick as possible — but here comes the Star that guides me to Happiness.

Enter Belinda and Maria.

Lov. And my Pilot——

Mar. What Voyage are you for, pray ?

Lov. The everlasting Voyage of Matrimony, Child :— And your Eyes are two such dangerous Rocks, that nothing but your Tongue can steer me into Harbour.

Mar. But any of my Sex can steer you out ; you'll be for cruising from Port to Port, to make that everlasting Voyage agreeable.

Lov. No, Faith, where I drop my Anchor, there my Vessel is moor'd for Life.—Well, *Constant*, what says the Lady ? will she let thy *Habeas Corpus* remove her ?

Bel. Out of one Prison into another, is it not so, *Constant* ?

Lov. Interrogating ! Nay, then 'tis proper to be alone ; there is a very pretty Collection of Prints in the next Room, Madam, will you give me leave to explain them to you ?

Mar. Any Thing that may divert your Love-Subject.
[Exit.]

Con. Can *Belinda* term my Arms a Prison ?

Bel. But Marriage is a Fetter, *Constant*.

Con. I'll not make it one ; I'm a true *British* Subject, I'm for Liberty and Property.——

Bel. And Self-interest, for they are inseparable.

Con. I hope our Interests are the same, and when link'd, will be the stronger. Come, Madam, consider our Opportunity may be short, we ought to be quick, to prevent Discovery ; I have your Father's Consent.

Bel. Discovery ! why, what is it you fear ? 'tis but reasonable I be let into the Secret, if I'm in Danger of sharing the Punishment, Sir *John*.

Con. Why that Sir *John*, *Belinda* ? I know you are inform'd of all, then do not ridicule my ardent Passion ; 'twas my Love for you that first inspir'd me with this Stratagem ; then prithee come, my dearest.——

[Taking her Hand.]

Bel.

Bel. Not a Step, sweet Servant — I'll know upon what Terms I capitulate, e'er I furrrender.

Con. Terms! Madam! Has not *Dolly* told you of the Plot?

Bel. Yes, upon your Father and mine, Captain, but I don't think it safe to join in it! Suppose my Father be oblig'd to pay back this Money; may not that be Provocation enough to disown me? and if your's shou'd for this Trick disinherit you? — What Jointure can you make me?

Con. My Heart, Madam.

Bel. Pshaw! that is the slippery'st Piece in all Fortune's Treasure—we never can be certain of that——

Con. Then my Soul.

Bel. Where shall I find it? The Learned can't agree where to place it; therefore I'll have no trouble about that.

Con. Then take my Body for Bail, that I'm sure is forth-coming.

Bel. Ay, but there's No — *Ne exeat Regnum* in Love's Court.——

Con. To cut off all Objections, I settle this Money upon you; and either put it out to Interest, or purchase some pretty Retirement; where, if *Belinda* loves but half so well, as I flatter'd myself she did, I can forsake all Courts and Company — and prefer a Grott with her, before all the Trappings of the Fools of Fortune.——

Bel. Generously said! I have try'd thee, *Constant*; and find thy Nature like thy Name; there, take my Hand — my Heart was thine before.

Con. 'Tis Sympathy of Souls that joins us two,
Death only shall our Gordian Knot undo,

Bel. Until that Hour, *Belinda* will be true.

}

Re-enter Lovely and Maria.

Lov. Joy to thee, my Friend; and you, Madam, we over-heard your Protestations.——

Con. Prithee let's fetch the Parson this Minute.

Lov. To chuse—Ladies, we'll return instantly. [*Exit.*

Mar. Prosperity to *Belinda*!

Bel. Dare not you bear me Company, Girl? Have you the Heart to let me run this Hazard alone?

Mar.

Mar. Why, what wou'd you have me do ?

Bel. Even what I design to do—Marry — for I'm sure thou lov'st that handsome young Fellow.

Mar. I find you understand your own Constitution, *Belinda*.

Bel. So well ; that if you follow my Example, you'll act as resolutely.

Mar. Thine is a rash Venture, if Sir *Jeffrey* shou'd not forgive him.

Bel. The more honourable ; we have Love, and that's the best Estate in a married Life.

Mar. True, but what can we poor Women do, whose Parents are not inclin'd to gratify our Wishes ; ——— you know mine are set against the Match. ———

Bel. Pugh, Parents will relent in Time — If not, Mr. *Lovely* has Fortune enough to make you happy — You love him, and he loves you ; were I in your Place, I'd fain see a third shou'd part us.

Mar. True, I do love him — but will not marry him, without a Portion ; he shall never throw that in my Dish, I resolve.

Bel. An admirable Resolution truly — Then you'll go on ; hang your Head, cross your Arms, sigh your Soul into the Air — sit up all Night like a Watch-Candle, and distil your Brains through your Eye-lids ——— for so I have done — no, no, Girl, e'en let us save our Tears, till we are married.

Mar. What, you think like most Wives, we shall have Occasion for them then, ha, ha.

Bel. As it may fall out ——— Then let us marry whilst we are young, that we may be able to bear it with the better Courage. — But here's my Father over Head and Ears in Papers ; I tremble though, to think what he will say when he finds the Cheat.

Enter Trusty, with Papers in his Hand.

Mar. And see who is behind him ——— [*Enter Num and Slouch.*

Bel. I have a sudden Thought how to divert my Father's Anger ; when all's discover'd, I'll put it in practice. ——— Sir, your humble Servant.

Num.

Num. Od, she speaks, *Slouch*——Nay, Madam, I'm your humble Servant.

Tru. Ha! what's that?—Why, Sir, I admire—hey-day, where are the Gentlemen, Daughter?

Num. Gentlemen, Sir, why here is one Gentleman; indeed I can't say much for *Slouch*——

Tru. Why don't you answer me, ha?

Bel. I know not, Sir, they went out soon after we entered.

Mar. They whisper'd, Sir, and left the Room.

Tru. Ah! I don't like that——

Slou. May-hap they are gone to fight for Mrs. *Belinda*. An she'd marry you, Master, now, how rarely they'd be chous'd, ha, ha.

Num. Od, so they wou'd, as you say, *Slouch*——
Madam, what say you? Mr. *Trusty*, shall we make an end on't? I know you are a merry Man, and did but joke wi' me.

Tru. Say you so! I doubt you won't find it so, Sir.

Num. No! Why I verily believe the Gentlewoman has a Kindness for me, by her Looks; how say you, Mistress? speak the Truth, and shame the Devil, as the Saying is—han't you?

Bel. Well, if I must speak the Truth, 'Squire, I have as much Kindness for you, as for any body; my Father commanded me to love.

Trusty. Ay! why what say you to Sir *John Constant*? Don't you like him better?

Bel. I did once, Sir, but I don't remembet I ever had your Consent in that.

Trusty. You have it now then—'Tis time enough; it is good to know what one has to trust to.

Bel. Your Leave now, Sir, comes too late, he may have chang'd his Mind.

Trusty. No, no, you shall be married to Night, he shan't have time to think of Change.

Num. Look ye, Sir, fair and softly—he shall not have her to Night, may-hap—for all your haste; *Slouch*, stand by me.

Slou. That I will, Master, in any Ground in *England*.

Mar. Humph! I guess her drift—— [Aside.

Bel. Then 'tis time for me to think on't, Sir.

Trusty.

Trufty. Hey-day, what's here now!

Bel. I don't like Matches huddled up in haste; and I learnt from your Instructions, Sir, to consult my future Happiness in a marry'd State.

Num. Good again, I'faith, ha, ha.

Trufty. Your future Happiness! Why, what can cross your future Happiness, Mistress?

Num. What, will they quarrel about me now, *Slouch*, ha?

Slou. The Woman has a woundy Mind to you, I see that, Master.

Bel. Sir *John's* Carriage is more loose and familiar than formerly——from which I draw this Conclusion, Sir; that he thinks his Quality may now command, and when a Lover loses Respect, his Sincerity quickly follows. I like not the Method of our Quality——The Name of Husband without the Fondness, is like a Title without an Estate, of no value with the Wife.

Mar. I am of her Opinion, Sir.

Num. And I too, Faith——Od, she talks rarely; I shall have her, I find——In my Conscience I love her ten times the better, because I see she loves me——and let me tell you, Sir, your Daughter is honestest than you are——Why shou'd you pretend to cross her Will? You plainly see, she has a Mind to no body but me——Mun——

Tru. I plainly see you are a Fool, and she's another——

Num. Look ye, say what you will o' me, but don't affront her; for all you are her Father, I won't let my Wife be call'd Names, de ye see.

Tru. Zounds, get out of my Doors.

Num. Ay, but who is the Fool then?

Bel. Pray be calm; since you once lik'd the Squire for a Son-in-law, I hope I shan't disoblige you in preferring him before Sir *John* for a Husband.

Num. Disoblige him! who cares if it does, Madam: Come along——

Mar. Ha, ha. If thy Father shou'd take thee at thy Word, *Belinda*?

Bel. My Stars forbid ——

Tru. Did you ever see such a provoking Creature?

Enter Constant and Lovely.

Oh, Sir *John*, 'tis well you are come——Where have you

you been? You are in Danger of losing your Mistress here.

Con. I hope, Sir, I have taken the best Way to secure her.

Low. If the Parson can do it, for we have got him in the next Room.

Bel. To Constant.] Humour what I say——

Tru. Now Mistress, you had best bring your Objections again, and spoil your Fortune.

Bel. To Num.] If you dare maintain your Claim to me, I am yours—I say again, Sir, I like the Squire best.

Num. Dare! od, I, I, I, I, dare a, a.

Con. What dare you do, Sir?

Num. What a Plague do you stare at so?

Con. What was that you mutter'd! What dare you do?

Num. I dare do as much as you dare do——What a Pox, I'm not to be frightened wi' Looks, mun.

Slou. Od, take heed, Master, he has a woundy long Sword.

Num. A Sword! I care not a——for his Sword, nor him neither. *[Walks about in a Heat.*

Mar. Ha, ha, ha.

Bel. Ha, ha, ha, Sir *John*, this Gentleman is a Person whom I esteem.

Num. Ay, Sir, and one that she intends to marry too.

Con. Marry! when, Sir?

Num. When she pleases, Sir; now, an you'll lend us your Parson?

Low. Ay, 'tis fit you ask him Leave indeed!

Con. I'll lend you my Sword in your Guts first.

Num. Your Sword in my Guts——*Slouch*, give me your Cudgel. *[Snatches his Stick.*

Slou. Ads Blead, clear the Way, clear the Way; I'll turn the 'Squire loose to any Man in *Zomerfetshire*.

Num. Come, out with your Spit, mun——Wounds, and I don't make ye put it up again, I'll ne'er strike stroke more.

Con. The Devil, he'll knock me down. *[Lays his Hand on his Sword.*

Tru. Oh don't draw, Sir *John*——Lay down your Stick, Sir, and get you about your Business, or you'll oblige me to use you worse than I am willing to do.

Mar. Excellent Sport, ha, ha.

Low.

Lov. Incomparable, ha, ha.

Bel. Who cou'd have thought the Lout so courageous—
Oh pray let us have no fighting.

Tru. You have had your Answer, Sir, therefore pray
be gone quietly.

Bel. You 'fright me out of my Wits, 'Squire ; pray go
out of my Father's House peaceably ; if you love me, do,
we'll find some other Way.

Num. Love ye, yes, I do love you ; or what makes
me in such a Passion, think you ? Well, well, I will go
out——Look ye, Sir, an you be a Man, follow me ; I'll
box fairly with you now for half a Crown, and this
Gentleman shall hold Stakes, and see fair Play——If you
dare now ?

Lov. Fie, fie, 'Squire, Gentlemen don't use to box.

Con. Box, ye Blockhead, ha, ha, ha.

Num. Blockhead ! —— Zounds, I'll learn you to call
Names. *[Strips off his Coat.]*

Slou. Come on, Sirrah, I'll fight with you at the same
Time——*(begins to strip.)* I'll stand by my Master, for the
Honour of *Zomerfetshire*.

Clin. Death, you shamble-ham'd Dog ! I'll beat your
Head off—— *[Gives him a Box of the Ear.]*

Num. Ay ! are you there ? Faith, come on——come on.
[Falls foul upon Clinch.]

Lov. Hold, hold, two to one is odds. *[Parts them.]*

Clin. Let me alone, Sir, egad I'll fight 'em both.

Bel. Ha, ha, ha, what do you do, 'Squire, fight with
a Footman ! Pray leave off, or you'll disoblige me for
ever.

Tru. Oh Lord, oh Lord ! What shall I do ?

Num. What care I.

Mar. What don't you care for your Mistress ?

Num. Yes, yes, but I won't be made a Fool on ; but I
will go——an I were sure you wou'd not be forc'd to mar-
ry this same Spark——I won't leave you in the Lurch,
Madam.

Bel. No, no, 'Squire, they shall not force me, I pro-
mise you.

Num. Then I go——but look to't, an I catch you
out of this House, by the Mafs I'll rib you. *[Exit.]*

Om. Ha, ha, ha.

Tru.

Tru. Adod, I was out of all Patience with the Fool—
Come, take her by the Hand, Sir *John*, you shall be married this Minute, we'll settle Business afterward.

Bel. Indeed, Sir, you'll repent this hasty Match.

Con. What means *Belinda*?

Bel. You shall know within.

Tru. Get along—In my Soul, I think the whole
Composition of Women is Contradiction. [Ex. omnes.]

SCENE *Sir David's House.*

Enter Faithful and Coachman.

Faith. There, honest Coachman, drink my Health;
but pray can't I speak with the Gentlewoman of the House?

Coach. Sir *David* has no Wife, Sir; but here is a young Lady, I'll call her Maid; Mrs. *Lucy*, Mrs. *Lucy*, here is a Gentleman wou'd speak with your Mistrefs—

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. A Gentleman! blefs me, how came you to let a Man in, *Thomas*, in Sir *David's* Absence?

Coach. Sir *David* bid me himself, or you may be sure I had not done it—I thank you, Sir. [Ex. Coachman.]

Lucy. What do I see? Mr. *Faithful*!

Faith. The same! How fares my Love, my dearest *Laura*? Quick, bring me to her, I am impatient till I see her.

Lucy. Nay, nay, she wou'd be as impatient as you, if she knew you were here—But by what Miracle did you prevail with Sir *David*?

Faith. Prithee ask no Questions—I'll inform thy Lady; haste, my Time's but short, therefore must improve it.

Lucy. Well, follow me then. [Exit.]

The SCENE draws, and discovers Mrs. *Laura* at her Spinnet.

After the Song, enter Lucy and Faithful.

Lau. What did that Blockhead bawl so for, *Lucy*?

Lucy. To have an Acquaintance of yours admitted, Madam.

Lau.

Lau. An Acquaintance of mine!—Ha! my dear *Faithful*! Am I awake? and is it really he?

Faith. My dearest Love—(*Run into one another's Arms.*) Oh let me hold thee here for ever, for ever taste the Nectar on these Lips—There is still the same Fragrancy, as when we parted last.

Lau. Oh! it was a fatal Parting—Say, my Love, how cam'st thou here? for the old Monster allows no Mortal to visit me.

Faith. By Stratagem, my Dear; he sent me hither in his Coach, yet knows not I am come; thou shalt have the Story at more convenient Leisure; but now let us employ our Time to advantage.

Lau. Heavens! how I tremble! He'll soon be back, for he's never out above half an Hour.—*Lucy*, watch below. [*Exit.*] What can this short Interview avail us? which Way shall I get out of his Power? The nauseous Goat told *Lucy* he design'd to marry me himself—and casts such loving Looks every time he sees me, that I am half distracted, lest he should give his horrid Passion vent.

Faith. Ha! Confound his Passion with himself—Consent to fly with me to a Friend's House in Town, where we'll be married, and put it out of his Power to confine thee.

Lau. With all my Heart—My Prison is so odious to me, I need but small Intreaties to make me quit it—This is the Closet he keeps my Writings in; if we cou'd contrive to get them along with us, or he'll give us Trouble enough to get 'em out of his Hand; here—don't you think one might wrinch it open?

Faith. So he may prosecute us for a Robbery.

Lau. Let him, I'll meddle with nothing of his.

Enter Lucy hastily.

Lucy. Oh, Madam! there's Sir *David* in a violent Passion, beating all the Servants in before him.

Lau. Undone! What shall I say? what will become of thee?

Faith. Sink the Villain—Have Patience, my dearest, take no Thought for me; seem not to know me; pretend Surprise, and beg me to be gone; leave the rest to me.

Enter

Enter Sir David, beating his Men in upon the Stage.

Sir Dav. Ye Dogs, what have you done, ha?

Coach. What do you beat me for? Did you not bid me carry him home?

Sir Dav. Zounds, not to my Home, you Rascal.

[Beats him.]

Faith. What do you mean, Madam, by saying you don't know me? 'Sdeath, did not I lodge here last Night?

Sir Dav. How's this? how's this?

Lau. No indeed, Sir, I never saw you before; neither do we let Lodgings, then pray be answer'd.

Faith. A very pretty Trick, faith! What have you a Mind to cheat me of my Horses, and Portmanteau—— Look ye, Madam, this won't pass upon me.

Sir Dav. No, nor upon me, neither, Sir.

Faith. Sir, your humble Servant; I think I have had the Honour to see you somewhere. I am in dispute with this Gentlewoman here; she'd fain persuade me I have mistook my Inn——and that I did not lie here last Night.

Sir Dav. Lie here! Why, do you take this Lady for an Hostess, Sir?

Faith. Nay, Sir, she is very handsome—but why the Devil must Beauty make her deny her Calling?——Ad, you Country Gentlemen do so kiss and flatter your Landladies, that egad, they don't know where their Tails hang——but we make them know themselves in *London*—— Once more, will you call your Servants?

Sir Dav. Oh the Devil! ye Dogs, I'll be reveng'd on you.

[Beats his Servants, they run off.]

Sam. The Fault's not mine, Sir; *Thomas* bid me let him in.

Faith. What, no Attendance yet? So, ho, Tapster, Chamberlain—— Pray Sir, sit down——I warrant I'll make somebody hear——Heark ye, you Mistrefs——You are not above your Business too, are you? *[To Lucy.]*

Sir Dav. Oh, oh, oh, I shall go distracted.

Lucy. Pray, Sir, know your Way out, don't think I'm one of your Wenches.

Faith. Good lack; ha, ha, what are you a fine Lady too? The Devil! Sure this is a Bawdy-house——

Sir Dav. I dare swear you'd make it one if you cou'd——

Faith. Sir, I take this for an extraordinary Inn——Pray do

do me the Favour to fit—I'll beat the Chamber down, but I'll make somebody come up. So, ho, the House here——

[*Stamps.*]

Sir Dav. A plague split you, what do you make all this Noise for? Oh, oh.

Lau. Pray, *Sir David*, humour the Gentleman, for I fancy he is a little beside himself.

Sir Dav. Humour the Devil! Hell and Furies! This must be some Rogue——Here, where are you, Rascals?

Enter Servants.

Faith. Ay, Scoundrels, where are you? Ye Dogs, what is the Reason we can have no Attendance? (*Strikes one of them.*) Fetch us a Bottle of Claret, Sirrah, and bring us Word what we can have to eat——

Sir Dav. Bring a Bottle of Claret! bring a Halter——What do you strike my Servants for? ha, Sir.

Faith. Your Servants, Sir! They are my Servants, as long as I pay for what I call for——Ho! I find you are the Landlord of this well-govern'd Inn—Make your People more tractable, do you hear, Sir? Or I shall not only beat them, but you too——Death, ye Villains, why don't you stir?

[*Strikes another.*]

Lau. What will be the End of this? All my Comfort lies in his Assurance.——

Sir Dav. Zounds, let him stir if he dares——Get out of my House, Sirrah, or I'll lay you by the Heels; don't put your Shams upon us——Don't bully here; I thought you was wounded when I lent you my Coach—But I find you are a Rogue, and either designed to rob my House, or ravish this Lady—Fetch me a Constable quickly; the Devil! I'll box with you, if you're for Boxing——Get into that Room, *Laura*, I'll deal with him I warrant ye——

[*Puts Laura in.*]

Lau. Oh unfortunate! How shall I ever see him again?

[*Exit.*]

Faith. I'll be here about an Hour hence before this Door.

[*To Lucy.*]

Lucy. Ah! but to what Purpose?

Sir Dav. I thought you was wounded when I lent you my Coach.

Faith. Wounded, Sir! why so I am, and my Wounds bleed

bleed afresh with Vexation — Was it your Coach ? I find I was mistaken then, you are not my Landlord ; I ask your Pardon, Sir.

Enter Manage, running.

Sir Dav. Rot your Pardon—How now, who the Devil are you, Sir ?

Man. I am this Gentleman's Servant—Bless me, Sir, what do you do here ? Why Sir *John* and Mr. *Lovely* have been searching all the Town for you ; they brought a Surgeon to the *Talbot*, and not finding you there, nor no where else, sent me to ask this Gentleman's Coachman where he drove you to, and swear if you be not found presently, they'll indict the Coachman for your Murther.

Sir Dav. I wou'd you were all hang'd for Company ; why what a plaguy Mistake was here ?—

Faith. Ha ! A lucky Hint——Bless me, Sir, I am under the greatest Confusion imaginable ; can you forgive me, Sir ? Upon my Honour, I thought I had been in my Inn ; I ask a thousand Pardons, pray excuse me to the Lady.

Sir Dav. Oh, Sir, never trouble your Head about the Lady.

Faith. Why, Sir, I'm a Gentleman.

Sir Dav. A Gentleman, Sir ! And what then, Sir ?

Faith. And am Master of an Estate to support that Character, Sir.

Sir Dav. Zounds, was ever Man so plagu'd, to have his Servants kick'd about like Foot-balls, his House thunder'd about his Ears like a common Inn, then to be told impudently, I'm a Gentleman, and have an Estate to support that Character ?

Faith. I ask your Pardon agen, Sir, for the unlucky Accident, in mistaking your House ; but cannot apprehend what Crime I have committed in my Apology.

Sir Dav. Sir, without any manner of Apology, I wou'd be very proud to wait on you down Stairs.

Faith. By no means, Sir—I must not permit that.

Sir Dav. Death and the Devil, be gone without it, then.

Faith. That I will, Sir ; but intreat the Favour of seeing the Lady first ; upon Honour I was never so concern'd in my Life : I wou'd not for five hundred Pound quit the
F House,

House, till I have convinc'd her of my Error, and made my Acknowledgment upon my Knees.

Sir Dav. Zounds, here's the Devil to do about her — Which Way shall I get rid of him?

Faith. Pray Mistress, inform the Lady of my Resolution. [To Lucy.]

Sir Dav. Hark ye, Huswife, stir out of this Place, and I'll break your Neck down Stairs.

Faith. Why then I must be guilty of a second Rudeness to acquit myself of the first, I think that's the Room the Lady went into, Sir. [Going towards the Door.]

Sir Dav. Hold, hold, hold, Sir; where the Devil are you going? — Zounds, advance one Step farther, and I'll indict you for a Robbery.

Faith. Well, since you are so positive, Sir, I will be gone; but pray, Sir, is that Lady your Grand-daughter, Daughter, Niece, Cousin, or, or——

Sir Dav. 'Tis my Wife, my Wife, my Wife, my Wife, Sir, do you hear that and tremble.

Faith. Ods my Life, Sir, I beg your Pardon with all my Heart and Soul — Your most Obedient, humble Servant. [Exit.]

Sir Dav. The Devil go with you.

Man. (To Lucy.) My Master has not a Soufe of Money, else you wou'd not want your Fee. We were robb'd coming down. [Exit.]

Sir Dav. Zounds, Sir, what do you loyter here for? Why don't you get after your Master? Goe troop. [Turns him out.]

Sir Dav. What do you fauntring here, get in to your Mistress! What, does your Chops water at the Sight of a Man, ha?

Lucy. I'm sure you are the worst Sight I cou'd have seen at present. [Exit.]

Sir Dav. I don't understand this Mistake tho' — He is a strapping young Dog; I wish *Laura* had not seen him — But I'll go see if he is gone, lest there shou'd be more Roguery at the Bottom. [Exit.]

A C T IV.

Enter on one Side Faithful and Manage ; on the other Constant and Clinch.

Con. *F* *Aithful*, well met, I was going in search of thee ; my Affairs are ended, what Hopes of thine. Did the Project turn to thy Advantage ?

Faith. It gave me Entrance to the charming Fair, who receiv'd me with equal Transport ; but just as she consented to come away with me, the old Fox return'd—A Curse of his Diligence——

Man. I came timely to my Master's Rescue, Sir ; and when his Pockets are replenish'd, I hope he'll own it.

Faith. That I will, *Manage*.

Con. 'Tis now in my Power to lend thee Twenty Pieces, Friend——There they are—— [Gives Money.

Faith. I thankfully accept them ; and next the finishing my own Wishes, I am pleas'd thou hast gain'd thine ; but after what Method to pursue mine, Heaven knows ; I told *Lucy* I wou'd be about the Door in an Hour, but I know not if 'twill be in *Laura's* Power to get out, or what can disguise me ; Sir *David* will certainly know me again, if he sees me——The Time is well nigh expir'd.

Man. I have a Thought ! —— Cou'd you procure my Master a red, or blue Coat, in this Town, think you, Sir ?

Con. I have my Regimental Surtout I rid down in, you know.

Man. Right, that will do ; I told him I serv'd an Officer ; I warrant we'll pass upon him——Come, strip *Clinch*, strip ; give me my Cloaths again —— (*Strips and changes with Clinch again.*) But 'tis necessary, Sir, that you change your Wig too.

Con. And what if you put a Patch cross your Cheek, like a Scar ?

Faith. With all my Heart —— I must, and will redeem her, or cut his Throat.

Con. Nay, Twenty thousand Pound gives an Edge to Invention.

Clin. So now I am in *Statu quo*.

Faith. Were she not Mistress of a Groat, I shou'd prefer her before the most celebrated Beauty in the Kingdom ;

our Infant Years first sowed the Seeds of Love, which, as we grew, ripen'd to a perfect Passion ; her Parents dying, left her to the Care of mine ; oh, in what Pleasure have we past the Day, and quarrell'd with the Night that call'd us from each other ! Whilst I made the Campaign with you, Captain, my Father died ! Oh fatal Thought, her Friends remov'd her to this Sir *David Watchum's*, 'tis twelve Months since, during which Time, till now, I never cou'd find Means to see or hear from her.

Con. I know the Story perfectly well, and wish thou may'st succeed with all my Soul ; but I find he is upon his Guard——

Faith. If he cou'd summon Hell to guard her, I will by Policy or Force release her.

Man. Why then, pray resolve upon which immediately ; shall we lay open Siege, or blockade his Citadel. The Head must always work before the Hand——Now 'tis necessary, e'er we attempt, to know the weakest and strongest Parts ; then we open our Trenches and cannonade the Place, ruin their Ramparts, make a Breach, and then give the Assault, take the old Rogue by the Throat, plunder his Castle, and carry off the Booty——Which is the Lady, Sir ?——

Con. Ha, ha, ha, *Manage* talks like a Soldier.

Faith. Ah, if we cou'd do that, *Manage* ! I have good Interest in the Town——And they have Notice of my coming——

Man. So much the better ; the more Friends we have in the Garrison, the sooner we shall become Masters of it——Well, as I am chief Engineer, and have the Artillery, I must survey the Ground to find the most convenient Place to raise my Battery. But away, away, Sir, and disguise yourself ; the Drum beats——leave the rest to Fortune, she cannot always run against us——I have known the Sun rise upon a private Centinel——who before his Setting was a Captain of Foot——Nothing like Diligence and Courage to nick the fickle Jade.

Con. Come, thou shalt be dress'd in a Moment. [*Ex. omn.*]

S C E N E, *The Out-side of Sir David's House ; Sir David in the Garden before his Door.*

Sir Dav. I remember a Saying of a certain Philosopher,

pher, That nothing is harder to keep than a Secret ; but I think 'tis ten Times harder to keep a handsome Woman — I am strangely affected with this last Accident ; and then the t'other Rogue that was here in the Morning, that serves an Officer — A Pox on these Officers — for they have more Stratagems in their Heads, than all the Kingdom besides. But I have order'd the Smith to barricade my Windows, from the Cellar to the Garret ; he'll be here immediately, but *Laura* must not see him — Poor Girl, she's terribly frightened at my Dog of a Coachman's Mistake ; I have invited her into the Garden, here she and her Maid comes.

Enter Laura and Lucy.

Lau. What favourable Devil, *Lucy*, has procur'd us this Liberty ? It happens as I wou'd have it, if *Faithful* be but here now.

Lucy. I'm amaz'd — For 'tis the first fresh open Air you have breath'd these twelve Months, Madam. But suppose Mr. *Faithful* shou'd be here ! Yonder's the old *Argus*, he resolves to watch you, I see.

Lau. Nay then !

Sir Dav. Well, Madam, how do you after your Fright ? I sent for you into the Garden, to take the Air — The Air is good after a Fright —

Lau. Ay, if one cou'd change the Place too, *Sir David* ; but the Air of my Chamber and this is much the same — But let me be where I will, if you are there, I find no Difference in the Air — I know not what ails me, but when I see you, I sigh as often as I draw Breath.

Sir Dav. Ha ! she loves me ! Oh happy *David* — Indeed, Madam ! And are those Sighs pleasant or painful, pray ?

Lau. Oh, very painful, Sir —

Sir Dav. Then you must have a Husband to cure those Sighs, Child.

Faithful and Manage appear between the Scenes.

Faith. She's here ! Oh the charming Maid — but that old Monster is with her.

Sir Dav. What think you of a married Life, *Laura* ?

Lau. Of nothing better — I might dissemble like many of my Sex ; exclaim against Marriage and Mankind ;

profess to die in a Cloyster, or a Maid at large—Mask my real Inclinations, feign Indifference to Love, and place all my Happiness in my own Sex—but I have a Heart too sincere; and therefore frankly own, that the utmost of my Ambition is to be a Wife.

Faith. To me, she means——Oh, how shall I deliver her!

Lucy. Well said, Madam; why shou'd a Lady lose the Prime of her Youth, when she may do so much in her Generation? I resolve to follow your Example to a Hair.

Sir Dav. Good Wits jump——I resolve to marry too; I have every Day fresh Offers, very advantageous Offers, but my Heart is prepossess'd, dear *Laura*, for I will own it now, I love you exceedingly.

Lucy. So, now 'tis out.

Sir Dav. More, if possible, than you love me.

Lau. That's very possible, truly.

Faith. Love her! Oh the rank old Goat; Death! that Confession has made me lose all Patience.

Man. Hold, hold, Sir, pray be content a little.

Sir Dav. Come, don't blush, *Laura*, thy Sighs betray'd thy Love, but I'm discreet.

Faith. Now do I long to tell him he lyes in his Throat.

Man. 'Egad, Sir, you had better lose your Longing at this Time.

Lau. What do you say, Sir——that I love you! your Opinion is small Proof of your Discretion.

Sir Dav. Why so, Child?

Lau. Because you never was more mistaken in your Life; for instead of loving you, I hate you mortally.

Faith. Oh, blessed Sound!

Sir Dav. Really! but why so, prithee?

Lau. Nay, you love without Reason; and perhaps I hate by the same Rule.

Lucy. Well, Sir, if her Declaration be not so kind as you wou'd have it, it is not the less sincere.

Sir Dav. Is it not, Gilflirt, after what I have done for her?

Lau. Yes, you have done for me, I thank you, Sir.

Lucy. Nay, pray be not angry, but state the Case right.

Lau. If Love has render'd me charming in your Eyes, consider how he has drawn you in mine.

Lucy.

Lucy. She's amiable, you ugly — She's gay, you morose — She's generous, you a Miser — She's sixteen, you sixty — She has the finest Teeth in the World, you but one in your Head, and that shakes ; and the first Fit of Coughing, good-by to it.

Man. A Devilish Wench — She has drawn him to a Hair.

Lau. Mark *Lucy's* Description, and then tell me if these be not irresistible Charms, for one of my Age and Constitution.

Lucy. What Woman do you think, Sir, on this side fourscore, wou'd have such a Bedfellow ?

Sir Dav. She shall, Mistress, or she shall have nobody, mark that ; and your Witticisms, Mrs. *Frippery*, shall get you nothing — How now ! who do you want ?

[*Faithful and Manage come forward.*]

Lau. My dear *Faithful* ! I know him in all Disguises ; how shall I forbear running into his Arms ?

Lucy. Have a care, Madam, if you discover you know him, you'll never see him more ; *Manage* has some Plot in his Head, by his winking.

Sir Dav. What is it you look at, Sir ! why don't you speak ?

Man. Be calm, Sir, and take no notice of the Lady.

Faith. I was so charm'd with the Fineness of the Prospect in that Moment you spoke, Sir, I was not Master of my Tongue.

Sir Dav. And now you are Master of it, Sir, what have you to say ?

Faith. Nothing, Sir ; only having the Misfortune to break my Chariot — I took a Walk this Way, till it is put in order again ; and coming by this House, my Man told me that you entertain'd some hard Thoughts of him, from some Discourse that pass'd between you to-day — So I presum'd to call, to clear his Reputation.

Sir Dav. This is the Officer ! A Rogue in red now ; and the Simple-hunter with him — I don't like 'em — As for that, Sir, you need not give yourself farther Trouble, for I have nothing to do with his Reputation, nor yours neither.

Faith. I hope 'tis no Offence to look about me a little ; this House is finely situated — 'Tis the best Air I have breath'd this Twelve-month.

Sir Dav. Pox o' your Compliment — That's your Mistake, Sir ; 'tis the worst Air in the Universe — Let me advise you to get out of it as fast as you can ; for 'tis very fatal to Strangers.

Lau. He tells you Truth, Sir ; for ever since I breath'd this Air, I have neither eat, drank, or slept with Ease.

Faith. I am sorry for that, Madam ; but I find a quite contrary Effect ; methinks I feel new Life, and I have a strong Hope to carry off the Health I wish.

Sir Dav. I wish, Sir, your Legs wou'd be pleas'd to carry off your Body.

Faith. Sir, I will not be troublesome — but I desire you wou'd give me Leave to take a View of your Gardens ; I have bought me a small Seat in a Country Village, and I design to have a pretty Garden made.

Sir Dav. Ah ! wou'd you were buried in the Garden — go, get in, Gentlewoman, go — he has no Business with you, you don't belong to the Garden.

Man. (*To Lucy.*) Find some Way to bring your Lady down again ; do you hear ? let her pretend —

[*Whispers to Lucy.*

Lucy. Yes, yes, I hear ; but how to put it in Practice, I know not.

Lau. I am distracted ! Oh Invention ! where art thou ? Help me Brains, or cease to think.

Sir Dav. What do you loiter for, ha ? get in —

Lucy. *Sir David*, you use us like Slaves ; send us in and out at Pleasure — Is my Lady a Person to be treated so by her Guardian ? These twelve Months we have not seen the Shadow of any Hat but yours — I'm sure nothing that's Male has reach'd our Eyes.

Sir Dav. Why how now, Mrs. Prate-a-pace ? if you don't like your living, troop off. Go — There are more Servants to be had.

Faith. I shall certainly discover myself, if he goes on at this Rate — Sir, I had rather quit this Place immediately, than you shou'd incommode the Ladies.

Lau. Pray, *Sir David*, mind your own Servants, you shall never have any Power over mine. Let me advise you to tarry till to-morrow ; 'tis dangerous travelling too late ; let me intreat you to stay in this Town till to-morrow. — What said *Manage* to you, *Lucy* ?

Lucy.

Lucy. Ay, pray take my Lady's Advice, Sir. You shall kuow within; take Courage, Madam.

Sir Dav. Zounds, get in, I believe you want to lie with him all Night, you are so concern'd for his Stay.

Lucy. I hope some brave Man will attempt the Rescue of my Mistrefs. *[He pushes 'em in.]*

Faith. My Heart swells at these Indignities, and I cou'd shake his detested rotten Soul, out of his wither'd sapless Carcase.

Man. Be easy, Sir, Passion will do us no good—I have something in my Head may hit, perhaps.

Faith. I am sorry, Sir, I shou'd be the Cause of your being angry with your Daughter.

Sir Dav. My Daughter?

Faith. I ask your Pardon, Sir, may be 'tis your Wife.

Sir Dav. She shall be e'er long, Sir.

Faith. You shall be Worms Meat first. *[Aside.]*
I had better knock him down, and fetch her out this Moment.

Man. And the next Moment fetches you to Goal. Indeed, Sir, you had better keep your Temper—You have made a very excellent Choice, Sir; wou'd all Husbands manage their Wives so, we shou'd not have so many Coquets abroad.

Sir Dav. I don't design my Wife shall follow the Way of the World.

Man. Second him, Sir; keep him in Talk a little——

Faith. You do well, Sir, 'tis below a Man to let his Wife rule, and rattle where she pleases; to visit, and be visited by half the Fops of the Nation; for my Part, had I a Wife, I shou'd follow your Method.

Sir Dav. 'Egad, I believe I was mistaken in this Gentleman. I wish, Sir, I had this Lecture read to some that blame me for my Conduct.

Man. If you please, Sir, I'll go into your House, and write it down this Moment! it shan't cost you a Farthing, Sir.

Sir Dav. I'll not give you the Trouble, Sir, I shall remember it.

Enter Lucy hastily.

Lucy. Oh! undone, undone; help, help; oh *Sir David!* what have you brought upon us?

Sir Dav. What the Devil do you bawl so for ?

Lucy. Oh ! the saddest Accident has befallen my poor Lady !——

Faith. Ha ! her Lady, said she ?

Man. Peace, Sir, and mind the Plot——

[*Aside to Faithful.*

Sir Dav. What Accident, ha ? You roar as if she had broke a Leg, or an Arm.

Lucy. Worse, Sir, worse, much worse ; She's mad, Sir——

Sir Dav. Mad !

Lucy. Ay, distracted, Sir—— When you thrust us in, she found the Smith barricading her Windows ; as soon as ever she laid her Eyes upon the Iron Bars, her Looks grew wild ; her sudden Starts and broken Speeches convince me of her Brain being turn'd—— When, before I was aware——she catch'd up an Iron Bar, and broke the Blacksmith's Pate ; she beat her Head against the Wall—— runs, skips, sings, dances, stamps, raves, and throws all the Things about the Room—— I wou'd have shut her in, but she set up such a Roar, that I left the Door open, and fled for my Life—— Make the best of your Plot, *Manage*——

[*Aside.*

Man. Ay, ay, let me alone.

Sir Dav. Mercy on us ; what shall I do ?

Lucy. Here she comes, oh my poor Lady !——with your great Base Viol in her Hand ; oh, oh, oh !

Sir Dav. Oh the Devil ! if she breaks my Base, I had rather lose five Pounds : Oh, oh, oh.

Man. Have Patience, Sir, I may be serviceable to you in this Affair, as little Opinion as you had of my Skill to-day.

Enter Laura, with a Base and Papers ; her Clothes awkwardly hanging.

Lau. Give me Liberty and Love,
Give me Love and Liberty,
From an Iron Grate,
And the Man I hate,
Dear Fortune set me free.

Faith. What Design you by this, *Manage* ?

Man.

Man. To put you in Possession of your Mistress, before I have done, Sir, if you'll be quiet,

Lau. What, are you a Blacksmith? [To Sir David.

Sir Dav. Oh, pox o' the Blacksmith, how she harps upon him!—

Lau. Ho! now I know you, you are a Singing-master.

Sir Dav. A Singing-master! good lack, good lack—

Lau. Here is a Piece of Musick, which I have just now received from *London*; 'tis Part of the last new Opera—there, there, there's a Part for you. (*Gives Sir David a Paper.*) Ha! are not you the new Eunuch? Ay, 'tis he! here, here, here's your Part. [*Gives Faithful a Letter.*

Faith. A Letter, Oh! for an Opportunity to read it.

[*Draws off by Degrees.*

Lau. Give me Liberty and Love,

Give me Love and Liberty ——— Come, why don't you sing. (*To Sir David.*) [*She beats Time all this while, with her Hand upon his Head, and with her Foot upon his Toes.*

Sir Dav. Poor *Laura*, I can't sing, Child——Zounds, Death and the Devil, she has kill'd my Toe.

Lau. What, won't you sing, I'll break the Fiddle then.

Lucy. Pray, *Sir David*, humour her.

Man. Let me advise you to comply with her, Sir; she's possess'd, and with a very mischievous Dæmon.

Lau. Come, begin. Give me Liberty and Love.

Sir Dav.

Lucy. } Give me Liberty and Love. [*They all sing*

Man. } whilst Faithful reads.

Faith. (*Reads.*) Dear Faithful, find some Way to deliver me, or what I now act in jest, will follow in earnest; I have all my Jewels and Writings about me; for I have broke the old Man's Closet for them, and I'll find a Way to get Money presently. Yours entirely, *Laura.*

Yes, I will deliver thee, or die for it. Manage, read that.

[*Gives him the Letter.*

Man. Recommend me for a white Witch to *Sir David*; let me alone for the rest.

Faith. Poor Lady! I am extremely concern'd for her, Sir; pray consult my Servant about her Distemper; in my Opinion she's bewitch'd.

Sir Dav. I doubt so too, Sir ; has he really Skill in these Matters ?

Faith. No Man in the Kingdom more, I assure you ; he has cur'd several, to my Knowledge, both in *Spain* and *Flanders*.

Lau. Why do you look at me so ? Did you never see an old Woman before ? I'd have you to know, Mistress, I have been as handsome as you—but age alters every body—I have been the Mother of sixteen Children—all Boys—Hark ye, let me counsel you—don't marry an old Fellow.

Lucy. No, why so, pray ?

Lau. Because your Youth will renew his Age—and you'll be plagu'd with him to Eternity—I married an old fusty Guardian, because I cou'd not get out of his Hands ; which is the Reason why you see so many Wrinkles in my Face, ha, ha, ha. In my Conscience there he stands—What, can I go no where, but you must follow me—you old crippling Cuckold you—Look ye how angry he is now at being call'd Cuckold—Yet he wou'd marry a young Wife—ha, ha, ha.

Sir Dav. Mercy upon us ! how do such Things come in her Head ?

Faith. The Wildness of her Fancy.

Enter Manage.

Man. I'll do your Business for you, Sir ; I have consulted the Stars, and find she is bewitch'd by an old Woman.

Sir Dav. By an old Woman ! Ay, indeed, she talks of an old Woman.

Man. It is a very troublesome Spirit that is in her, and must be charm'd out into another, or she can't be cur'd.—Tell me, Sir, can you procure any body for that Purpose ?

Sir Dav. Here's her Maid, won't she do ?

Lucy. What ! Do you think I'd have the Devil put into me, Sir, I ask your Pardon for that.

Lau. Hark ! There's my Drum beating up for Volunteers—What say you, my Lads, are you for the Wars ? Her Majesty has honour'd me with a Colonel's Commission ; I'm just now raising my Regiment—you shall all
serve

serve under me. Come——hold, now I think on't, I want a hundred Guineas to raise Men with——Hark ye, won't you lend me a hundred Guineas? [*To Sir David.*

Sir Dav. Lack-a-day, it makes me weep, to see how many sorts of Madnesses possess her.

Man. A good Thought for some Money——Humour her, Sir, whatever she asks for, let her have.

Lau. Lend me a hundred Guineas, I say, or my Soldiers shall batter your House about your Ears.

Lucy. For Heavens sake, Sir, give 'em her, you'll have them again safe.

Faith. I wou'd advise you to let her have 'em, Sir.

Sir Dav. Well, be sure you take care of them; there, there is threescore in that Purse, you may tell her there is a hundred; but take care I have them again. [*To Lucy.*

Man. Ay, when we have nothing else to do with 'em,
[*Aside.*

Lau. Give it me—so, now my Boys will you serve the Queen?

Man. Ay, with all my Heart, under you, Sir.

Lau. There then, there's Gold for you, Sirrah; (*Gives him a Guinea.*) and what say you, you are a handsome proper Fellow, six Foot high——I'll make you Serjeant of the Grenadiers——What say you, will you serve under me?

Man. Humph! He wou'd rather serve her another Way, I dare swear.
[*Aside.*

Faith. And know no Joy beyond it; serve ye!——by Heaven, that I will, with my Life; command me, Colonel, I'll follow you through all Difficulties and Danger; and die by your Side, or bring you off safe.

Lau. Then there's Money, my Hero, to forward our Designs.
[*Gives him the Purse.*

Sir Dav. Hold, hold, *Laura*, you must not give away your Money? *Lucy* take care on't. I hope, Sir, you'll return the Money.

Faith. Certainly, Sir.

Lucy. I'll see to that, Sir.

Lau. Return the Money, to whom? They are my Soldiers, and the Money mine——I borrow'd it of the most confounded old Rogue in *Peterborough*; tell him I say so
——but

—but you look like an honest Man, I'll make you a Corporal——Come, let me see you exercise, Serjeant.

Sir Dav. Oh Lord, oh Lord!

Lau. Serjeant take heed; to the right and left by half Flanks——form Files upon the Flanks of the Battalion——March——ha, ha, you are cursed dull, Serjeant——

Faith. I am a little awkward at first, Colonel, but I shall learn. [Stamps]

Sir Dav. Oh, oh, oh!

Lau. Well, well, I'll teach you then——Silence, Join your right Hand to your Firelock——Cock your Firelock——Present; Fire——Excellent.

Give me Liberty and Love,

Give me Love and Liberty.

[Sings.]

Sir Dav. Oh sad, oh sad! what shall I do? Pray Sir desire your Man to try his skill.

Faith. Manage, the Gentleman implores your Aid.

Man. I am ready, if he can find any body to make the Experiment; it must be a Man, Sir——will you endure it yourself?

Sir Dav. No, faith and troth not I!

Faith. Well, Sir, to do you and the Lady service, I'll venture——but take care, *Manage*, that you bring the Devil out of me again——

Man. Yes, Sir, that I can easily; for he is not half so hard to get out of a Man, as he is out of a Woman.

Sir Dav. Good lack! what shou'd the Reason of that be, I wonder! (*Aside.*) Sir, I thank you heartily——a very worthy Gentleman this——Well, what must I do, Sir?

Man. Stand still, I charge you——And do you fetch us an easy Chair, Mistrifs.—— [To Lucy.]

Lucy. Yes, Sir.

[Exit.]

Man. Stay, I must limit your Bounds; there Sir, you must not for your Life cross this Circle.

Sir Dav. Well, Sir, I shall observe you.

Enter Lucy with a Chair.

Lucy. Here, Sir.

Man. Very well; pray, Madam, be pleas'd to sit down.

Lau. Sit down! why, is Dinner coming?——Ho, cry a Mer-

a Mercy! you are a Barber; hold, hold, you shall shave my Corporal first, to try your Razor.

Sir Dav. Oh Lord, oh Lord! what shall I say to her?

Man. Keep your Place, Sir——No, no, Sir, I am a Shoe-maker, and if I fit your Foot, and please you, I desire your Honour wou'd let me have the Business of your Regiment.

Lau. With all my Heart.

Man. Then pray sit down, Sir, that I may take Measure. (*She sits down.*) Now for you, Sir, you must kneel right before her—closer——closer yet; there, look full in her Eyes——Clasp both her Hands in yours. [*Manage pulls a Book out of his Pocket, and looks on't.*]

Lau. Give me Liberty and Love,

Give me Love and Liberty.

[*Sings.*]

Faith. My charming Angel! Oh, let me kneel here for ever, for ever gaze on those dear Eyes; how I have languish'd for thee, Heaven only knows.

Lau. And what I have born for thee, Hell cannot match! Oh, if *Manage* fail in his Plot, I'm undone for ever.

Faith. Fear not, my Love, he is lucky at Contrivance.

Sir Dav. What are they doing?

Man. Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta.

Sir Dav. Bless me, what are those the Names of the Spirits?

Man. Philo se en pafias, glossais, kai en to panti poto, kai en to panti topo—Now do you be well, Madam; and do you seem to be mad, Sir, quick, quick——

Sir Dav. Why, what a many Devils there are! certainly she has a Legion in her.

Lau. Where am I, *Lucy*? Methinks I wake from some untoward Dream.

Lucy. She recovers, Sir. How do you, Madam?

Sir Dav. I'm glad on't. How dost thou do, *Laura*?

Lau. Pretty well.

Man. Death, Sir, keep your Place, or you'll spoil all.

Faith. Ha! my Brain-pan splits——I'm all a-flame, my Blood boils o'er, give me Room, I'll scale the Region of the Air, and pull the Winds down head-long on us all.

Sir

Sir Dav. Oh, oh, oh, he's stark mad! What shall we do with him now?

Man. We shall do well enough with him; but keep your Place, for he's very desperate.

Lau. Defend me Heaven, what ails the Gentleman?

Lucy. He'll kill us; the Man's bewitch'd.

Man. Here, here, Ladies, stand in this Circle, and don't cross it for your Lives. [Sets 'em in a Circle.

Sir Dav. Oh, pray Sir, read again——

Faith. What's here, old *Belzebub*! No, 'tis his Squib and Cracker; I'll set fire to it and blow it up——Ho, lo, where are you Scoundrels, Dogs, Rogues, Cooks, the Devil wants his Dinner, and you must spit this Swine, Hell dines on Hog's Flesh to-day. [Draws his Sword.

Man. Undone, undone; the Spirit grows too strong for my Art! Fly, fly, Sir, for Life——

Sir Dav. Oh, oh, oh, save me, save me. [Runs in and slaps the Door.

Man. Now, now, make your Escape; he has slap'd the Door after him——Quick, quick——

Faith. My Life, my Soul!

Lau. My Angel, my All. [Embraces.

Man. Oh, the Devil! Don't stand Lifeing and Dear-ing now, but make Haste to Mr. *Trusty's*, I'll bring the Parson after you.

Lucy. Ay, good Madam, be quick.

Lau. Any where, good *Manage*.

Faith. Fly *Manage*, and bring *Lovely* with thee too, to be Witness of my good Fortune, this Hour makes thee mine for ever:

Now in thy Arms immortal Joys I'll taste,

And quite forget our anxious Sorrows past.

Lucy. Now Heav'n be prais'd, we've Liberty at last.

[Exeunt.

Sir David above.

Sir Dav. Oh, I'm robb'd, ravish'd, dead and buried—My Closet is broke open, and all my Writings gone; Mr. *Conjurer*, Mr. *Conjurer*, can you help me to the Thief? Ha! no body to be seen! Bless me——*Lucy*——*Laura*, why *Laura*? Ah! Murder, Murder, Thieves, Thieves.

[Cries out till he comes down.
Enter

Watchmen's Heads — Scour the Streets, and sleep in a Bawdy-house — Sell my Lands, and pay no Debts — Get a Charge of Bastards for the Parish to maintain — Then, by the Help of a Commission, transport myself out of their Reach. —

Enter Sir Jeffrey Constant, in a riding Habit.

Sir *Jeff.* Do you hear, Friend ?

Rog. Mayhap I do — And mayhap I do not ; What then, Sir ?

Sir *Jeff.* Nay, the Matter's not great — Do you live at that House ?

Rog. I did a little while ago — When I was in the Cellar.

Sir *Jeff.* A comical Fellow. Then you don't serve Mr. *Trusty* ?

Rog. No, Sir, I serve his Master, tho' as most Farmers do their Landlords.

Sir *Jeff.* I understand you : You rent one of the Knight's Farms ?

Rog. Ay, and a plaguy dear one too. —

Sir *Jeff.* Say you so ! That's a Pity ; I'll speak a good Word for thee — Is Mr. *Trusty* at home ?

Rog. I thank you heartily. Yes, Sir, he's at home. *(Runs to the Door and knocks. Trusty opens the Door and shrieks out, and throws it to again.)* Wookers, what's the Matter now ?

Sir *Jeff.* Was not that Mr. *Trusty* ?

Rog. Yes, Sir, I think so.

Clin. (Within.) Oh undone, undone ; *(Clinch peeps out as affrighted.)* here's my old Master.

Sir *Jeff.* What's that ?

Rog. Nay, I heard a Noise, but can't tell what they said — But an you please to come wo' me, Sir, I'll carry you in the Back-way.

Sir *Jeff.* The Back-way — What can be the Meaning of this ? Why shou'd he start at sight of me ? There must be something more in it than I can fathom ; and yet I think he's an honest Man. I never found any Thing to the contrary. Prithee, Friend, knock again.

[Roger knocks, then listens.]

Rog.

Rog. They are all asleep, Sir——For I cannot so much as hear a Mouse stir——

Sir Jeff. Asleep! That's impossible——But come, Friend, shew me the Back-door you spoke of——

Rog. Ay, Sir: But upon second Thoughts—I must be a little wary too. Are not you some Rogue, that comes to rob the House with half a dozen Pistols about you? For look ye, I'm an honest Man, and won't be drawn in for a Halter.

Sir Jeff. You Rascal, do I look like a Thief?

Rog. Nay, nay, as for Looks——That's no Matter, de ye see—I have known many a Rogue with as good a Countenance——No Disparagement in your's, I promise you. So that I shall not stir one Step without you'll stand search——

Sir Jeff. I shall break your Head, Sirrah, if you provoke me, I tell you but that.

Rog. And what must I be doing in the mean Time——Ha! old Gentleman? Break my Head, quotha!——You are mistaken——We don't use to take broken Heads in our Country, mun——Ha, ha, I won't shew you the Back-door now, and how will you help yourself?——

Sir Jeff. I know all the Doors of this House as well as you——And can shew myself in—— [Going.

Rog. Can you so——but I'll watch you——I wonder who this old Fellow is.

Sir Jeff. Sure some Madness has seiz'd the Family; for certainly I'm not chang'd——Without Dispute, *Trusty* knows me; but I'll find the Cause presently. [Exit.

Rog. And so will I.—— [Exit.

Enter out of the House, Captain Constant, Lovely and Clinch.

Clin. So, Sir, here's Musick to your Wedding, with a Witness. What do you intend to do now?——Do you think it possible to persuade your Father too, that he died of an Apoplexy.

Lov. I fear, *Clinch*, that's beyond the Art of thy Impudence to do——

Clin. Nay, this Plot was none of my Impudence's contriving, that's my Comfort—I'm but a Servant; my Master told me, he was in Mourning for his Father——And, Faith

Faith, I resolve not to believe the Father to the contrary: Such an entire Deference have I for all your Commands, Sir.

Const. Why thou can'st not sure have the Confidence to stand it out to his Face.

Clin. Never fear me, Sir—You don't know what I can do—What say you, Sir? Shall we persuade the old Gentleman into a Ghost; or will you own your Fault, and refund the Money?

Const. Neither, *Clinch*—I have more Duty, than to attempt the one; and more Necessity, than to submit to the other.——

Clin. Nay, if you be so divided—What do you propose?

Const. I know not what to do—I'm glad the Ceremony was over, before he came.

Lov. And the Money sent away—What think you of my House, till the Heat of the Discovery be over? 'Tis my Opinion your Presence won't be proper—I warrant Sir *David* will be in Pursuit of Mrs. *Laura* presently too—But we have seen her fairly married; so that *Faithful* is out of Danger; we'll leave him here.——

Const. Shall I not take *Belinda* with us? I fear as much for her, as for myself——

Clin. So there's no-body fears for me, I find — (*Aside.*) I am like to have my Part, truly.

Lov. No, trust to her Management——She turn'd the Act upon her Father, you know, and made him impose her own Choice upon her. Let *Clinch* stay and use his own Discretion — If he can banter Sir *Jeffrey*, and save his Bones, let him: But be sure to give us Notice of all that passes.

Clin. What if my Bones are broke?——I thank you heartily for your Love, Sir.

Const. No, no, *Clinch*; take Heed you keep out of the Reach of his Cane.

Clin. Or he'll make me feel he's Flesh and Blood.—Hark, I hear him coming, Good-bye to you, Sir——

[*Runs in.*

Lov. 'Tis Time for us to fly——

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Dolly.

Dolly. Well, I'm glad my Lady's marry'd; for if this old

old Spark had come three Hours sooner, I wou'd not have ventur'd Two to Ten of the Match—I can't imagine where the Bridegroom's gone — Nor what he will do, when my Master comes to have a right Understanding; but I resolve to keep him ignorant as long as I can. Ho, here he comes.

Enter Trusty.

Oh, Sir, I am frightened out of my Wits; I went to serve my Lady's *Italian* Greyhound, and I found a great swinging Dog, as large as an Ox, with two great Eyes, as big as Bushels; and before I could call out—Whip it was vanish'd——

Trust. Mercy upon us—'Twas certainly Sir *Jeffrey*——
Clinch. [Enter Clinch.

Clin. Sir, did you call——

Trust. Did not you say your old Master appear'd in the Shape of a Dog?

Clin. Ay, Sir, several Times.

Dolly. In a huge great Dog?

Trust. As big as an Ox.

Clin. Ay, Sir, as big as an Elephant.

Dolly. Ah! then it was certainly him I saw. Oh dear, oh dear, if the House be haunted, I must leave it. I cannot live in't, if I might have a thousand Pounds; and may be, he'll appear to no body but me——I am sure I never did him any Harm; 'tis true, I did not love him, because he was something stingey——He never gave me a Farthing in his Life——

Trust. Nay, for that Matter, I have got many a fair Pound by him, and yet he appeared to me to-day.

Clin. Indeed, Sir! In what Shape, pray?

Dolly. Like an Ox, or an Elephant.

Trust. No, in his own Shape; but I wish I may never see him more, for I was horribly scar'd.

Clin. What, had he a cloven Foot, Sir, did you mind?

Trust. Nay, for my Part,—I know not whether he had any Feet or no——Ha! blefs me, defend me, — protect me——Avoid, Satan——(*Retreating all this while.*) I never wrong'd that Form, which thou hast ta'en; so tell him——And for my Money, I have accounted for that! and all Things are rectify'd——

[Exit.
Enter

*Enter Sir Jeffrey, amaz'd.**Dolly.* Oh ! shield me ye Stars.[*Runs in.**Clin.* O Legs ! save me, save me.[*Runs in.**Enter Roger.*

Sir Jeff. What ! Am I become a Monster ? Do I fright all I come near ? What can be the Reason of this ? The Doors are all barricaded ; and when I knock, none will answer—Pri.hee, Friend, ask somebody the Cause of these Disorders ?

Rog. No ! Sir, I'll not budge a Foot ; for I dan't know what to say to you. The Family were all well, and in their right Senses, when I left them ; and now, upon Sight of you, they are all distracted, I think—I wish you be'n't a Coujurer, or hark ye, Sir,—Is not your Name *Emmes*—Rais'd by the *French* Prophets to Life again ?

Sir Jeff. Sirrah, I believe you are the Devil : This Fellow will make me mad. This must be some Stratagem to abuse me ; and this Rogue is in their Interest. Why don't you go about your Business, Sirrah ? What do you hanker after me for ?

Rog. Nay——an you go to that, what do you lounge about this House for ?—Oh ! *Dolly*, are you there ; here's an old Gentleman is quite out of Patience.

Dolly. (*Trembling above.*) Oh, oh, oh, oh——

Rog. Hey day ! What have you got the Palsy ?

Sir Jeff. What ails you, to tremble so, Sweetheart ? Is Mr. *Trusty* within ?

Dolly. I, I, I, I, I, o, o, o, o, *Roger*—Ha, ha, have a care, ca, care——Don't yo, yo, you come near him—Nor let him to, to, to, touch you, even with his little Finger——

Sir Jeff. Bless me ! What ails the Wench ?

Rog. No, why what's the Matter ? He has not the Plague about him, has he ? Or is he a Spy from the King of *France*—Od an he be, I'll maul him——

Dolly. Oh, oh, —— 'tis a, a, Ghost.

Rog. The Devil it is—— [Takes his Pitchfork off his Shoulder, and holds it out at Sir Jeffrey.

Sir Jeff. A Ghost, where ?—Who—What's a Ghost ? Death, what means she ?

Rog.

Rog. Od's flesh, my Hair stands an end. Look ye—
Keep off Mr. *Belzebub*, or—or——

Sir Jeff. Look ye, Sweetheart, what Frenzy has posses'd you, I know not——But if you take me for a Ghost——you are deceiv'd. Therefore look well at me——Do I not appear like Flesh and Blood?

Dolly. Ay, bo, bo, bo, but we, we, we know yo, yo, you a, a, a, a, are not so, Sir——

Sir Jeff. Zounds, will they persuade me out of my Life? See, Friend——Do I walk like a Spirit? Do the Dead move, and talk as I do?

Rog. When I am dead,——if you ask me, I'll resolve you, if I can.

Sir Jeff. Why! Feel me, feel me.

Rog. Feel the Devil——Mercy upon me——Keep off, I say——will ye——Or I'll stick your Ghostship thro' the Guts——

Sir Jeff. What shall I do?——Nay, prithee, Friend.

Rog. Friend me no Friends——Look ye, I am not to be coax'd by the Devil, when I know 'tis the Devil. Indeed, when you are got into a Lawyer, or an handsome Woman, one may be trapan'd.

Sir Jeff. Why will you be so positive? Has any body impos'd upon you?——Pray who told you I was dead?

Dolly. Those that knew very well, Sir.

Enter Clinch.

But I am not able to bear the Sight of you any longer——Now let *Clinch* take his Part.

Sir Jeff. Go to be hang'd——Hell and Furies!——Ha, what do I see——My Son's Man! Sirrah, Sirrah, what makes you here?——

Clin. Mercy upon me——

Sir Jeff. What do you stare at, Rascal, ha?

Clin. But that I believe you are dead, Sir, or I shou'd swear you are alive——

Sir Jeff. You believe I am dead, Rogue——How dare you believe such an impudent Lye? Where's the Rake, your Master? I find now who has rais'd this Report. Sirrah, what's your Business here?

Clin. To wait on my Master, Sir——

Sir

Sir *Jeff.* To wait on your Master——And where is your Master, pray?

Clin. Nay, for my Part, Sir, I am not qualify'd to answer a Spirit——There's Mr. *Anthem*, the Afternoon Lecturer, within. He has just marry'd Mr. *Faithful* to a great Heiress, which he brought in just now——*Roger* here may step and call him out a little.

Rog. With all my Heart——If there be any Thing that troubles his Mind, I'll go this Minute——

Sir *Jeff.* Sirrah——I'll qualify you for an Hospital——I will, ye Dog——
[*Runs after him.*]

Clin. Oh, oh, oh.

Rog. Well run, *Clinch*; well run, Ghost!——Ad, 'tis a plaguy malicious Spirit tho'.

Clin. Oh, oh, oh.

[*Runs in.*]

Rog. I'll venture to speak to it once more——In the Name of Goodness——What is it that disturbs your Rest? Pray tell me; and as I'm an honest Man, I'll do you Justice as far as Twenty Pounds a Year Free-Land, and all the Crops of my Farm goes——For I perceive you was my Landlord, whilst you was living; and tho' your Son seems to be a very honest Gentleman, yet I don't know what he may prove for a Landlord——Then pray speak, can I serve you?

Sir *Jeff.* 'Tis in vain to be angry——I must seem to comply with this Fellow——Yes, Friend, it is in thy Power to serve me; if thou can'st procure me the Sight of Mr. *Trusty*, 'tis with him my Business is.

Rog. I'll do my best Endeavours, Sir——but keep your Distance——(*He goes a little Way, then turns back.*) But hark ye, Sir, suppose he won't come out, can't I tell him your Mind?

Sir *Jeff.* No, no, I must speak with him myself——Death!——

Rog. Good lack——what, perhaps——your Soul won't rest else——

Sir *Jeff.* Heaven give me Patience!

Rog. (*Going, turns back.*) But after you have spoken with him, will you be quiet, and haunt this House no more? that's the Question, look ye!

Sir *Jeff.* A Pox of thy impertinent Interrogations; no——

Rog.

Rog. That's enough! — but hold, must he come out, or speak to you through the Window?

Sir Jeff. Any Way, so I do but speak to him——
Oh, oh!——

Rog. Very well, very well. (*Going.*) But hark ye, Sir Ghost—you'll be here——or Mr. *Trusty* will be woundy angry with me.

Sir Jeff. Oh Patience, Patience; or I shall burst. (*Aside.*)
Ay, ay, I'll not stir.

Rog. Well, I'll take your Word. (*Going.*) Hold, hold, one Thing more, and I ha' done—Pray tell me the Nature of a Ghost—do you troubled Spirits fly in the Air, or swim in the Water, pray?

Sir Jeff. Oh! the Devil——

Rog. Mercy upon us! what are you the Devil, say you? Oh, Heaven help you! Well then, are you sure he will see you? for every body can't see a Ghost, they say, especially if the Devil be in't.

Sir Jeff. Zounds, I tell you, he'll see me as plain as you see me.

Rog. Nay, nay, that's plain enough—Well, I'll knock, but, but, but don't you come an Inch nearer me, I charge you. [*Knocks.*]

Sir Jeff. Wou'd I had been an hundred Miles off, when I first saw thee. What has my graceless Son been doing?

Dolly. Who's there? [*Speaks within.*]

Rog. 'Tis I, *Dolly*, prithee tell Master *Trusty* that he must speak to this Ghost, or there's nothing to be done—

Dolly. I doubt he will not be persuaded to it.

Rog. Why, let him speak to it through the Window, or from the Top of the House—so he does but speak to it; but in short, it must be spoke to, and by him, for it is a confounded fullen Spirit, and will tell its Mind to nobody else—He smells curfedly of Brimstone—Look ye, if Master will come out, it shan't hurt him—for I'll keep it off with my Fork, so tell him, *Dolly*.

Dolly. I'll inform him.

Trusty opens the Window.

Rog. So, I have done it, you see —— Here's Master *Trusty*. [*Going towards the Window.*]

G

Sir

Sir *Jeff*. I thank you.

Trust. I am not able to stand, if it comes near me——
Why are you thus disturb'd, Sir *Jeffrey*?——I assure
you, your Son has done every Thing very justly.

Sir *Jeff*. Why are you thus impos'd upon, Mr. *Trusty*,
to believe I am dead?——My Son, quotha!——Oh
that I had never got that Son—— [Weeps.

Trust. I know not what to think; sure 'tis no Ghost.

Rog. Well, this Thing is the likest Flesh and Blood,
that ever I saw——

Sir *Jeff*. Pray do but touch me, Mr. *Trusty*——'tis very
odd, you will not be persuaded to touch me.

[Puts out his Hand towards the Window.

Rog. Take Heed, Mr. *Trusty*.

Trust. Why shou'd I fear, I never wrong'd him — I'll
venture; but first — (*Holds up his Hand as if he pray'd.*)
now—ha! 'tis a real Hand,—He's living;—Sir, I am
convinc'd.

Rog. Say you so——why then if you are alive, the
Fright's over, and I'm glad on't with all my Heart.

Trust. I ask your Pardon, Sir; I have been abus'd —
grossly abus'd; Sir *Jeffrey*, your Son, came down in Mourn-
ing, and assur'd me you was dead.

Sir *Jeff*. I'll make him mourn for something, I war-
rant you.

Trust. Ah! that he does already, Sir, for, I have paid him
all the Rents in my Hands.

Sir *Jeff*. Have you so?——'Tis the last Rents he shall
ever take for any Land of mine——I'll disinherit him
this Day.

Trust. Oh! undone, undone for ever——Oh, oh, oh!
[Weeps.

Rog. Here's small Mirth towards, as far as I can find.
I'll e'en take t'other Horn of Ale, and t'other Buss of
Dolly—— [Ex. into the House.

(Clinch, listening.)

Sir *Jeff*. What has that Rogue's Extravagance cost me?
But if he starves for the future, I care not; he never shall
get a Groat from me.

Clin. Nay, then we may all go for Soldiers. [Aside.

Sir *Jeff*. Where is he?

Trust. Oh, oh, oh! I know not; but wherever he is—
I am

I am wretched, he has made me miserable, I'm sure. Oh, oh, oh!

Sir Jeff. No, Mr. *Trusty*; though you have us'd me dirtily, in making me the Jest of your Family; for you might have discover'd the Imposture with less Precaution; yet I'll not take that Advantage which the Laws allow. You have serv'd me long, and I believe you honest. I'll discharge you from what you have paid my undutiful Child——Let him take what he has got, and make the best on't.

Clin. That's something, however. [*Aside.*

Trust. You are generous, Sir *Jeffrey*, even beyond my Hopes: But Oh! there is yet a greater Offence behind, which cuts me deeper than the Money——Alas! my Daughter——

Sir Jeff. What of her?

Trust. Is married to your Son; Oh; oh, oh!

Sir Jeff. Then he is compleatly wretched——A Wife, and no Estate; ha, ha, ha; I'm glad on't with all my Heart.

Clin. There's a kind Father now——I must give my Master Notice of his good Fortune. [*Exit.*

Trust. Oh! say not so, Sir; be not glad of my Child's Ruin; had I known you liv'd, the Match had never been.

Sir Jeff. Go; you are not the Man I took you for—you are but a Knave. You ought to have been as just to my Heir, as to myself——What, was your Blood fit to be popt into my Estate? Ha! or have you been really a Steward, and cheated me out of a Fortune for your Daughter?

Trust. Sir, what I am Master of, I got fairly under you, Part, and Part under my Lord *Belville* in *Ireland*, whom I serv'd twenty Years in the same Post I do you; when he died, he trusted me with a Secret, which yet I have divulged to no Man; and when I do, the World will say I am an honest Man. Love first join'd their Hearts, and my Ignorance their Hands; use me as you please, but pardon them.

Enter Lovely, &c.

Lov. I must become an Intercessor in that too, Sir *Jeffrey*; Love is the great Cementer of the Marriage-State; it reconciles all Differences—it bends the Stubborn—and

it tames the Bold, it wins the Haughty, softens the Savage, and reclaims the Libertine! then will you cast off your Son for a Vertue, you ought rather to prize him for?

Sir Jeff. That Love can never be a Vertue, *Mr. Lovely*, that teaches a Child to trick his Parents.

Low. Stratagems ever were allow'd of in Love and War; Sir, you must forgive him.

Enter Captain Constant, Belinda and Maria.

Mar. And I must second *Mr. Lovely*, Sir; the Captain has married a virtuous Woman, and I believe you'll confess a handsome one too.

Sir Jeff. Nay, I have nothing to say against her Virtue, nor her Beauty neither; she's a pretty Woman, that's the Truth on't; if she had married any body's Son but mine, I shou'd have wish'd her Joy with all my Heart—Oh thou graceless Wretch, get out of my Sight.

Con. (Kneeling.) I confess, Sir, I am unworthy of your Mercy, but throw myself wholly upon your Good-Nature and fatherly Affection, with this Resolution, never to attempt aught against your Pleasure more.

Sir Jeff. No, Sir, nothing you can do for the future, shall either please, or displease me; mark that.

Bel. Give us but your Blessing, Sir, and we shall never quarrel with Fortune for her Favours: Love shall supply that Defect; my chief Concern shall be to shew my Duty, and by my Care to please you, prove the entire Affection I have for your Son; and that Way make up the Inequality of my Birth and Fortune.

Sir Jeff. You shall never make up any Thing with me, I promise you, Madam, whilst he is your Father—
Death, marry my Slave?

Trust. The Name of Slave belongs not to us free-born People, *Sir Jeffrey*; but were I your Slave, she is not; for since the Truth must out, she is no Child of mine, but Daughter to my Lord *Belville*; which I have brought up ever since she was three Days old; her Mother dying in her Labour, and her Marriage being private, because she was much below my Lord's Quality; and he at that Time under the Tuition of a Father: He never made it publick, but put her into my Hands to breed up as my own. When he came to his Estate, he purchas'd a thousand

and Pounds a Year, and settled it on her; which I have manag'd ever since, and now will deliver it up to Captain *Constant*. This I had told in the Infancy of their Loves; but that I saw your Son was not well with you, and did not then think him a Match good enough for her; but since he has over-reach'd me, I hope you'll prove a Father.

Sir Jeff. Is it possible! Od, Madam, I wish you Joy with all my Soul, Faith I do; and if this is Matter of Fact, you shall find me a Father: *Jack*, you shall go to *Flanders* no more.

Low. Dear *Constant*, I congratulate thy good Fortune—

Mar. And I your's, Madam, since I no more must call you Cousin.

Bel. Still let me hold that Name; for since I never knew my Father, I shall acknowledge this good Man as such.

Mar. *Sir Jeffrey*, I was positive you wou'd not repent.

Sir Jeff. You, that are so positive in these Matters; why don't you and Mr. *Lovely* strike up a Bargain? he has follow'd you a considerable Time.

Low. That Question is à-propos, *Sir Jeffrey*. What can you say, Madam? must I dangle after you two or three Years longer? Faith, I wish I hold out.

Trust. Give him thy Hand, Girl; I'll engage to reconcile thy Father, or give thee a Portion myself.

Sir Jeff. Why, what Objections can he make against Mr. *Lovely*?

Trust. Only Principles: Her Father's a violent Tory, and this honest Gentleman's a Whig, that's all.

Sir Jeff. Ha, ha, a strong Reason, Faith.

Trust. I'll bring him over, I warrant thee, Girl.

Mar. Upon that Condition, there's my Hand.

Low. And here's my Heart. [Embrace.]

Sir Jeff. Why, that's well said—we only want the Man in Black now.

Enter Faithful and Laura, Lucy and Manage.

Faith. We have just done with ours; he is within still.

Tru. Dear Mr. *Faithful*, I wish thee Joy with all my Heart; and you, Madam.

Om. We all do the same.

Faith. I thank you all, and heartily return the same to each

each of you ; I wou'd have the whole Race of Mankind bless'd, now I am so.

Lau. There cannot be a Joy beyond what I am possess'd of.

Bel. I hope, Madam, we shall be better acquainted for the Future.

Lau. I shall be very ambitious of the Honour.

Enter Sir David.

Sir Dav. Ho ! have I found you, Villains ? I charge you all in the Queen's Name, to assist me in securing this Couple.

Trust. Why Faith, *Sir David*, they are secure enough, for they are lawfully link'd in the Chains of Matrimony, I'm witness.

Sir Dav. Marry'd ! the Devil they are.

Mar. Yes, Sir, I'll swear to it, if occasion be.

Lucy. So will I too, *Sir David*.

Lau. And with my own Consent, I assure you——You may barricade your Windows now, *Sir David*, I shall run mad no more ; Ha, ha, ha !

Faith. I shall trouble your House no more, Sir, I am dispossest'd, *Sir David*, you need not run from me now ; ha, ha, ha !

Con. And he will know his Inn for the future ; ha, ha, ha !

Faith. And am perfectly recover'd of my Wound, Sir ; and shall have no Occasion to borrow your Coach again ; without you'll do me the Favour to let it carry my Wife to London.

Sir Dav. Carry her to Hell——Here's a shuffling cutting Rascal in all his Tropes and Figures : Zounds, how I am trick'd ! But you have robb'd me, Mistress.

Lau. Of nothing but my Writings, Sir, mark that.

Sir Dav. The Law shall tell you that ; and so, may the Itch of Variety seize you, and the Curse of Cuckoldom fall on him ; Arrests and Poverty on you all. *[Exit.*

Trust. Ha, ha, ha ! now *Lovely*, for the Parson.

Enter 'Squire Num and Slouch.

Num. Hold ! I forbid the Banns ; you shan't have her, mun, for all you are so cock-sure.

Sir

Sir Jef. What Banns do you forbid, Friend?

Num. Why, Mr. *Trusty's* Daughter's Banns.

Om. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Lo-v. Alas! 'Squire, you come too late; she that was Mr. *Trusty's* Daughter, is marry'd; and I am just going to't.

Num. That was! What do you mean?

Lo-v. Why, I mean that Mrs. *Belinda*, that has snapt your Heart; 'Squire, proves to be a Lord's Daughter, and not Mr. *Trusty's*, as you believe; and now is Captain *Constant's* Wife, here.

Num. A Lord's Daughter! Nounds, I'm glad I'm rid of her—Captain, I wish you much Joy with all my Heart——Od, I'll engage she shakes your Commission for you; ha, ha.

Om. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Num. Why, what Luck have I had, *Slouch!* Mercy on us; what a Ruin had I brought upon all our Country Gentlemen innocently? For she wou'd have corrupted all their Wives; the Devil a one wou'd have made her own Butter, after being acquainted with her.

Bel. Oh! you mistake, 'Squire, I am an excellent Housewife; ha, ha, ha!

Num. Yes, yes, some in our Country know by woful Experience, what Housewives you Quality make; Nounds, 'twou'd undo the High Sheriff of the County to find you in clean Cards; then your plaguy outlandish Liquors, your Coffee and Tea, sucks up the Cream of a whole Dairy, and your Suppers and Dinners for your Gossips wou'd confound all the Eggs and Pullen; and the Money you game away, wou'd ruin a Lord of a Manor. No, no, no Quality Breed for us Country Gentlemen; 'egad, that wou'd be worse than double Taxes; ha, ha.

Con. Ha, ha! Well then, 'Squire, I have done you a Piece of Service; I hope all Animosities are forgot.

Num. They are i'faith, Sir; and if you'll give me Leave, I'll be heartily merry with you.

Trust. You shall be heartily welcome, 'Squire; I sent for the Musick—Hark, I hear them tuning their Instruments.

Num. Musick! 'Egad, if they can play my Tune, I'll give you a Jig.

Trust. Come, let's in then, and begin.

[Exit.

SCENE, *The Inside of the House, and discovers them dancing.*

Enter Roger and Dolly.

Rog. Save you all—Master and Landlord that was, and Master and Landlord that is, I'm glad to hear all is over, with all my Soul—I hope you'll not forget your Promise tho' to your poor Tenant *Roger*—which was to speak to Master—no, no, speak to yourself now, Sir—My Farm is woundy dear.

Trust. You are wondrous merry, *Roger*.

Rog. So is every body you know, Sir, when they are prepared for the Parson; are they not, Mrs. *Belinda*? I hope I shall have your Consent; for I have got *Dolly* in the Mind at last.

Bel. I wish you Joy with all my Heart, *Roger*.

Con. I'm glad to see you follow your Lady's Example, Mrs. *Dorothy*.

Dolly. She set too good a Pattern, not to imitate, Sir.

Con. Here remains three to be provided for yet; which is *Clinch*, *Lucy* and *Manage*.

Lucy. The best Provision I desire, is to wait on my Lady still, Sir.

Man. And I on my Master; who knows but Time may chop up a Wedding between you and I, Child? [*To Lucy.*

Faith. Your Desires are granted; what says *Clinch*?

Clin. I had a kind of a Tender for *Dolly*; but since she's dispos'd of, I'll stand as I do.

Const. Then we are all agreed.

Sir Jeff. Well, honest *Roger*, if thou'lt give us a Song to your Dance now, I'll be as good as my Word, and make thy Farm easy in the Rent for the next Year.

Rog. Say you so? I thank you heartily, Master, I'll do my best, I can't sing like your *Londoners*—But 'tis a new Ballad, and 'twas made at *London*, by a very honest Country Gentleman, last Sessions of Parliament. Hum, hum.

[*Sings.*

Slouch. Ads Blead, you sing, Sir, and the 'Squire by, that's more than any Man in *Zomersetshire* will venture to do; Master, Ods Wounds, hold your own, Master.

A SONG,

A SONG, by the Author, and sung by Mr. Dogget.

*Wou'd you chuse a Wife for a happy Life,
Leave the Court, and the Country take;
Where Dolly and Sue, young Molly and Prue,
Follow Roger and John, whilst Harvest goes on,
And merrily, merrily rake.*

*Leave the London Dames, be it spoke to their Shames,
To lig in their Beds till Noon;
Then get up and stretch, then paint too and patch,
Some Widgeon to catch, then look on their Watch,
And wonder they rose up so soon.*

*Then Coffee and Tea, both Green and Bohea,
Is serv'd to their Tables in Plate;
Where their Tattles do run, as swift as the Sun,
Of what they have won, and who is undone,
By their gaming, and sitting up late.*

*The Lass give me here, tho' brown as my Beer,
That knows how to govern her House;
That can milk her Cow, or farrow her Sow;
Make Butter, or Cheese, or gather green Pease,
And values fine Clothes not a Louse.*

*This, this is the Girl, worth Rubies and Pearl;
This the Wife that will make a Man rich:
We Gentlemen need no Quality Breed,
To squander away what Taxes would pay,
In truth we care for none such.*

Con. Now I am happy——

*Belinda mine, and you my Faults forgive;
'Tis from this Moment I begin to live.
Love sprang the Mine, and made the Breach in Duty,
No Cannon-Ball can execute like Beauty,
But I'll no more in search of Pleasures rove,
Since ev'ry Blessing is compriz'd in Love. [Exeunt.*

What's your choice in 1978 for a happy life?

Printed by J. W. Smith, at the Press of the
Gotham Election Committee, No. 10, N. York St.

A

G O T H A M

E L E C T I O N.

Printed by J. W. Smith, at the Press of the
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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

TICK UP, *a Candidate for Gotham.*
Sir John Worthy, *another Candidate talk'd on, but*
not seen.

Friendly, *an Agent for Sir Roger Trusty.*

Score-double, *an Inn-keeper.*

Watt Washball, *a Barber.*

The Mayor of Gotham.

Mallet, *a Carpenter, and his Son.*

Scruple, *a Quaker.*

A Cobler.

A Miller.

Ben Blunt.

Gregory Gabble.

Roger Sly.

Timothy Shallow.

W O M E N.

Lady Worthy.

Goody Gabble.

Goody Shallow.

Goody Sly.

Midwife, and other Women.

S C E N E, *Gotham.*



A

GOTHAM ELECTION.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter on one Side Mr. Friendly.

On the other, Scoredouble, an Inn-keeper.

Friend. A! Landlord, I'm glad to see you.



Score. Mr. Friendly, you are welcome.

Friend. I hope Mrs. Scoredouble and your pretty Daughter's well.

Score. Yes, yes, Sir, the Women are in good Case; my Wife, as the old Zaying is, *is better in Health than good Condition.* In troth I'm glad to zee you; pray, what brought you to *Gotham* an I may be so bold to ask you? Elections, I warrant you?

Friend. Something like it, Landlord; pray what fort of a Man is your Mayor?

Score. Why, his Worship is a huge Admirer of the *French*; nay, 'tis whisper'd by zome, that his Zon is with the Knight of the *Dragon*, for he has never been zeenn zince the Duke of what d'e call him went away.

Friend. Say you so!

Score. Ay, an he has a Daughter, a weighty Girl, I promise you: Od wou'd you had her, Mr *Friendly*; she has Five Thousand Pound, and a right Lover of her Country.

Friend. Five Thousand Pound! a-gad, a sudden Thought comes into my Head, I'll pursue it; who knows but I may make some lucky Discovery: I thank you for your kind Wishes, Landlord, but I can never hope for such a Fortune.

tune: His Son with the Knight of the *Dragon*, say you, why then your Mayor is a *Jacobite*.

Score. Nay, he is shrewdly suspected by zome to be a down-right *Papist* in his Heart; but to zay Truth of him, he does go to Church constantly, he does, indeed; he does go to Church.

Friend. A pretty Fellow, for the Head of a Corporation.

Score. What do you please to drink, Sir?

Friend. Why, bring us the best your House affords.

Score. The best my House affords, ha, ha, ha, that is as you think it, Sir;—now most of our Gentry, for this last vour Years, d'ye mind, will touch nothing but *French* Claret,—there are zome that like your *Port* Wines still, but very few, and those of the poorer Zort too, as my Barboard can witness.

Friend. Come, bring such as you like yourself.

Score. Why then, Master, we'll have a Bottle of white *Lisbon*.—Here, *Sam*, bring a Bottle of the best white *Lisbon*, d'ye hear.

Friend. Withal my Heart.—Well, Landlord, and how will Elections go with you in *Gotham*?

Score. Why here is old tugging vort:—Here has been zuch roasting of Oxen: Zuch Veasting, and zuch Caballing, as you ne'er zaw the like! Here's one Squire *Tickup*, a *Londoner*, I think puts up for one;—he's over Head and Ears in Debt, they zay, and zo has a Mind to get above the Law, and pay no Body.

Friend. That's one Way, indeed, to serve himself; but he that has not Honesty enough to pay his own Debts, may easily be brought to give up the Debts of the Nation.—I hope he has no considerable Number of Votes secur'd, has he?

Score. He has zome.—Here has happen'd an unfortunate Squabble between Sir *John Worthy*, and his Lady.

Friend. Sir *John Worthy*! Does not he put up too?

Score. Ay, and he and his Family has represented this zame Burrough of *Gotham* these vorty Years, and yet I believe he will lose it now; I am sorry vor't, vor he's a very honest Gentleman.

Friend. How so, prithee?

Score. Why you must know his Lady is a what d'ye call it,——

it,——a High-flyer,——and nothing zo great as our Parson's Wife and she; now you must know, the Parson had given my Lady a game Cockeril,——and, as the Devil would have it, a Dissenter's Dog happen'd to worry this zame Cockeril,——and because Sir *John* wou'd not go to Law with him for his Dog's Fault, my Lady zswears he's a Rebel, and would pull down the Church.

Friend. Ha, ha, excellent; but how does this effect Sir *John's* Election?

Score. Why, my Lady being plaguy cunning de mind,——she reserv'd to herself a Thousand Pound when she married Sir *John*; now she swears she'll spend every Groat on't, but she'll sling Sir *John* out of his Election; and under the Rose, d'ye zee, they zay that she, and this zame Squire *Tickup*, are mainly well acquainted; zo she veasts the good Wives, d'ye mind, and so secures all those Husbands Votes, whose Wives wear the Breeches, ha, ha, ha.

Friend. Ha, ha, come my Service to you, and to all those honest Fellows not under Petticoat Government.

Score. With all my Heart; hang Petticoat Government I zay; Zooks I love to wear my own Breeches.

Friend. Here's strange Juggling it seems.

Score. Ha, ha, but now you talk of Juggling, we had rare Juggling here not long since; we had like to have had all the Money in the Country juggled away.

Friend. As how!

Score. Why, here was a Trickster came down to Gotham.——

Enter Wat Washball.

Ho, *Wat Washball*! Come in, come in mun; this zame Man can testify what I am going to zay: He is a very honest Freeholder, of vour Pounds a Year, zo he is,——a Barber here by; with your Leave, Master, I'll drink to him.

Friend. Pray do, you are welcome, Friend.

Wat. Thank you, Sir.

Score. Come pull a Chair *Wat*, and zit down; I was telling Master *Friendly* here, of the Trickster that chang'd the Cards zo, you know, *Wat*, in the Town-Hall.

Wat. Ay, that was a bitter Dog, I believe we shan't forget him in Haste.

Friend. Why, what did he do?

Score.

Score. Why, you must know, Sir, he play'd several Tricks, but his greatest Skill lay in changing the Cards. — He had a plaguy Nack at that; — don't you remember, *Wat*, — how he dealt a Card round the Hall, — when our High Sheriff had got the Ace of Hearts, you know?

Wat. Ay, as plain an Ace of Hearts are ever I zaw in all my born Days.

Score. Ay, and what does this zame Trickster but with one — Whif, conjures away this zame Ace of Hearts, — and claps the Knave of Clubs in its Place.

Friend. Ha, ha, ha.

Score. When my Neighbour *Washball* and I zaw that, we wou'd have had the Mayor made his Mittimus, and zent him to a Gaol.

Wat. No, no, not for that, not for that, Landlord, it was for changing an *English* Guinea into a *French* Pistole, you know.

Score. Right, right, zo it was *Wat*, zo it was; and you know the Mayor said the Pistole was the better Gold, and wou'd not meddle with him vor't.

Friend. But there was Four Shillings lost by that Change; what cou'd your Mayor say for that?

Wat. Zay! Why he pretended to prove by Logick, I think he call'd it, — that Seventeen and Six-pence was more than One and Twenty and Six-pence.

Friend. Pretty Sophistry truly, for a Mayor of a Corporation; — and what is become of this Juggler?

Score. Gone to the Devil, vor ought I know.

Friend. From whence came he?

Wat. Why zome zay from one Part, zome another; but those that pretend to know best, zay he came from zome Part of the Zouth-Zeas.

Friend. I rather believe the South-Seas came from him.

Wat. Pray what is this zame Zouth-Zeas? A Shire, Town, Burrough, or Market-Town?

Friend. It was a Market, and once had a very great Trade for Flumery and Leeks.

Score. Well, of all Garden Stuff, I hate those zame Leeks.

Wat. They leave a plaguy Stink behind them.

Enter

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Dinner's upon Table, Sir.

Score. Master *Friendly*, will you eat a Slice of Buttock of Beef and Carrots?

Friend. With all my Heart, — and after Dinner I shou'd be glad if you'd bring me acquainted with some of the honest Fellows of *Gotham*; I'll try if I can recommend a worthy Gentleman to them, one that has Gold enough, and owes no Man a Groat; is as generous as a Prince, and loves his Country as he loves his Wife.

Score. Ha, ha, ha, troth Master, that may be little enough, vor what as I do know——pray, who is he?

Friend. Sir *Roger Trusty*.

Score. Sir *Roger*! I shall be glad to zee him with all my Heart, Blood and Guts, as they zay. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E *changes to a Room in a Tavern.*

Enter Lady Worthy, Mr. Tickup, Goody Gabble, and Goody Shallow.

Lady. Never fear, my dear *Tickup*, — as far as my Thousand Pound goes I'll stand by you; I'll spend it every Shilling but carry my Point; I hate a Whig so much, that I'll throw my Husband out of his Election, or throw myself out of the World! a Parcel of canting Rogues; they have always Moderation in their Mouths, — rank Resistance in their Hearts, — and hate Obedience even to their lawful Wives, — and then they bear a mortal Hatred to Three Pound Fourteen and Fippence?

Tick. Ay, they hate all Coin that won't take their Impression.

Lady. Why there's my Brute of a Husband now, he hates the *French* so much, that he won't let poor *Fanny* learn to dance.

Good G. Nay, my Husband is a little poison'd that Way too; — will you believe it, Madam, he had the Impudence to forbid me Dancing with your Honour's Worship last Night; — he said Dancing was a bold Recreation, and that was an Inlet to Sin; — but I pluck'd up a Spirit, and told him, I wou'd do it; that I wou'd dance, and dance again, so I wou'd, — od my Gentleman was soon snub'd,

snub'd, for he knew, an he rais'd my Passion once, he wou'd have enough to do to get it down again.

Good S. Well, an I zay but one Word to *Timothy Shallow*, down goes Thimble and Shears,——and up he takes Gloves and Stick, and away goes he.——Ah, you're a happy Woman, *Goody Gabble*; your Husband is a Man every Inch of him, I'll zay that for him.

Good. G. You'll say that for him; Pray how come you to know what Man my Husband is, *Goody Shallow*? Have you found him a Man for your Bufiness, ha?

Good. S. I, I found your Husband a Man for my Bufiness, I have a Husband as fit for Bufiness as yours;——and tho' I zay it, that shou'd not zay it, there is not a better Workman in the Parish.

Tick. Ay, ay, they are both good Workmen enough in their Way; she only jested with you, that's all.

Lady. Ay, ay, Neighbours, nothing else,——well, you'll use your Endeavours with your Husbands to give their Votes for Mr. *Tickup*.

G. Gab. That I shall sure, Madam,——your Worship promises me I shall nurse the young Squire, as soon as he is born.

Tick. That you shall.

G. Gab. And I am to have Twenty Pounds a Year.——

Lady. Ay, I'll pass my Word for't.

G. Gab. I thank your Ladyship,——not that I doubt your Word, Madam, or the bountiful Squire's in the least;—but, but, but, an, an the Squire wou'd advance a Year's Sallery aforehand, it wou'd go a great Way with my Husband;——for you must know, that *Gregory Gabble* is an honest Man, and won't vote against his Conscience, if it were not for his Interest;——now Sir *John*, you know, Madam, promises to renew his Lease *Gratis*, if he votes for him, but an he votes against him, he won't bate him a Groat so he won't; you know your Husband's Temper, Madam.

Lady. Oh, prithee name him not, you'll give me the Vapours; there, there's Twenty Pound for you, let me hear his odious Name no more.

Tick. Take Notice *Goody Gabble*, those Twenty Pounds are to pay for nursing of a Child that shall be born,——no Matter when.

G. Gab.

G. Gab. No, no, no, no Matter whether ever or never, I'll take it when you send it, sure sweet Squire.

Tick. It is not out of any sinister End to suborn your Husband; no, I scorn it, I am an honest Man, and a Lover of the Church, and will take Care the Roguish Whigs don't pull down a Hassock in't.

Lady. Ay, Neighbours, Mr. *Tickup*'s a good Churchman, mark that! He is none of your occasional Cattle; none of your hellish pantile Crew;—Oh, we shall never thrive till all these canting Whigs are whipt out of the Kingdom;—Oh, that I had the Jerking of 'em, I'd teach 'em Passive-Obedience, or make the Devil come out of 'em.

Good. S. Well, your Ladyship is a very wise Woman, that's certain: Good lack, how she doth talk, Neighbour *Gabble*?—Oh, she's a great Woman.

Lady. Ay, and you shall be a great Woman too, *Goody Shallow*, if Mr. *Tickup* carries the Day; well, I'll say no more, but every Body don't know Mr. *Tickup*'s Power;—but there's a certain great Prince, that shall be nameless, that has a very great Kindness for him, and for ought I know, he may stand as fair for a Garter as the best of 'em, one Day.

Good. S. Pray, 'Squire, will you be so kind as to recommend my *Tim.* to that same great Prince, to be his Taylor?

Lady. He shall do it; your Husband shall be his Taylor, and you shall be Dresser to his Queen.

Good. S. And will your Honour's Worship do this?

Tick. I'll do any Thing to serve you, *Goody Shallow*.

Good. S. Will you, truly! Well, *Timothy Shallow*, thou art a made Man;—and am I born to be a Courtier? Good lack, good lack—

Good. G. Bless me! Who wou'd have thought that you, with your Broomstick, wou'd have come to such Honour, *Goody Shallow*?

Good. S. Ay, who indeed;—but I ha no vine Cloaths to go to Court in tho'; what mun I do for that now?

Tick. Why, to show you that I have a Kindness for you and your Husband, there is Ten Guineas to rig you, for the Honours I design to prefer you to. [*Gives her Money.*]

Good. S. Ah, Heaven bless your good Worship, me and.

and mine will be oblig'd to pray for you, as long as we live.

Lady. Look you there now, when wou'd a Whig have done as much? — Bless me, I'm in a Sweat when I but name a Whig. — [Fans herself, and walks about.

Tick. I take a Pleasure to serve my Country Folks, and am proud of an Opportunity to do good Offices; — for my Part, I should not be concern'd if I lost the Election, otherways than not being in a Capacity to serve my poor Country at this Juncture.

Lady. There's a Man for ye, Neighbours! Now cou'd you find in your Heart, *Goody Shallow*, to deny this Gentleman any Thing, any Thing, any Thing, I say?

Good. S. No, by my truly, I think I cou'd not; why shou'd I belie my Conscience? Madam, come, here's the 'Squire's Health. [drinks.

Tick. I am oblig'd to you, *Goody Shallow*. [kisses her.

Good S. Good Gentleman, he's not proud; — odd, he kisses main sweetly, Madam.

Lady. Ay, does he not? — Well, you'll bring your Husband over.

Good. S. Over! ay, Madam, or he shall never come over — my Threshold more, I can tell him but that.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, here's *Goodman Mallet*, the Carpenter, enquires for you; he says you sent for him.

Lady. No, — I sent for him in your Name; he is a silly Fellow, but no Matter for that; he can do you great Service; humour him in all he says, — bring him up. [Exit Drawer.

Give him Money, if you can handsomely top it upon him; — there's a hundred Guineas, when they are gone, you shall have more! — if you can get *Mallet's* Vote, he'll bring you twenty at least.

Tick. My charming Woman, — you oblige me to be for ever your's. [kisses her.

Lady. Come, Neighbour, let's retire, it may not be proper for us to hear *Goodman Mallet's* Business, you know. [Exit.

Good. G. No, no, no, no; come, come, come, we'll go.

go, we'll go. Good Sir, your most humble Servant, I'll bring you Gregory Gabble, I warrant you. [Exit.

Good. S. And so will I, my Timothy Shallow, sweet Squire. [Exit.

Enter Mallet.

Tick. Mr. Mallet, your Servant. [Takes out 20 Guineas, and plays with them on the Table as he talks.

Mall. Your humble Servant, Sir, pray what is your Business with me?

Tick. Come, sit down, Sir;—here, the House.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Did you call, Sir?

Tick. Ay, what Wine do you drink, Mr. Mallet?

Mall. 'Tis all one to me, Sir.

Tick. Then bring up a Bottle of French Red.

Draw. You shall have it, Sir. [Exit.

Tick. Mr. Mallet, there is a very honest Gentleman gives his Service to you, charg'd me to see you, and gave me a Token to drink with you.

Mall. Pray, who may that be?

Tick. One Mr. Double.

Mall. Ha! Master Double.

Drawer within.] A Bottle of French Red in the Flower-de-Luce. Score.

Enter with Bottle and Glass.

Tick. Come, Mr. Mallet, Mr. Double's Health to you.

Mal. With all my Heart; I have earned many a fair Pound of him;—some says he's an ill Pay-master, but I won't say so; for he paid me very honestly, tho' I must needs say he's a little long winded.—Sir, an you please, my Service to you, remembering Master Double.

Tick. Thank you, Mr. Mallet; well, how do you like the Wine? I think 'tis pretty good. [Drinks.

Mal. I think so too, Sir;—but second Thoughts is best.

Tick. Right;—Come, here's to your Fireside, Mr. Mallet, I suppose you are a marry'd Man.

Mal. Ay, Master, I have been marry'd these Five and Twenty Years; I have a Son's Wife lies in now.

Tick.

Tick. I'll stand Godfather, if he be not better provided, Mr. Mallet.

Mal. Sir, your humble Servant; I dare say he'll accept of your kind Offer, and thank you too.

Tick. Is he all the Children you have, Mr. Mallet?

Mal. No, Sir, I have four Sons and three Daughters in all, fine young Men and Women as any in the Parish, no Dispraise to the best. My eldest Son is a Lawyer, just out of his Time, a smart young Fellow, I promise you, Sir: My second I brought up to my own Trade, and he is a very great Master of his Business, tho' I say't, as any is in all *Gotham*. My third Son is a Bookseller, a notable Fellow, he lives in *London*; he is a kind of a Wit too, they say, and makes Verses: Then he has an admirable Knack at quacking Titles. Perhaps you may know what that is, Sir; but for my Part, I do not, I confess, understand it; but they tell me, when he gets an old good for nothing Book, he claps a new Title to it, and sells off the whole Impression in a Week.

Tick. 'Tis a good Way of imposing on the Publick, why he'll be a rich Fellow in a short Time?

Mal. Ay, so they say; but my youngest Lad troubles me most of all.

Tick. How so, pray?

Mal. Why you must know, Sir, he is a main weakly Boy; he had the Rickets till he was seven Years old, which took away his Strength, and hugely dull'd his Memory, so that he's dull, very dull, Sir; I can't think what to breed him up to, that don't require much Strength of Body, nor Application of Mind: His Mother is for making him a Parson, but the Rogue won't hear on't.

Tick. Oh, Mr. Mallet! by your Description, he is very unfit for a Parson.

Mal. Why so I tell her, Sir; and, in my Opinion, we had better get him a Place at Court.

Tick. Ay, there indeed you are in the right; I don't know but I may be able to serve you there, if you'd endeavour to put it in my Power.

Mal. As how, pray?

Tick. Why, Sir, you must know, I stand one of the Candidates for this Borough of *Gotham*; and if you'll be so kind to give me your own Vote, and engage your
Friends

Friends to do the same, I'll take care of your Son, I promise you.

Mal. Pray what may your Name be, Sir?

Tick. My Name is *Tickup*, Sir.

Mal. *Tickup*! Ah, Sir, you lose it for a Wager with you.

Tick. Why do you think so?

Mal. Why, Sir, our Town has an Aversion for the Family of the *Tickups*; it is a Name very much hated, I assure you, and I might advise you, I'd change it into *Ready Cash*, ha, ha.

Tick. You are witty upon my Name, Mr. *Mallet*, but no Matter for that: what will you lay I don't carry it? I'll hold you twenty Guineas to one I do, and you shall hold Stakes.

Mal. By Mefs, I'll take this Wager, if I never hold another, done, Sir.

Tick. Done; there, there's twenty Guineas. [*Puffes 'em to him.*]

Mal. Well, if I should lose my Guinea, Mr. *Tickup*, you'll remember a Place for my Son.

Tick. That I will indeed, Mr. *Mallet*; but then you must not vote against me.

Mal. No, no, that I won't, I promise you; but and I engage my Friends, you must promise to do a Kindness or two more for me.

Tick. Name 'em, and command me.

Mal. Why cou'd not you now get my Son, the Lawyer, made Lord Chancellor, think you?

Tick. Can't! Yes, and will too.

Mal. Will ye? Ay, pray you do—an, an, hold, hold, I have the Names of all the great Places in a Bit o'Paper somewhere, if I find 'em, but—I took 'em out of the present State of *Gotham*,—ho! here, here it is—Ay, let me see,—yes, yes,—Lord Steward, ay, Lord Steward! ay, that's a very pretty Post; that, d'you mark me, I wou'd have for my Son *Ned*—the Carpenter, he understands how to keep the House in good Repair—and that's a main Matter, you know; his Majesty need give himself no Manner of Trouble.

Tick. Oh, that will be a very great Advantage; well, I'll take care about that too.

Mal

Mal. And the Bookfeller, I'd have him——de ze——ho! I'd have him Groom of the Stole.

Tick. There you are perfectly right, because he will have an Opportunity to make Use of his Verses.

Mal. Then for my youngest Son! What mun he be? Why, what an you should make him Treasurer now! for the Rogue always lov'd Money. And for my Daughters—I fancy they would do rarely well for the Queen's Maids of Honour.

Tick. Oh, excellently well——all this I promise you.

Mal. Do you truly?——Well, you are a huge civil Gentleman, and so my humble Service to yo——Well, I'll say no more——but an I do not bring you twenty Votes, my Name's not *Mallet*, d'ye see, that's all, that's all—and so, Sir, your Servant, with all my Heart. (*going.*) Hold! one Thing more I must desire of you—I have an own Cousin, that is a Sailor——suppose now you should make him somewhat—an Admiral—or a Boatswain, or so d'ye see?

Tick. He shall be one of them, I promise you.

Mal. Shall he in troth?—well, good bye to you, and thank you kindly. [*going.*]

Tick. Mr. *Mallet*, your humble Servant,——oh, the Devil!

Mal. Methinks I love to do Good in my Generation; tho' to say Truth, the graceless Dog does not deserve it; but no matter—as long as you can have it for speaking for, you know?

Tick. What is it? Death, this Fellow would tire a Porter.

Mal. I have a Nephew somewhere or other, his Name is *Sam Slash*, a Soldier; pray enquire him out, wol you, and make him—ay, make a Corporal, or a Colonel, or somewhat of that, now.

Tick. Well, well, this I promise you. Have you any Thing else?

Mal. No, no, I won't trouble you any more, not I—your Servant. [*going.*]

Tick. Give me leave to wait of you down.

Mal. Odso! I had forgot my Wife *Joan*, well thought on I'faith—she would never have forgiven me, if I had not remember'd her——*Joan* must have somewhat, Mr.

Tickup,

Tickup, what can *Joan* have now, think; pray think a little for her.

Tick. Let me see—why, suppose she were made Oyster-Cracker to the Court now.

Mal. Oyster-Cracker! I don't remember any such Post in my List.

Tick. Oh! never trouble your Head about that, there is, or shall be such a Post.

Mal. Shall there! well, well, that will do then—but, but, but, I doubt *Joan* will never be content to live at Court without me—Can't you contrive some small Place for me too—Any thing will serve me—I'll be satisfy'd with being Lord-Mayor; I am very modest in my Requests, you see?

Tick. Modest, quotha! ha, ha, well, well, you shall be Lord-Mayor.

Mal. Well, well, that's enough—will you believe me, Mr. *Tickup*? I really love my Friends as well as myself—why here's an honest Pot-Companion of mine, *Barnaby Bran*, the Baker; methinks I would fain make his Fortune too; can you think of nothing for him?

Tick. Honest *Barnaby Bran*, the Baker! I have a rare Place for him.

Mal. Have you really now! What is it, pray?

Tick. Why, he shall be—Master of the Rolls.

Mal. He will be main thankful. What, is it a Patent Place?

Tick. Yes, yes; a Patent Place.

Mal. And have you any Thing for his Wife?

Tick. His Wife, ay, she shall have Pattins too.

Mal. Od, that will please her Husband mainly.

Tick. Ay, she has been a Clogg to him a great while, no Doubt on't. [Aside.]

Mal. Well, honest 'Squire, your humble Servant.

[Exit.]

Tick. I'm glad I'm rid of him; bless me, if it were in my Power now to keep my Word, what a prodigious Company this Fellow has provided for!—but thanks to Policy, a Man is not always oblig'd to keep his Word:

The Courtier, Politician, and the Beau,

Whate'er you ask, will never answer, No:

H

But

*But closely prest, you'll find their whole Proceeding,
To be no more nor less, than pure good Breeding.* [Exit.

S C E N E changes to the Mayor's House.

Enter Mayor with a Letter in his Hand.

Friendly dress'd like a Frenchman.

May. Well, and how does all our Friends on t'other Side the Water, ha? Well, I hope.

Friend. Oh *fort bien*, Monsieur Mayor, and Monsieur le Chevalier, be varey much your humble Serviteur, Begar.

May. I am very much his, I am sure—Come, Monsieur, to the Fatherless and Widow. [Drinks.

Friend. Vid all mine Heart, dat every Man may have his own, Begar. [Drinks.

May. Amen, I say—but I must desire you, Monsieur, to explain the Letter to me? My Daughter tells me it is not *English*.

Friend. No, dis be *French*, Sir.

May. *French!* what has my Son learn'd *French* already? — But what makes him write *French* to me, when he knows that I can neither write nor read it—and that no Body understands a Word of *French* in the Parish.

Friend. Oh, for dat very Reason he did write in *French*, because it be one great Secret, and he knows me to be de very fedelle Personne, in whom de grand Monarchs in dis World put a der Confidance: You understand a me, Monsieur?

Man. Yes, yes; Oh Blessings on my Boy, he will certainly raise his Family?—a Secret! pray read it softly.

Friend. Oh softly, by all Means.—First, den, he tell you here, dat de Knight of de Dragon give his most humble Service to you, and prays you to take a de care to make de good Members for him.

May. Ay, ay, I will do all that in me lies.

Friend. And for dat Purpose, you shall receive one, two, three hundred Pistoles, in one, two, three Days ma foy.

May. Very well, very well; —pray let him know, that the last Money, that was remitted, has been prudently employ'd for the Chevalier's Service: Our Parson Blow-Coal is right stanch; he distributed it, with a strict Charge

Charge to have Regard to the Church; the Noise of the Church, you know, does much, Monsieur?—My Brother, Alderman *Credulous*, had two hundred Pounds.

Friend. Humph! well said Parson; this News shall to Sir Roger *Trusty*. (*Aside.*) Ha, ha, ha, Begar, dat will do de Business; de Cry of de Church will bring in de King *par blue*; but one ting more, Monsieur *Mayor*, he say here in dis Letter, dat de Knight of de Dragon charge you right or wrong, to return de vat do you call 'em——de High-Church.

May. Ay, ay, that he may depend on; oh, my dear Boy! And what is my Boy a Favourite abroad, ha?

Friend. Oh, a great Favourite, I assure you—Den here be one ting more;——he prays you to send by me his Sister for de Education,——because it be whisper'd, dat if dese plaguey Low-Church get de Day,—dey vill make it Treason for any one to send der Children to *France*, Begar; no, dey vill send dem for Education to *Scotland*, and bring all de young Ladies to de Stool of Repentance, ma foy.

May. Zounds, I'd send mine to *Lapland* sooner, tho' I am a Protestant myself, because I was born so d'ye see; yet I had rather breed my Children at *Rome*, than *Geneva*; Zounds I hate these Whiggish Dogs.

Friend. Begar de Pope no love them neither; dey be dam Fellows for de Liberty and Property; but your Daughter, your Daughter, Monsieur *Mayor*——

May. She shall along with you, Monsieur——her Aunt left her five thousand Pounds;——I wish you could persuade her to turn Nun; one Thousand would provide for her in the Nunnery—and the other four would make my Son a Lord.

Friend. Oh let de Priest get her once, and begar he vill make her——someting, I warrant you.

May. But which Way shall I get her over, she'll never consent to leave *England*; for you must know she is plaguey low in her Principles?

Friend. Me tell you one Politick——'tis vine Veder! Ask her to go vid you and me to see de Ship dat bring me hither, and ven she be in de Ship vid me, some Body must stop your going up de Ship, and tell you dat Day came an Express for you upon de grand Business of

de Nation, ma Foy ; so you leave us, vid de Promise to return presently ;——so as soon as you be gon, me make a de Master hoist a Sail, and away for *Calais*, Begar.

May. Excellent Contrivance !——we'll about it this Moment.——I can but laugh to think how I shall chouse the young Jade into her Happiness.

Friend. And I can but laugh to think how you'll be chous'd out of your Daughter, if Luck favours me.

[*Aside.*

May. And pray tell my Son, I'll observe his Direction,——my Clerk shall sit up all this Night to write Conveyances ;——I'll make twenty Freeholders before Morning yet.

Friend. As how, pray, Monsieur Mayor ?

May. Oh, we have Ways and Means :——Why, I'll undertake, d'ye see, to make four Votes out of a Gooseberry-Bush, and six out of a Hog's-Sty——

Friend. Begar dose be de very sweet Votes. [Exit.

S C E N E *changes to the Street.*

A Cobler at work in his Stall under an Ale-house.

Enter Mr. Tickup.

Tick. Speed your Work, Friend, your Trade depends upon good Husbandry.

Cob. Ay, Master, zo't does, as you zay ; but I make new Shoes sometimes, as well as mend old ones.——

Tick. Say you so ! why you shall be my Shoe-maker——if you'll do me a small Kindness.

Cob. (*Getting up, with Cap in Hand.*) What is it Master ? to put a Stitch in your Shoe, I warrant you ?

Tick. No, only to give me your Vote, that's all.

Cob. (*Sits down to work again.*) All, quotha ! why that's all many a Man has to live on ; at this Time, a small Kindness ! Ha, ha, ha, it is a small Kindness, truly.

Tick. What say you, Friend, will you ?

Cob. I don't know, I believe not.

Tick. Why so, pray you ?

Cob. I can't tell,——mehap I may ;——mehap I may not, d'ye see.

Tick. Have you promis'd any body else ?

Cob. Suppose I have,——suppose I have not, what then ?

then? Look ye, my Vote's as good as the best Man's i'th' Parish, or next Parish to't, that's a proud Word d'ye zee; —and I will take care who I gin to, zo I wol.

Tick. Nay, you are in the Right of that; but no Man shall do more for the Corporation than myself.

Cob. Ay, ay, you all talk it well affore you get in;—but you are no sooner chose in, but whip you are as proud as the Devil, zo you are, and a Man can't speak Truth, but you come with your *Candelum Natum* zous upon us.

Tick. Pride is the least Sign of a Gentleman, and I don't know if I should not rather be call'd Rogue, than a proud Man.

Cob. And mehap he would not lie that call'd you be h, ha, ha.

Tick. I am sorry you should have so ill an Opinion of me.

Cob. Why are you not proud, now?

Tick. I think I may safely say I am not.

Cob. Why then——come and kiss me.

Tick. With all my Heart.

[*kisses him.*]

Well, what think you now? will you give me your Vote yet.

Cob. Look ye, vare and zoftly,—I am not throwly zatisfy'd, whether I shall give you my Vote or not.

Tick. I am sorry for that——but if you'l' go to the Tavern, I'll give you a Pint of Wine, whether you'll give me your Vote or not, for I like you for your Bluntness.

Cob. I dan't value your Wine of this Hog's Bristle, d'ye zee;—I am an honest Man, d'ye zee——and am vor a vree Government; I'm none of those that are to be brib'd——now an you are not proud, d'ye zee—why come into my Stall, here, and I'll give you a Flaggon of Ale.

Tick. Oh, the Devil, that will dirty all my Cloaths: (*Aside.*) Had not we better go into the Ale-House?

Cob. Look ye there now, did not I zay you was proud? No, Sir, I won't leave my Stall; those that are asham'd of me—why I am asham'd of them, d'ye zee, that's all.

[*Sings and marks.*]

Tick. A Pox of the unpolish'd Blockhead, I must humour him.

[*Gathers up his Cloaths, and goes in.*]

Nay, nay, don't be angry — I only said it, to save you the Trouble of going for the Ale, that's all.

Cob. Oh, I have a Conveniency for that. [*Whistles, and the Boy enters.*]

Look you there, Sir; Sirrah, bring me a Pot of humming Ale, de you hear — what are you afraid of your Cloaths? Zblead, sit down, mun, tho' I'm a poor Fellow, I've zitten by as good as you affore now, mun.

[*Pulls him down rudely.*]

Enter Boy with Drink on one Side, and Tolefree, the Miller, on t'other.

Tick. Ay, ay, Friend, who doubts it.

Tole. Hark ye, Neighbour *Last*, will you never have done cobling my Shoes?

Cob. Oh, Neighbour *Tolefree*, you come in the Nick; why here's Neighbour *Tolefree* has a Vote too, and he'll give it ye. —

Tick. I shall be much oblig'd to him, if he will, pray drink to him.

Cob. By and by, let his Betters be serv'd before him, my Service to you, Sir — come in, Neighbour *Tolefree* — come, we'll make you Room. [*Drinks.*]

Tole. With all my Heart. [*Gets in on the other Side Tickup.*]

Tick. I wish the Devil had them both — what a fine Pickle I shall be in, pray have a Care of my Cloaths.

Cob. Cloaths, nay, I hope I am a better Commonwealths-Man than to mind Cloaths; sit close, Neighbour *Tolefree*, or you'll thrust me off the Form. [*The Miller hitches upon Tickup, and makes his Cloaths all white.*]

Tick. These Dogs have a Design upon me, I wish I was fairly out; Death, what a Coat is here? [*Aside.*]

Tole. Come, come, put about the Pot.

Tick. My Service to you, Sir, (*drinks*) the King's Health —

Cob. I love the King — and so kifs me agen. [*Claps his Hands on his Cheeks, and pulls him to kifs him, and leaves them all black.*]

Tick. Confound the Rascal! how his Breath stinks — Well, what say you now, Gentlemen, will you both give me your Votes?

Tole.

Tole. Give you my Vote! that will bring no Grift to my Mill, d'ye see.

Cob. Get out and walk before my Door, now, two or three Turns, and I'll tell you more of my Mind.

Tick. Death, he'll make me jump over a Stick by and by. [Gets out and walks.

Well, what say you now?

Tole. You have a plaguy Hitch in your Pace, you learnt to dance of some *Frenchman*, I'm certain.

Cob. Ha, ha, ha, ha, I think that you'd think me a Fool, if I should give you my Vote, now.

Tick. How so, pray?

Cob. How so! ha, ha, ha, you that are a fine bred Gentleman, here d'ye see——yet can stoop so low, as to kiss, and humour such a dirty Fellow as I am, purely to buy my Vote——I dan't know, d'ye zee, but for a good round Sum you might be prevail'd upon to zell my Country, ha, ha, ha, ha: Lock ye, I dan't like you comming Sparks——you should be a little more coy, ha, ha, ha.

Tick. You are merry, Friend.

Cob. Not so merry as you think for, mehaps——but Vriend me no Vriend, go troop, Nouns, he looks like a Jesuit, does he not, Neighbour *Tolefree*?

Tole. Pull off his Whore's Hair, an ze an he has not a bald Crown.

Tick. The Devil! they'll strip me by and by, I had as good walk off, for these are both damn'd *Whigs*, I find that.

Cob. Ha, ha, he's gone! an he be not a plaguey High Boy, I'm mistaken. Come Neighbour *Tolefree*, you and I will take a Pot of Ale together, to Sir *John Wortby's* Health, you'll vote for him, wol you not?

Tol. Yes, that I wol——for all my Lady has been tampering with my Wife *Margery*, and has given her a vine Silk Gown, and a huge high Head——but I drefs'd my Dame's Jacket for her, and made her carry 'em agen; ods-flesh, we should have rare Times, an we were to be rul'd by our Wives, you know, ha, ha. [Exit.

Enter Alderman Credulous.

Alderman. Ha, ha, ha, I can but laugh to think how

H 4:

my

my Wife's Brother, the Mayor, has over-reach'd his Daughter.

Enter Sir Roger Trusty.

Sir Roger. Mr. Alderman *Credulous!* your most humble Servant, Sir, I'm glad to see you so merry; pray what may be the Occasion?

Ald. Family Affairs, *Sir Roger*; my Brother has dispos'd of his Daughter——that's all.

Sir Rog. Humph! not as he expected; tho' I believe, for her Advantage, I hope. *[Aside.*

Ald. Ay, ay, *Sir Roger*, we Fathers know what's good for our Children, better than they do themselves; they have nought to do but to submit to our Pleasures; passive Obedience is as absolutely necessary in our Wives and Children, as in Subjects to the Monarch; is not your Opinion on the same, *Sir Roger*?

Sir Rog. Yes, whilst Husbands, Fathers and Monarchs exact nothing from us, contrary to our Religion and Laws: But pray, Mr. *Alderman*, how came you so passive? I remember you wore other Principles in Eighty Eight — this is not natural, *Alderman*.

Ald. Eighty-Eight! that's a long Time ago; I know some Men that have worn out twenty Sets of Principles since Eighty-Eight, both Men of the Robe, and Men of the Gown.

Sir Rog. More the Pity, *Alderman*, I am sorry Nature did not distinguish Men of such Principles from the rest of her Handywork, that we might enjoy her Gifts more amply, and be more thankful for the Blessing. When I reflect that I am of the same Species with the Betrayers of my Country (for sure that Crime is the greatest of all others) I could almost wish to wear any other Form of the Creation. Life is a Blessing, or a Curse, according to the Fame we purchase, and he that redeems twenty of his Fellow Creatures from the slavish Yoke of Tyranny, does an Action worthy of a Man that bears the Image of his Creator, whilst he who seeks by Treachery to enslave his Kind, to feed Ambition, Avarice, or Revenge, is only the Pest of human Society, and ought to have a Mark set upon him, that we might shun him as we would the Plague.

Ald.

Ald. Ay, ay, so it ought to be, Sir Roger; but I have read somewhere,

*Nature to Man's Breast has made no Window,
To show us what they act within Doors.*

For my Part, I am for the Church, and my Country.

Sir Rog. So am I; their Interests are inseparable; who gives up one, betrays the other: For my Part, I intend to stand or fall by both; therefore I hope you'll do me the Honour of your Vote, Mr. Alderman.

Ald. Why truly, Sir Roger, I am pre-engag'd, I won't tell a Lie for the Matter.

Sir Rog. To who pray?

Ald. Why to Squire Tickup.

Sir Rog. Tickup! Why he's a Fellow not worth a Groat, and a known Jacobite.

Ald. Nay, look ye as to that, his Means and his Religion is nothing to me; let his Creditors take care of one, and our Parson o'th' t'other; for my Part, I'm for the Church, as I said before, and would rather be a Papist than a Presbyterian.

Sir Rog. Why, where's the Necessity of your being either? Come, come, there's a more convincing Argument than what you have nam'd—Mr. Tickup is recommended by some great Man on whom you have Dependance.

Ald. Great Man! Why yes, truly, he is a pretty large Man; and I have, I trust Heaven, very great Dependance on what he says: The Parson of the Parish, you know, ought to be regarded, Sir Roger, and he told me that Mr. Tickup was a good Churchman, and pray'd me to vote for him, and to get all my Friends to do the same, if I would promote the Interest of the Church.

Sir Rog. Ay, the Interest of the Church of Rome, not that of England; why I'll undertake to prove this Fellow deep in the Interest of young Perkin, and that he and his Friend at Villa Coumbe, has bought up, and sent for his Service, more than two thousand Horses within these last four Years; and can such a Man be a proper Person to represent you in that august Assembly, where the People of Gotham expect to have these pernicious Measures redrest?

Ald. Why I am confounded at what you tell me.

Sir Rog. I am amaz'd to find you in the Interest of the High-Boys, you that are a Clothier! What, can you be

for giving up Trade to *France*, and starving poor Weavers?

Ald. Trade, pish, pish, our Parson says that's only the Whig's Cant, and that if the Bill of Commerce had pass'd, it wou'd have been of signal Service to us.

Sir Rog. Which Way, I pray, Alderman?

Ald. Nay, I never ask'd him that; tho' not doubt but he can tell you, for he is a learn'd Man, and understands Matters better than I do.

Sir Rog. It is much to be wish'd for the Honour of our Religion, and the Safety of our State, that those learned Men were more industrious in the Cure of Souls, and less busy in Politicks — But come, come, Mr. Alderman, there is yet a Secret behind the Curtain; pray what cou'd Mr. Tickup, or any of his Friends oblige you with, that is not in my Power to have done?—You and I have been good Friends, and if a Brace of Hundreds had been wanting—why, we could have serv'd you as well as they.

Ald. So, so, I find whereabouts you are already. Well, there is nothing kept a Secret in this damn'd Town: However, I had not those two hundred Pounds by Way of Bribe, I assure you, Sir Roger.

Sir Rog. Ha, ha, why then you had two hundred Pounds?

Ald. Yes, I confess, Mr. Blowcoal our Parson did give me Bills for two hundred Pounds, part of a Sum, he said, that was given him for charitable Uses, and bad me dispose of it to proper Objects, as I thought fit, but not to bribe Votes, I assure you.

Sir Rog. No, no, no, no, 'twas to build Churches, I suppose, and reward secret Merit, ha, ha, ha, ha; but I am sorry, for your Sake, that they made their Payment in Paper: ——— Pray let me see those Bills ——— who are they upon?

Ald. See them! Ay ——— there they are, Sir Roger.

[Gives him Bills.]

Sir Rog. (Looks on 'em.) Upon Sir Charles Wealthy! As I suspected: ——— Why he is a Bankrupt, not worth a Groat, ha, ha, ha; why you are bit, Alderman, Blowcoal has bit you, ha, ha, ha; Charity, quotha! Yes, this is Charity with a Vengeance.

Ald.

Ald. How ! Am I trick'd ? But you are not in Earnest, Sir Roger, are you ?

Sir Rog. As certainly as that I myself lost five hundred Pound by the same Banker : I tell you, Sir Charles Wealthy has been gone off this Month.

Ald. The Devil he has ! Odsheart, I am finely serv'd ; why, I'm out of Pocket the Lord knows what : Death ! I shall lose all Patience !

Sir Rog. Look ye, Mr. Alderman, if you'll yet hear Reason, I'll make up all this Matter ; see here, (*pulls out a Purse*) here's two hundred Guineas in this Purse ; all ready Cash, hang Paper ; here's the best Provision for charitable Uses. — Mr. Alderman ! hark how religiously they chink ; what say you ? Come, for once, serve yourself and your Country, old Boy.

Ald. But are you sure those Bills are not worth a Farthing, Sir Roger ? [*Sir Roger claps the Bills into his Pockets, and takes out some Papers, and tears 'em in small Pieces.*]

Sir Rog. Sure on't, aye, as sure as I am that my Name is Roger Trusty ; — and thus I sacrifice them to your Repentment, Mr. Alderman, and now —

Ald. Death, Hell, and the Devil, I'm undone — but if I'm not reveng'd. —

Sir Rog. (*Plays with the Purse.*) It was a cursed Trick indeed to affront an Alderman of a Corporation at this Rate.

Ald. Give me the Purse ; (*Sir Roger slaps it into his Hand*) and now, Sir Roger, I am yours ; if I do not fit Parson Blowcoal, say I am the Son of a dead Cinder. — I'll bring sixteen Votes, Sir Roger ; egad I'll over-reach the Rogues, I warrant 'em : This Purse is a Pledge for my Performance. [*Exit.*]

Sir Rog. And these Bills a Pledge for that Purse. Ha, ha, ha, (*takes out the Bills*) I'll send my Servant to receive the Money immediately ; I think I have paid them in their own Coin.

*In this at last we have the Advantage got ;
We give the Treat, but they shall pay the Shot.*

S C E N E Mallet's Son's House.

Mallet, his Son, Lady Worthy, Goody Gabble, Goody Shallow,

low, Sly and his Wife, and Midwife with the Child; several Men and Women drinking, as at a Christ'ning, a Quaker filling Wine, and a Fidler playing.

Enter Tickup.

Mallet. We began to despair of your Company, Sir, we have Christen'd the Child——but we got one to stand in your Place; 'Squire.

Tick. Very well, I'll take the Charge upon me.

Midwife. (*Presenting the Child.*) Here's your Godson, Sir, a fine thumping Boy, he is almost big enough to ask you Blessing.

Tick. A fine Child, indeed——(*He takes the Child and kisses it, and gives it a Silver Cup.*) Here, Sirrah, here's a Cup for you, and before you drink my Health out of it as soon as you can speak, do you hear——Which is the Father?

Mal. This is my Son, 'Squire.

Sen. Sir, you do me much Honour.

Tick. Sir, I wish you much Joy of my Godson,—and may your good Lady bring you every Year such another. Well, which are the Godmothers? that I may discharge my Duty.

Goody Sly. Why, I am one, for want of a better, Sir.

Tick. Say you so! Have at you then. [*Kisses her.*]

G. Gab. And I'm t'other, sweet 'Squire.

Tick. *Goody Gabble*; (*kisses her*) nay, I'm to go round,——and you too, Mrs. Midnight; kiss me, you old Jade you ——

Mid. Well, well, you Gentlemen are very happy at Midnight, sometimes——Old Jade! Not so old neither, but I can have a Civility done me by as fine a Gentleman as your 'Squire's Worship, I'd have you to know.

Tick. F'shaw, who disputes that?—Old Jade is my favourite Name; you must know, egad, I love an old Woman——I would not give a Fig for your green Girls, not I.

G. Sly. Ah, you are a merry Gentleman——He has a Breath as sweet as a Cow——he kisses rarely well——*Roger*, you shall give this Gentleman your Vote, *Roger*.

[*Aside to her Husband.*]

Roger. So, he has tickled her Fancy already.

G. Sly.

G. Sly. I fancy you are a rare Dancer, 'Squire; pray will you give us a Jigg?

Tick. A Jigg! Ay, with all my Heart, if you'll dance with me, Dame.

G. Sly. A lack, 'Squire, I can't dance, 'Squire.

Tick. I warrant thee, Dame:—Come, strike up, Fiddler. [He kisses her.]

G. Sly. Nay, sure I shall not be able to do it with such a vine Gentleman as you. [They dance.]

Roger. (Goes up to his Wife.) Get home, you Beast, you, wol ye? A Plague o' your jigging, will you ne'er ha jigging enough?

Tick. I hope you are not angry! Rather than disoblige you, I'll kiss your Wife no more.

G. Sly. Look ye there now, Roger—you are always doing Mischief, so you are.

Lady. An't you asham'd of yourself, Roger?

Roger. Asham'd of myself; vor what, I tro?

Lady. Methinks you should take it as an Honour.

Roger. What, vor him to lie with my Wife! Look ye, Madam, you may keep that Honour for Sir John, an you well.

Lady. You saucy impudent Rascal! Who do you talk to, Sirrah?

G. Gab. Fye, Neighbour Sly, you use my Lady like a common Woman, so you do.

Roger. If she's as common as those that take her Part, I'm sure she's common enough.

G. Gab. Meaning me, Sirrah—I'll make you prove your Words, you Rogue you:—Why Gregory, Gregory Gabble, I say—do you hear what this Rogue Sly says?

[Gregory is kissing a Woman.]

See, see, the Villain is minding his Pleasures, when he should be vindicating his Wife;—but I'll swinge you,—I'll cool your Courage when I get you at home, I will so—

[Clapping her Hands.]

Lady. This Rascal, Sly, was against the Peace, I remember it well—and I'll have you hang'd for't, I will, you Pantile Monster.

Roger. Nay, when such as you talk of Peace, we know the Devil is beating up for Volunteers, ha, ha.

Tick. Prithee, my dear Life, don't put thyself into a Passion.

Passion.—Mr. *Sly*, I ask your Pardon, if I have given you any Offence.

Roger. I am no Pope, Sir;—but I ha done.

Mal. Why that's well said—my Neighbour *Sly*'s an honest Man, he takes nothing ill, I'll say that for him. Pray, Mr. *Tickup*, drink to my Neighbour *Sly*.

Tick. I fill'd the Glafs for the same Purpose. Mr. *Sly*, my hearty Service to you. [Drinks.]

Roger. Don't Master me, Sir,—I'm but a poor Man; my Name is *Roger Sly*, d'ye see, that's all.

Mal. (To the Quaker.) Neighbour *Scruple*, will you do me the Favour to give this honest Gentleman your Vote?

Scruple. Verily, Neighbour *Mallet*,—I do think I shall not do it.

Mal. Why so?

Scru. Am I oblig'd to give thee my Reasons?

Mal. No, not oblig'd, but I would be glad to know them.

Scru. Why then thou shalt know them. Between thee and me, Neighbour *Mallet*, I do not take him for an honest Man.

Lady. Not an honest Man! Why what can you say against his Honesty?—He's none of your canting Congregation, that's all.

Scru. I did not direct my Discourse to thee; and I wou'd advise thee not to put thyself into a Passion, it will much disorder thy outward Woman—and make thy Lovers less desiring.

Lady. My Lovers! Goodman Goose-crown, who told you that I had Lovers, ha? Goodman *Mallet*, why do you let your Son take Wine of this old canting Villain, when there is ten times better, either at the Pope's Head,—or the Devil?

Scru. Yea, verily, I do perceive that thou art much in the Interest of those two that thou hast nam'd, by thy Language and thy Actions.

Lady. And what are you in the Interest of, Sirrah?—Not of your Country,—you, you, you—Spawn of old Noll, you—Here, Fidler, play me the Tune of, *The King shall enjoy his own again*.

Sly. Ay, let 'en, let 'en an he dares; 'zbud I ha' no Papists Tunes play'd where I am; play Lillibullera, you Rogue.

Lady.

Lady. You won't have no Papists Tunes! Sirrah, play what I bad you.

Sly. Wounds, play what I bad ye, ye Dog, or I'll break your Fiddle about your Ears. [*He plays Lillibullera.*]

Lady. You Presbyterian Son of a Conventicle, how dare you contradict me, Sirrah? [*Strikes him on the Face, and makes his Nose bleed.*]

G. Sly. Murder, Murder, my Husband's all of a gore Blood; ah, you are a good one to strike a Man, I warrant ye.

Lady. I'll murder you, you dirty, draggle-tail'd Slur; take that Hufwife. [*Strikes Goody Sly, and makes her Nose bleed; she blows it into her Hand, and shows it, crying.*]

G. Sly. See, see here, see here, how they begin to spill Protestant Blood already; oh you Papist Devil, you;—ay, this is what you wou'd be at.

Sly. Zounds, if she carries this off, —I'll be hang'd alive; I'll dress her down, I warrant her, an she be for fighting. [*Offers to strip; they hold him.*]

Mal. O fie, is she not a Woman?

Sly. Nay, ask her Spark there, he knows best, or he's foully bely'd on—A Woman! a shameless Beast is she!

Tick. Let me persuade your Ladyship to leave the Room. [*Aside to the Lady.*]

Lady. No, I'll have the Blood, the Blood, the Blood of these confounded Whigish Dogs. [*Stamps and tears.*]

Tick. Indeed you'll ruin the Design by these Passions; did not I intend to crush them a more effectual Way? You shou'd see how we wou'd use them now; but we must bear with their Sauciness now, if we expect to gain our Ends;—you will by these Measures fright 'em all into your Husband's Interest.

Lady. Oh, oh, oh, well, well, that Thought has cool'd me, and I'll retire to your Lodgings, make what Haste you can after me, where we will meditate on Revenge to come. [*Exit.*]

Enter Servant.

Ser. The Mayor is gone to the Hall, Sir, and the Election is begun.

Tick. Well, Gentlemen, I hope you'll give me your Votes;

Votes; none shall do more for your Town than I will, I promise you. [Exit.]

Ser. Here's a Letter for you, Mr. *Scruple*, from your Wine Merchant, Monsieur *Traffick*, the Man says.

[Gives *Scruple* a Letter.]

Scru. (Reads.) *I should take it as a particular Favour, if you wou'd give Mr. Tickup your Vote, who is now with you in Gotham; he is an honest Gentleman, I assure you.—* Yes, it would be a very particular Favour, truly.

Mal. What wou'd, Mr. *Scruple*?

Scru. Why thou must know, that this Letter comes from a *Frenchman*, to direct my Vote for a Member in an *English* Senate, ha, ha.

Mal. Perhaps there may be no harm in it, the Gentleman might mean it well.

Scru. Yea, he doth mean it well for himself, no doubt on't; but he doth not mean it well for me——But come, let us to the Hall, Neighbours.

Mal. Ay, ay, to the Hall, and act as Conscience, or our Interest leads. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E changes to the Street.

Enter Friendly and Lucy.

Friend. I hope you are convinc'd, Madam, of your Father's Principle, and what you must have suffer'd from it, if I had been really what I am represented.

Lucy. I do believe the Design you speak of; a Nunnery! Heaven! I shudder at the Thought.

Friend. Ay; where swarms of Nuns and Priests daily curse your Country, by *Bell, Book, and Candle*, where you must have been taught to pray for its Destruction too.

Lucy. No! Had I been trapan'd to that cursed Place, tho' but a poor defenceless Maid alone; yet I'd have shown 'em a true *British* Soul, and dy'd before I wou'd have chang'd my Faith.

Friend. Well said, Madam; but to the Point—you will not sure return to your Father, and put it in his Power to betray you a second Time?

Lucy. No, that I won't.

Friend. May I not hope some Share in your Esteem?

Lucy. No whining, Love, I'm not to be caught that Way;

Way ;— this Day I am of Age, and I chuse you for my Guardian,—and if you can bring me unquestionable Proofs of your being an honest Man ;— that you have always been a Lover of your Country ;— a true Assertor of her Laws and Privileges ; and that you'd spend every Shilling of my Portion, in Defence of Liberty and Property, against *Perkin* and the Pope, I'll sign, seal, and deliver myself into your Hands the next Hour.

Friend. If I do not this, may I meet the Fate which every Traytor to his Land deserves, my charming Heroine !
[A Noise of a Mob without, crying, A Tickup, a Tickup ; A Worthy, a Worthy ; A Trusty, a Trusty.

Lucy. The Election is begun ; where shall I stay conceal'd !

Friend. At my Lodgings, Madam, where you shall quickly have the Proof that you demand, to make my Happiness compleat.

Enter Mob with their Candidates at the Head of each Party, one bearing a Pope, and wooden Shoes, with Wool in their Hats ; the other a Tub, with a Woman Preacher in it, and Laurel in their Hats ; crying on one Side, A Tickup, a Tickup ; on the other, A Worthy, a Worthy, buzza.

Ben Blunt. No Pope, no *Perkin* ; a *Worthy*, a *Worthy*.

Tim. Shal. No Tub-preaching ; no Liberty and Property Men.

Gr. Gab. A *Tickup*, a *Tickup*, a *Tickup*.

Ben. Blunt. No Fire and Faggot ;— no wooden Shoes ; no Trade-Sellers ; a Low Bow, a Low Bow.

Tim. Shal. Z'blead ! who made you a Politician, in the Devil's Name ?
[Knocks him down ; Blunt gets up and collars him, and pulls him down, and gets on him, and boxes him : Half a Score more falls together by the Ears.

Gr. Gab. Down with 'em, down with 'em.

Rog. Sly. Nay, an you're for that Sport, have at ye : No *Pope* ; no *Perkin* ; knock 'em down ; down with the Dogs ; down with their Champion—down with that frenchify'd Dog, *Tickup* : No High Boy ; no High Boy.

Shal. No *Worthy*, no *Worthy* ; a High Boy, a High Boy.

[Exeunt fighting.

Enter

Enter Mr. Scoredouble, Friendly, and Lucy.

Score. I wish you much Joy with all my Heart, Madam, you are the nineteenth Bride I have been Father to, and I never gave one to an honefter Man in my Life, I'll zay that for him.

Friend. I thank you, Landlord— And it shall be my constant Study to make you happy, Madam, and by my future Actions convince you, that you have not chose amifs. [To Lucy.

Lucy. I cannot be unhappy, if your Conduct answers your Character; a moderate Man, from a true innate Principle of Virtue, scorns to betray even his Enemies, much less his Country or Faith. [A great Shout within.

Enter Mob, bearing the chosen Member on Poles, in a Chair, huzzaing cross the Stage.

The Mayor following.

Mayor. I say it is an unfair Election, and I'll return Mr. Tickup.——Ha! What do I see?

Friend. Your Son and Daughter, Sir, if you please to give us your Blessing. [Kneels.

Mayor. The Devil! Down-right *English*, Sirrah; I'll have you laid by the Heels, for a Cheat.

Lucy. Then he'll recriminate, my dear Father, and, ten to one, tell how powerfully the Promise of *French Pistoles* sway'd your Conscience, ha, ha.

Mayor. There's a Jade, now; Zounds, that ever I begot her. Huswife, if you are married to that rascally, cheating, canting Low Boy—may—Hell confound you both. [Exit.

Friend. Ha, ha, ha, mind not his Curses, my dear *Lucy*, I'll be both a Father and a Husband to thee.

Lucy. I do believe you, and thank you for this Deliverance; for if I had escap'd a Nunnery, ten to one but I had been thrown into the Arms of some of my Father's Principle, and that wou'd have been as bad.

*This is my Maxim, in a marry'd Life,
Who bates his Country, ne'er can love his Wife.*



A

W I F E

W E L L

M A N A G ' D .

A

F A R C E .





Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

DON Pifalto, *designed to have been represented by* — — } *Mr. Norris.*

Father Bernardo — — } *Mr. Shepherd.*

Teague — — — } *Mr. Miller.*

W O M E N.

Lady Pifalto — — } *Mrs. Baker.*

Inis — — — } *Miss Younger.*

S C E N E, L I S B O N.



A

WIFE WELL MANAG'D.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Lady Pisalto, and Inis.

Lady.  H, *Inis*! My Indisposition is not to be cur'd.

Inis. Not without applying the proper Medicine, I grant ye.—Well, had I such a Confessor as Father *Bernardo*—I say no more—but I fancy nothing wou'd trouble my Conscience long.

Lady. What do you mean?

Inis. My Meaning depends upon yours, Madam; pray what do you mean by painting Father *Bernardo*'s Picture in every Room in the House, at your Bed's-head, your Toilet, at the Bottom of your Crucifix, at every Corner of your Handkerchief, nay, upon your very Fan too, as if the good Father, like the Traveller in the Fable, cou'd heat and cool at once?

Lady. Is there any harm in wearing a good Man's Picture? Is he not one of the Pillars of our Church? Eminent for declaiming against Heresy and Schism, and fain wou'd reconcile the World to *Rome*'s pure Religion? Oh, they are blest that he converts; happy the Pair, who e'er they be, that are in Wedlock join'd by him. Wou'd I had been one of those.

Inis. If the good Father has this healing Art, why are you uneasy? A little of his comfortable Consolation wou'd revive the Colour in those Cheeks, and give great Satisfaction

faction to your Mind, or I have lost my Judgment, and I don't use to be out in my Guess, where Love's the Riddle.

Lady. Well, since thou hast hit my Distemper so exactly, Girl, I'll confess ingenuously to thee, I do love Father *Bernardo* to Distraction; but how to discover my Passion, or what Reception it may meet with when discover'd, is that which racks me.

Inis. A kind one I warrant you, Madam: For tho' Priests are forbid to marry, as a mortal Sin, Fornication was never reckon'd more that Venial; and for a Discovery, whilst there's Pen, Ink, and Paper in the World, a Woman can never be at a Loss to tell her Mind. Write to him, Madam, write to him.

Lady. But who shall carry it?

Inis. Your *Irish* Footman; he's a simple, honest Fellow, and may easily be manag'd; do you write your Letter, Madam, and I'll give him Instructions in the mean Time.

Lady. I'll do it this Minute.

[*Exit Lady.*

[*Inis goes to the Door and calls Teague.*

Enter Teague.

Teague. Well, Mrs. *Inis*; What Commands have you for Teague now?

Inis. Do you think you can do a Message cunningly, Teague?

Teague. Cunningly! Yes, Faith, we are all so cunning now—What for a Message is it?

Inis. It is a Letter for Father *Bernardo* at the Convent of St. *Francis*! if you do it handsomely, a Moidore is your Reward; do you hear, but if you make any Mistake——

Teague. Hub, bub, bub, bu, Mistake! No Faith won't I, Arra! An will you be after giving me the Moidore indeed, and by my Shoul now?

Inis. Upon Honour,——

Teague. Arra, say no more now——I will be here agen in a Quarter of an Hour.

[*Going.*

Inis. But you must stay for the Letter, *Teague.*

Teague. No, no, 'tis no Matter; I have a very clean Letter

Letter in my Pocket which will do very well, upon my Shoul, (*going*) and save Time, yes Faith will it.

Inis. Ha, ha; no, no, *Teague*, that won't do; come along with me, and I'll give you the Letter; but if you shou'd meet my Master, *Don Pisalto*, not a Word of the Letter for your Life—And I charge you to give it into no Hands but the Priest's, and bring me an Answer, and then the Moidore is your own.

Teague. Faith will I.—

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Teague with the Letter.

Teague. Arra, 'pon my Shoul, I have forgot this plaguy Priest's Name—Yes, Faith have I—Father *Bom, Bom, Bom*—By *St. Patrick* I don't know who to ask for now—Arra, What shall I do?—Who the Devil shall I get to read the Outside of this Letter now?

Enter Don Pisalto behind him, and looks over his Shoulder on the Letter.

Don Pis. For Father *Bernardo*.

Teague. Oh, 'pon my Shoulvation dat is the Name now.
[*Turns quick upon Don Pisalto.*]

Ha, my Maistre! What shall I say now? [Aside.]

Don Pis. Whither are you going with that Letter, Sirrah? It is my Wife's Hand. [Aside.]

Teague. Ha, ha, 'pon my Shoul, a very good Jest; first reads the Direction, and then asks me whither it goes.

Don Pis. It may not prove so good a Jest as you think, Sirrah—Who gave you that Letter?

Teague. Arra, Maistre, you are very uncivil now to enquire into other Folks Business, so you are; yes Faith are you.

Don Pis. I shall be so very uncivil to break your Head, Rascal, if you don't answer me to the Purpose; give me the Letter, you Dog you.

Teague. Faith won't I—That's the Way to lose the Moidore, which I am to have for carrying it.

Don Pis. A Moidore for carrying it! Sure the Business must be very urgent, when the Postage is so dear. Give it me, I say, or, or, [Lays his Hand to his Sword.]

Teague. No, 'pon my Shoul won't I.

Don Pis. Won't you, Sirrah? [Draws and beats him.
Teague.]

Teague. Arra, take the Letter. (*Throws it down.*) Pox upon me, if I don't wish the Devil had you both, yes Faith do I; for poor *Teague* loses his Moidore now, and Mrs. *Inis* will never send me of no more Arrands, no Faith won't she.

Don Pif. *Inis*, ho! Did she give it you?— [*Opens it.*

Teague. Yes, indeed now; and I believe there is some very great Sin in the Letter now, that the good Father was to send his Pardon for, so I do.

Don Pif. Monstrous! What do I see? Yes, here is a Sin with a Witness—(*Reads*) “ Dear Father, you'll forgive me when I tell you, that the more I see you, the more I hate my Husband; (*very fine*) and the more I pray against Temptation, the more powerfully my Inclinations plead in your Behalf (*Furies and Distraction*) —I implore your charitable Assistance to conquer this unruly Sin—(*Yes, I'll help you with a Vengeance to you*)—Nothing but your Company can prolong the Life of *Flora*.” (*Say you so, Mistress?*) Very well. *Inis* gave you this Letter, you say?

Teague. Yes, Faith did she—Arra dear honny Maistre; an you have don with the Letter give it me now, that I may carry it to the good Father, what de ye call him, or I shall lose the Moidore, yes Faith shall I.

Don Pif. Ha! A lucky Thought comes into my Head, and this Fellow's Simplicity is of Use: Hark ye, *Teague*, come you along with me, I am acquainted with Father *Bernardo*, I'll procure you an Answer to this Letter—It is as you say, a Letter of Confession, and I believe *Inis* might not perform Articles with you, if she knew I had seen it; but take you no Notice of that, do you hear—And there is two Moidores for you, Sirrah. [*Exit.*

Teague. Oh, by my Shoul *Teague* is dum—Now I shall have three Moidores; Faith, this is a lucky Beating for poor *Teague*; now will I drink St. *Patrick's* Health till I am as red as a Potato, yes Faith will I. [*Exit.*

Enter Father Bernardo.

Bern. I have had very odd Dreams to Night; me-thought I was in Bed with Lady *Pisalto*—Ah, wou'd it was true, for she is a charming Woman; by St. *Anthony* I never heard her Confession, but my Virtue is much stagger'd;

ger'd; the Flesh and Spirit hold strong Contention; oh, she's a delicious Morfel.

Enter Don Pifalto.

Ha! Her Husband, I hope did not overhear me.

Don Pif. So, I have dispatch'd the *Irishman*. Ha! Father *Bernardo*, well met; I was going to your Convent; I have a Favour to ask of you.

Bern. You command me, Senior *Pifalto*, pray what is it?

Don Pif. Why, I must desire you to procure me a Habit of your Order for an Hour or two.

Bern. I hope you have no Enterprize in View, that may scandalize the Priesthood.

Don Pif. Fie, fie, does a Man of my Years give you Room for Suspicion? Besides, I am a married Man you know.

Bern. And to the most beautiful Lady in *Madrid*—— A religious, virtuous Lady: Ah, you are a happy Man, Senior.

Don Pif. A Curse on the Happiness—Her Virtue, and your Sanctity, Father, might have begot a Monster, call'd a Cuckold, if Fortune had not flung me in the Way to prevent it.

Bern. What say you, Senior?

Don Pif. I say I am contented, Father.

Bern. Contented! Why another Man wou'd be transported, ravish'd, nay almost guilty of Idolatry.

Don Pif. Humph! There would have been fine Work if they had come together; oh, these Priests are full of Abstinence, and Piety! (*Aside*) If you'll oblige me with a Habit, let it be immediately, and I shou'd be proud if you'd give me your Company this Evening to sup with my Wife and I; I'll assure you, Father, she has a profound Respect for you.

Bern. I am much oblig'd to her, Senior; I'll not fail to accept your kind Invitation: Come along with me, and I'll give you the Habit——A profound Respect for me—Oh, that it were Love. [*Aside.*

Don Pif. I'll send for them this Minute, Father; but

I

now

now I must pay a Visit to my virtuous Wife, and see how she bears her Expectation.

*'Mmongst all the Ills which clog this mortal Life,
The most accurst, and veriest Plague is Wife.* [Exit.

S C E N E *Changes.*

Enter Lady reading a Letter ; Inis following.

Lady. He has answer'd me as I could wish——Dear, dear *Inis*, how shall I reward thee? Take that in Earnest of my future Kindness: He says he will come in the Twilight, which will soon be here, tho' not so soon as I cou'd wish it : ——He desires, for Reasons which he will give me, he says, to be admitted in the Dark, which Caution does not displease me, since it will prevent the Confusion I shou'd be in after such a Declaration.—

Inis. He did that on purpose, Madam ; he is a true Cavalier, and understands his Business to a Hair ; he knows Darkness is necessary upon these Occasions ; it prevents a Lady's Blushes.—Ods heart, Madam, here's my Lord, I hear him cough.

Lady. Oh mischievous Minute! ——Here, here, run down the back Stairs, and burn that Letter immediately. [Exit *Inis*.

I'll to my Book.

[Sits down, and takes up a Book.

Enter Don Pifalto.

Don Pif. There she sits—as if she knew nothing of the Matter,—a Cockatrice ; —What always at thy Devotion, Figgup?

Lady. How can I pass my Time better in your Absence, Pudsey? Were it not for these good Books, I shou'd be very melancholy, when you are from me, Pudsey.

Don Pif. Hell confound her for a dissembling Witch. [Aside.

Lady. What ails my Pudsey? You look out of Humour with your nown Figgup: What have I done, ha?

Don Pif. Nothing yet, I hope ; —but that's no Fault of her's.

Lady. Nay, what are you studying for, Pud, ha!

Don Pif. Why if you must know, little Figgey,—then I'll tell thee ; *Don Cammary* lays claim to Part of that Estate

tate I bought last Year, and I must be oblig'd to leave my dear Figgup for two or three Hours this Evening, in Order to consult my Lawyers about that Matter, that's all, Figgey:—And I was afraid thou should'st take it ill of thy nown Pud.

Lady. Lucky beyond Expression. (*Aside.*) No, no, Pud, I am not so unreasonable neither; —I can divert myself with my Books till thy Return — But do Puddey— make all the Haste you can to your nown Figgup.—

Don Pis. Ay, ay, more haste than you wish I dare swear. (*Aside.*) That I will my Precious.— [Going.

Lady. What never a parting Kifs, Pudsey? Oh, you don't love your Figgup! Go, go, you are a naughty Hubby; —I, I, I, I, wish I cou'd love you less than I do, so I do. [Sobbing, taking out her Handkerchief.

Don Pis. Did ever Woman make a Cuckold with a better Grace? Ounds, she outdoes an *English* Wife — Nay don't weep, Figgup; I'll stay with thee, let the Estate go how it will, rather than displease my little Figgey.—

Lady. Heaven forbid; that would be carrying the Jest too far. (*Aside.*) No, no, I don't desire that Pud.

Don Pis. No, I dare swear it. [Aside.

Lady. Go; but give me a kind Kifs first, Pudsey.

Don Pis. Ah, you are a coaxing Baggage. (*Kisses her.*) Well, good-by, Figgey. [Exit.

Lady. Good-by, Pudsey—with all my Heart.

Enter Inis.

He is gone, Girl, most fortunately.

Inis. I overheard all, and wish you Joy of this lucky Opportunity — Come, come, Madam, away to your Chamber, 'tis near the Time—and there contemplate on your coming Joy; whilst I, your Harbinger of Blifs, wait to conduct the Man that is to crown your Happiness.

Lady. I fly, I fly, Girl. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE changes, and discovers Lady Pisalto leaning on a Couch.

Lady. Bless me, what Noise was that!—My Heart akes horribly, lest this old Cuff shou'd return and prevent my charming Priest.

Enter Inis, leading in Don Pisalto in a Priest's Habit.

Inis. Fear nothing, Father, strait forward is your Way to Happiness.

Don Pis. A Happiness, I fear, will bode somebody no Good. Hift, hift, Daughter! Where are you? [*Ex. Inis.*

Lady. Ha! He's come;—here, here, my too charming Father; can you forgive a Woman's Weakness.—
[*groping about.*

Don Pis. Common Frailties of Flesh and Blood (*groping about*) if thou hast pray'd against it, thou hast done thy Part, and we are bound to comfort those that faint.

Lady. Oh, I have often pray'd, Father, but to no Purpose; you are the only Object of my Wishes; I blush, tho' in the Dark, to own how much I love you——

Don Pis. Come to my Arms, and hide those Blushes in my Bosom. (*They meet and embrace.*) Is your Husband safe?

Lady. Safe enough, tho' long he will not stay; Fortune smil'd upon my Wishes, and call'd him luckily abroad.

Don Pis. Then let us improve the little Time we have; thus let me cool the raging Fever in your Blood.

[*Catches hold of her Arms, and pulls out a Rope's End, and beats her soundly, she roars out all the while.*

Lady. Oh! What do you mean, to murder me? Inhuman Monster! Oh! Murder, Murder, Murder,—oh, oh, oh. [Falls on the Couch.

Enter Inis.

Inis. Bless me! What's the Matter, Madam?

[*Don Pisalto turns and beats her.*

Don Pis. Only administering a little Penance, Mistress; it won't be amiss to bestow a little Charity upon you too.

Inis. The Devil take you, and your Penance too, you old sanctify'd Dog you: Thieves, Thieves; I'll have you equip'd for the Opera, Sirrah, I will so: A Light there, a Light, here's Thieves in the House——Oh, oh, Murder, Thieves——my Lady's murder'd——

Don Pis. I must not stay for a Light, least they discover who I am:—One farewell Stroke——And now remember your Benefactor, Mistress Bawd. [Exit.

Inis.

Inis. Yes ; I shall remember with a Vengeance.

Enter Teague with a Candle.

Teague. Arra, by my Shoul what is de Matter now ? Is de House haunted ? Has de great Devil and de little Devil put de Fright upon you both together now ?

Lady. Begone, impertinent Fool.

Teague. Fool ! Pon my Shoul *Irishmen* are no Fools :— By *St. Patrick*; we make Fools of de very great many *English* ; yes, Faith, and of de *Spaniards* too.

Inis. Get out, Sirrah, or I'll fling the Candle at your Head.

Teague. Arra, Pox take your ugly Face, and him that would put a Kifs upon't, for *Teague*. [Exit.

Lady. Oh, I am kill'd, *Inis* ! This cursed Priest has kill'd me.

Inis. Was there ever such a Monster ? I dare swear I am black from Head to Foot, he laid on most unmercifully :—Well, my Mind misgives me, this Priest is no Man, this feels like an occasional Correction.

Lady. Occasional, do you call it ? I'm sure he has given me Occasion to remember it this Twelve-month.

[Don Pifalto within.

Don Pif. Figgup, why Figgup — where are you Child ?

Lady. Ah Heaven, my Husband's Voice—Return'd so soon ! What shall I say for my Indisposition ?

Inis. Oh Invention ! Where art thou ? [Pauses.

Enter Don Pifalto.

Don Pif. What, asleep little Figgy ?

Inis. Asleep, Senior, no, no ; alas, my poor Lady had like to have been kill'd since you went.

Don Pif. Kill'd ! As how ? You make me tremble.

Inis. Going down Stairs, her Foot slipt, and down she tumbled from Top to Bottom, and bruis'd herself so sadly, that she is not able to stir a Finger ; it is a Mercy she was not kill'd out-right.

Lady. Excellent Wench. [Aside.

Don Pif. Here's a pure Jade at Invention—They say the Devil's a Lyar, but I'll be hang'd if this Wench won't out-lye the Devil—I'm heartily sorry for this Misfortune,

poor dear Figgey ;——but I hope thou hast not broke any Bones, my dear Figgup.

Lady. But I am much hurt, Pudsey.

Don Pif. I'm sorry for't; for I have invited Father *Bernardo* to sup with us ; I met him hardly here, and brought him back with me—because I know he is a Favourite with my Figgey.

Inis. Not so great a Favourite as he was, if you knew all. [*Aside.*

Lady. I beg you wou'd excuse me, Pudsey, I cannot come down ; besides, I have no Stomach.

Inis. No ! The Priest has given her and me Supper enough, more than we can digest this Twelve-month. [*Aside.*

Don Pif. Well, if thou can'st not eat, there's no more to be said. Take Care of your Lady, *Inis.*—We'll drink thy Health, little Figgup. [*Exit.*

Lady. My Heart rises at the Villain ; if I shou'd see him, I think in my Soul I should tear his Eyes out. Oh that I cou'd be reveng'd.

Inis. Reveng'd ! What Revenge cou'd you take bad enough, Madam ? 'Tis impossible to find Revenge equal to the Affront ; a Rope's End to a Lady that expected——I cou'd flea him alive, so I cou'd. [*In a Passion.*

Lady. My Head akes grievously.

Inis. Let me cover you up upon the Bed, Madam ; a little Sleep will settle your Head agen. [*Exit.*

S C E N E changes.

Enter Don Pifalto and Priest.

Bern. Your Lady possest, say you ?

Don Pif. 'Tis even so, Father ; I left her well, and found in her Senses, I thought, about two Hours ago ; but now she raves, calls Names, fights, and talks of being beat by every Body that comes near her.

Bern. Poor Lady, I am exceeding sorry ; I'll take care she shall be pray'd for by the whole Convent.

Don Pif. I wish you wou'd see her, Father, perhaps your ghostly Admonition might do her good. Men of your holy Function have Power over unclean Spirits ; pray, try what you can do for her.

Bern.

Bern. With all my Heart, but I have no holy Water about me ;—nothing frights the Devil like holy Water,—thence comes the Proverb, you know.

Don Pis. I can help you to some, please to walk this Way, Father. [Exeunt.

S C E N E *changes, and discovers Lady Pisalto, on a Couch, asleep.*

Enter Priest, sets a Basin of Water on the Table.—

Don Pisalto list'ning.

Bern. Peace be here——Ha! She sleeps:—How invitingly she lies! Why, what a delicious Morfel has this old sapless Log every Night to snoar over.

Don Pis. Well said, Priest;——Oh, this is a holy Man; no Wonder he's the Women's Favourite.——

Bern. I feel a strange Disorder on the sudden, ——my Pulse beats quick, and every Sense seems ravish'd at this Object.——Ha! We are alone,——What hinders me to make Use of this Opportunity?——

Don Pis. Zounds, I shall be cuckolded before my Face.

Bern. Besides, none dare to pres upon our Privacy, — we have that Advantage above the Laity; I'll try; if she should prove virtuous, and resist, the Noise will pass upon her Husband, as the Effect of her Possession; for I shrewdly suspect, she is not mad indeed, and only puts it on to avoid the Embraces of that Skeleton, unfit for a Woman of her Youth and Fire.

Don Pis. Well, for a thorough-pac'd Whore-master, commend me to a Priest, I say,

Bern. I'll try I'm resolv'd. [Steals softly to the Couch and kisses her.

Don Pis. Very well,——Zounds, I shan't contain myself.——

Bern. Rapture! Her very Lips gives Extasy!——She sleeps very sound——once more. [Goes to kiss her again, and she lifts up her Eyes and sees him.

Lady. I dreamt! Ha! Bless me, the Monster's here! Oh, that I could look him dead.—— [Going to rise,

Bernardo stops her, and kneels.

Bern. Oh, do not rise, my charming Angel, let me feast

my Eyes upon that lovely Face, the perfect Image of the Blest above.

Lady. Do not insult me, thou ungrateful Traytor! Do not.

Bern. What means my Charmer? Oh, forgive my rash Proceeding, and blame your Eyes, those dear bewitching Eyes, for all that I have done. [*Kisses her in Extasy.*]

Lady. Off Monster, Devil, worse, if worse can be, than Devil, thou very Priest.——

Don Pis. Excellent, it works now as I wou'd have it.—

Lady. You thought you had kill'd me, I suppose,—but you shall find, I live to tear your Eyes out, Monster.

[*Flies up and pulls his Hood off, and beats him.*]

Bern. Help, Help, Help, bless me! She is really posselt.

Enter Inis with a Stick.

Inis. Ha! You are here again, old Belzebub! but I'll be even with you now, I will so. [*Lays on upon the Priest.*]

Don Pis. Ha, ha, I shall dye with Laughing.

Bern. What do you mean, Madam, pray be calm, I wou'd comfort you.

Inis. As how, pray, Father? I am much mistaken if you have any Thing that can comfort a Lady.

Bern. Oh Wickedness! Have I nothing that can comfort a Lady?

Lady. Yes, Villain, I can show your Marks of Comfort, I can so, but I'll be reveng'd on thee, I will.

[*beats him.*]

Inis. Yes, and I can show 'em too; this for my Lady, this for myself.

[*beats him.*]

Don Pis. Ha, ha, O rare Figgup, O rare Inis.

Bern. Bless me! By St. Anthony they are both posselt; the Maid has caught her Frenzy too, in Nomine Domine.—

[*Runs to the Table, and catches up the holy Water, and flings, first on one, than on the other.*]

Don Pis. Ha, ha, O rare Priest, ha, ha.

Lady. I'll Nomine Domine you. You had better have hang'd yourself in your Rope's End, than have used it about me, I'll make it a dear Beating to you, Sirrah.

Bern. Oh Maria Mater ora pro nobis. [*Flings Water still.*]

Lady. Ah! He'll drown me.——

Bern.

Bern. Avant Satan, I conjure thee, by St. *Anthony*, St. *Bridget*, and our Lady of *Loretto*. [Flings Water.

Inis. (*Strikes down the Bason, and breaks it.*)—What ho, a Rape, a Rape, I'll cant you, I'll have you hang'd;—I'll shew the World the Jewel they doat on: I saw you when you wou'd have ravish'd my Lady,——thou Monster of Iniquity.

Bern. Mercy on me, the Devil is very strong in them both.

Enter Don Pifalto.

Don Pif. Ha, ha, I must release the Priest, or they'll murder him between them.——Oh, the Rage of a disappointed Woman.——What's the Matter here? Pray, Father, withdraw, I am heartily sorry for your ill Treatment, it is their Height of Frenzy you see, Father; I'll wait upon you in the next Room immediately, you can do them no Good I see, Father.

Bern. Alas, Senior, they are so strongly possess'd, that no one Man can deal with them both. [Exit.

Inis. Will you let him go, Senior? Why he would have ravish'd my Lady, if I had not cry'd out.

Don Pif. No, Mistress, you cry'd out because he had not ravish'd your Lady.——Go troop, Mistress, I'll reckon with you within. [Exit *Inis*.

And now, Madam, for you.—Do you know this Letter?

Lady. Ha! My Letter to Father *Bernardo*! the Villain has betray'd me!——and I'm undone! [Aside.

Don Pif. Why don't you answer me? What, are you dumb? Then I must fetch you to your Speech with this.

[Pulls out a Dagger.

Lady. Ah! defend me Heaven. (*falls on her Knees.*) But why name I Heaven;—I have offended that in wronging you, tho' but in Thought;——Oh, forgive me, have Pity on my Youth, and let me live: Punish me as severely as you please; let even him who has betray'd me, name my Penance, and then I'm sure it will be harsh enough; whate'er it be, I will perform it most religiously.

Don Pif. I melt;——the cunning Baggage knows her Power.——

Lady. Oh! Do, Pudsey, do; won't you forgive your nown Figgup? Can you pierce this Bosom you have kiss'd so often, and see your Figgey's Blood run trickling down?

Don Pis. I am conquer'd ; I can hold no longer.—
Rise, Figgup, for this Time I will forgive thee ; but on
Condition you ne'er see your ghostly Father more ; no
more Harangues in Praise of his Sanctity, and Holiness of
Life ; do you hear, Figgey ?

Lady. No, never, indeed, Pudsey.

Don Pis. Take heed ; for if again I catch you faulty,
look to it, expect no Pardon.

Lady. No, when I am, may I your Pardon miss,
Since you so generously forgive me this.

Don Pis. When Wives, like mine, gives Inclination Scope,
No Cure for Cuckoldom like Oyl of Rope.



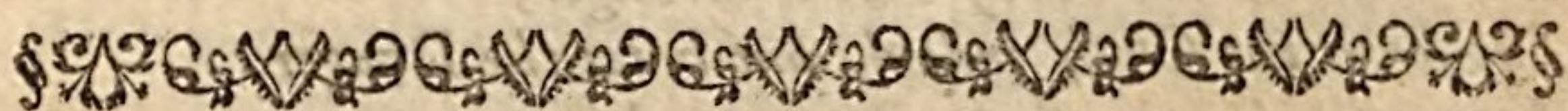


A

Bold Stroke for a WIFE.

A

C O M E D Y.



P R O L O G U E

Spoken by Mrs. THURMOND.

*T*O Night we come upon a bold Design,
To try to please without one borrow'd Line:
Our Plot is new, and regularly clear,
And not one single Tittle from Moliere.
O'er buried Poets we with Caution tread,
And Parish Sextons leave to rob the Dead.
For you, bright British Fair, in Hopes to charm ye,
We bring To-night, a Lover from the Army:
You know the Soldiers have the strangest Arts,
Such a Proportion of prevailing Parts,
You'd think that they rid Post to Womens Hearts.
I wonder whence they draw their bold Pretence;
We do not chuse them sure for our Defence:
That Plea is both impolitick and wrong,
And only suit such Dames as want a Tongue.
Is it their Eloquence and fine Address?
The Softness of their Language?—Nothing less.
Is it their Courage, that they bravely dare
To storm the Sex at once?—Egad! 'tis there.
They act by us as in the rough Campaign,
Unmindful of Repulses, charge again:
They mine, and countermine, resolv'd to win,
And, if a Breach is made, — they will come in.
You'll think, by what we have of Soldiers said,
Our Female Wit was in the Service bred:
But she is to the hardy Toil a Stranger,
She loves the Cloth indeed, but hates the Danger:
Yet to this Circle of the Brave and Gay,
She bid me, for her good Intentions, say,
She hopes you'll not reduce her to Half Pay.
As for our Play, 'tis English Humour all:
Then will you let our Manufacture fall?
Would you the Honour of our Nation raise,
Keep English Credit up, and English Plays.

E P I L O G U E,

Written by Mr. SEWELL:

Spoken by Mrs. BULLOCK.

WHAT new strange Ways our modern Beaus devise!
What Trials of Love-Skill, to gain the Prize!
The Heathen Gods, who never matter'd Rapes,
Scarce wore such strange Variety of Shapes:
The Devil take their odious barren Skulls,
To court in Form of Snakes and filthy Bulls:
Old Jove once nick'd it too, as I am told,
In a whole Lapfull of true standard Gold:
How must his Godship then fair Danae warm!
In trucking Ware for Ware there is no Harm.
Well after all that Money has a Charm.
But now indeed that stale Invention's past;
Besides you know that Guineas fall so fast,
Poor Nymph must come to Pocket-piece at last.
Old Harry's Face, or good Queen Bess's Ruff,
Not that I'd take 'em——may do well enough;
No——my ambitious Spirit's far above
These little Tricks of mercenary Love.
That Man be mine, who, like the Col'nel here,
Can top his Character in ev'ry Sphere;
Who can a thousand Ways employ his Wit,
Out promise Statesmen, and out cheat a Cit:
Beyond the Colours of a Trav'ler paint,
And cant, and ogle too——beyond a Saint.
The last Disguise most pleas'd me, I confess,
There's something tempting in the preaching Dress;
And pleas'd me more than once a Dame of Note,
Who lov'd her Husband in his Footman's Coat.
To see one Eye in wanton Motions play'd,
The other to the Heav'nly Regions stray'd,
As if for its Fellow's Frailties pray'd:
But yet I hope, for all that I have said,
To find my Spouse a Man of War in Bed.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Sir Philip Modelove</i> , an old Beau.	Mr. <i>Knap</i> .
<i>Periwinkle</i> , a Kind of silly Virtuoso.	} Mr. <i>Spiller</i> .
<i>Tradelove</i> , a Change Broker.	
<i>Obadiab Prim</i> , a Quaker, Hosier.	Mr. <i>Bullock</i> , sen.
All Four chose Guardians to Mrs. <i>Lovely</i> .	Mr. <i>Puck</i> .
<i>Colonel Fainwell</i> , in Love with Mrs. <i>Lovely</i> .	} Mr. <i>Charles Bullock</i> .
<i>Freeman</i> , his Friend, a Merchant.	
<i>Simon Pure</i> , a Quaking Preacher.	Mr. <i>Ogden</i> .
<i>Mr. Sackbut</i> , a Vintner.	Mr. <i>Griffin</i> .
	Mr. <i>Hall</i> .

W O M E N.

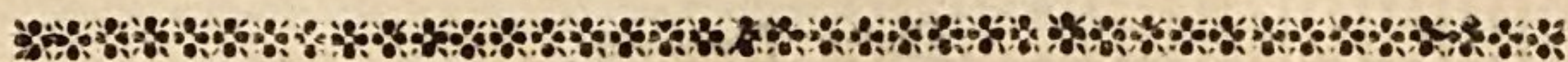
Mrs. <i>Lovely</i> , a Fortune of Thirty Thousand Pounds.	} Mrs. <i>Bullock</i> .
Mrs. <i>Prim</i> , Wife to <i>Prim</i> the Hosier.	
<i>Betty</i> , Servant to Mrs. <i>Lovely</i> .	Mrs. <i>Kent</i> .
	Mrs. <i>Robins</i> .

SCENE *London*; Footmen, Drawers, &c.

A Bold



A Bold Stroke for a W I F E.



A C T I. S C E N E I.

S C E N E a Tavern.

Colonel Fainwell and Freeman over a Bottle.

Freeman.



O M E, Colonel, his Majesty's Health. — You are as melancholy as if you were in Love: I wish some of the Beauties of *Bath* han't snapt your Heart.

Col. Why, Faith, *Freeman*, there is something in't: I have seen a Lady at *Bath*, who has kindled such a Flame in me that all the Waters there can't quench.

Free. Women, like some poisonous Animals, carry their Antidote about 'em—Is she not to be had, Colonel?

Col. That's a difficult Question to answer; however, I resolve to try: Perhaps you may be able to serve me; you Merchants know one another.—The Lady told me herself, she was under the Charge of four Persons.

Free. Odso! 'tis Mrs. *Ann Lovely*.

Col. The same.—Do you know her?

Free. Know her! Ay.—Faith, Colonel, your Condition is more desperate than you imagine: Why, she is the Talk and Pity of the whole Town; and it is the Opinion of the Learned, that she must die a Maid.

Col. Say you so? That's somewhat odd, in this charitable City.—She's a Woman, I hope.

Free. For aught I know,——but it had been as well for her, had Nature made her any other Part of the Creation. The Man who keeps this House, serv'd her Father; he is a very honest Fellow, and may be of Use to you; we'll send for him to take a Glass with us; he'll give you her whole History, and 'tis worth your hearing.

Col. But may one trust him?

Free.

Free. With your Life: I have Obligations enough upon him to make him do any thing: I serve him with Wine. [Knocks.]

Col. Nay, I know him pretty well myself. I once used to frequent a Club that was kept here.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Gentlemen, d'ye call?

Free. Ay; send up your Master.

Draw. Yes, Sir. [Exit.]

Col. Do you know any of this Lady's Guardians, *Free-*
man?

Free. Yes, I know two of them very well.

Enter Sackbut.

Free. Here comes one will give you an Account of them all——*Mr. Sackbut*, we sent for you to take a Glass with us. 'Tis a Maxim among the Friends of the Bottle, that as long as the Master is in Company, one may be sure of good Wine.

Sack. Sir, you shall be sure to have as good Wine as you send in——Colonel, your most humble Servant; you are welcome to Town.

Col. I thank you, *Mr. Sackbut*.

Sack. I am as glad to see you, as I should a hundred Tun of *French Claret Custom-free*——My Service to you, Sir, (*drinks*) You don't look so merry as you used to do; ar'n't you well, Colonel?

Free. He has got a Woman in his Head, Landlord, can you help him?

Sack. If 'tis in my Power, I shan't scruple to serve my Friend.

Col. 'Tis one Perquisite of your Calling.

Sack. Ay, at 'tother End of the Town, where you Officers use, Women are good Forcers of Trade: A well-accustom'd House, a handsome Bar-keeper, with clean obliging Drawers, soon get the Master an Estate; but our Citizens do seldom any thing but cheat within the Walls.—But as to the Lady, Colonel, point you at Particulars, or have you a good *Champagne Stomach*? Are you in full Pay, or reduc'd, Colonel?

Col. Reduc'd, reduc'd, Landlord.

Free.

Free. To the miserable Condition of a Lover!

Sack. Pish! that's preferable to Half-pay; a Woman's Resolution may break before the Peace; push her home, Colonel, there's no parlying with the fair Sex.

Col. Were the Lady her own Mistress, I have some Reasons to believe I should command in Chief.

Free. You know Mrs. *Lovely*, Mr. *Sackbut*?

Sack. Know her! Ay, poor *Nancy*; I have carried her to School many a frosty Morning. Alas! if she's the Woman, I pity you, Colonel: Her Father, my old Master, was the most whimsical, out-of the Way temper'd Man I ever heard of, as you will guess by his last Will and Testament——This was his only Child: I have heard him wish her dead a thousand Times.

Col. Why so?

Sack. He hated Posterity, you must know, and wish'd the World were to expire with himself——He used to swear, if she had been a Boy, he would have qualified him for the Opera.

Free. 'Tis a very unnatural Resolution in a Father.

Sack. He died worth thirty thousand Pounds, which he left to his Daughter, provided she married with the Consent of her Guardians: But that she might be sure never to do so, he left her in the Care of four Men, as opposite to each other as the four Elements; each has his quarterly Rule, and three Months in a Year she is obliged to be subject to each of their Humours, and they are pretty different, I assure you——She is just come from *Bath*.

Col. 'Twas there I saw her.

Sack. Ay, Sir, the last Quarter was her Beau Guardian's——She appears in all publick Places during his Reign.

Col. She visited a Lady who boarded in the same House with me: I lik'd her Person, and found an Opportunity to tell her so. She reply'd, she had no Objection to mine; but if I could not reconcile Contradictions I must not think of her, for that she was condemned to the Caprice of four Persons, who never yet agreed in any one Thing, and she was oblig'd to please them all.

Sack. 'Tis most true, Sir; I'll give you a short Description of the Men, and leave you to judge of the poor Lady's Condition. One is a Kind of Virtuoso, a silly half-witted Fellow, but positive and surly, fond of every thing antique and foreign, and wears his Cloaths of the Fashion
of

of the last Century; doats upon Travellers, and believes more of Sir *John Mandeville* than he does of the Bible.

Col. That must be a rare odd Fellow!

Sack. Another is a Change-Broker; a Fellow that will out-lie the Devil for the Advantage of Stock, and cheat his Father that got him, in a Bargain: He is a great Stickler for Trade, and hates every Man that wears a Sword.

Free. He is a great Admirer of the *Dutch* Management, and swears they understand Trade better than any Nation under the Sun.

Sack. The Third is an old Beau, that has *May* in his Fancy and Drefs, but *December* in his Face and his Heels: He admires all the new Fashions, and those must be *French*; loves Operas, Balls, Masquerades, and is always the most tawdry of the whole Company on a Birth-Day.

Col. These are pretty opposite to one another, truly! and the Fourth, What is he, Landlord?

Sack. A very rigid Quaker, whose Quarter begun this Day.—I saw Mrs. *Lovely* go in, not above two Hours ago,—Sir *Philip* set her down. What think you now, Colonel, is not the poor Lady to be pitied?

Col. Ay, and rescu'd too, Landlord.

Free. In my Opinion, that's impossible.

Col. There is nothing impossible to a Lover. What would not a Man attempt for a fine Woman and thirty thousand Pounds? Besides, my Honour is at Stake; I promised to deliver her,—and she bid me win her and wear her.

Sack. That's fair, Faith.

Free. If it depended upon Knight-errantry, I should not doubt your setting free the Damsel; but to have Avarice, Impertinence, Hypocrisy, and Pride, at once to deal with, requires more Cunning, than generally attends a Man of Honour.

Col. My Fancy tells me, I shall come off with Glory. I resolve to try however.—Do you know all the Guardians, Mr. *Sackbut*?

Sack. Very well, Sir, they all use my House.

Col. And will you assist me, if Occasion requires?

Sack. In every thing I can, Colonel.

Free. I'll answer for him; and whatever I can serve you in, you may depend on. I know Mr. *Periwinkle* and Mr.

Mr. *Tradelove*; the latter has a very great Opinion of my Interest abroad—I happen'd to have a Letter from a Correspondent two Hours before the News arriv'd of the *French King's* Death: I communicated it to him; upon which he bought up all the Stock he could, and what with that, and some Wagers he laid, he told me he had got to the Tune of five hundred Pounds; so that I am much in his good Graces.

Col. I don't know but you may be of Service to me, *Freeman*.

Free. If I can, command me, Colonel.

Col. Isn't it possible to find a Suit of Cloaths ready made at some of these Sale-shops fit to rig out a Beau, think you, Mr. *Sackbut*?

Sack. O hang 'em—No Colonel, they keep nothing ready made that a Gentleman would be seen in: But I can fit you with a Suit of Cloaths, if you'd make a Figure—Velvet and Gold Brocade—They were pawn'd to me by a *French Count*, who had been stript at Play, and wanted Money to carry him Home; he promised to send for them, but I have not heard any Thing of him.

Free. He has not fed upon Frogs long enough yet to recover his Loss; ha, ha!

Col. Ha, ha! Well, the Cloaths will do, Mr. *Sackbut*,—tho' we must have three or four Fellows in tawdry Liveries: They can be procur'd, I hope.

Free. Egad! I have a Brother come from the *West Indies* that can match you; and, for Expedition-sake, you shall have his Servants: There's a Black, a Tawnymoor, and a *Frenchman*; they don't speak one Word of *English*, so can make no Mistake.

Col. Excellent!—Egad! I shall look like an *Indian Prince*. First I'll attack my Beau Guardian; where lives he?

Sack. Faith, somewhere about St. *James's*; tho' to say in what Street, I cannot; but any Chairman will tell you where Sir *Philip Modelove* lives.

Free. Oh! you'll find him in the Park at Eleven every Day; at least, I never pass'd thro' at that Hour without seeing him there—But what do you intend?

Col. To address him in his own Way, and find what he designs to do with the Lady.

Free.

Free. And what then?

Col. Nay, that I cannot tell; but I shall take my Measures accordingly.

Sack. Well, 'tis a mad Undertaking, in my Mind: But here's to your Success, Colonel. [Drinks.]

Col. 'Tis something out of the Way, I confess; but Fortune may chance to smile, and I succeed. Come, Landlord, let me see those Cloaths. *Freeman*, I shall expect you'll leave Word with Mr. *Sackbut*, where one may find you upon Occasion; and send me the *Indian* Equipage immediately, d'ye hear?

Free. Immediately. [Exit.]

Col. *Bold was the Man who ventur'd first to Sea,
But the first vent'ring Lovers bolder were.*

*The Path of Love's a dark and dang'rous Way,
Without a Landmark, or one friendly Star,
And he that runs the Risque deserves the Fair.*

[Exit.]

SCENE II. *Prim's House.*

Enter Mrs. Lovely, and her Maid Betty.

Betty. Bless me, Madam! Why do you fret and teaze yourself so? This is giving them the Advantage with a Witness.

Mrs. Lov. Must I be condemn'd all my Life to the preposterous Humours of other People, and pointed at by every Boy in Town? — Oh! I could tear my Flesh, and curse the Hour I was born. — Isn't it monstrously ridiculous, that they should desire to impose their Quaking Dress upon me at these Years? When I was a Child, no Matter what they made me wear, but now —

Betty. I would resolve against it, Madam; I'd see 'em hang'd before I'd put on the pinch'd Cap again.

Mrs. Lov. Then I must never expect one Moment's Ease: She has rung such a Peal in my Ears already, that I sha'n't have the right Use of them this Month, — What can I do?

Betty. What can you *not* do, if you will but give your Mind to it? Marry, Madam.

Mrs. Lov. What! and have my Fortune go to build Churches and Hospitals?

Betty. Why, let it go — If the Colonel loves you, as he pretends,

pretends, he'll marry you without a Fortune, Madam; and I assure you a Colonel's Lady is no despicable Thing; a Colonel's Post will maintain you like a Gentlewoman, Madam.

Mrs. Lov. So you would advise me to give up my own Fortune, and throw myself upon the Colonel's.

Betty. I would advise you to make yourself easy, Madam.

Mrs. Lov. That's not the Way, I'm sure. No, no, Girl, there are certain Ingredients to be mingled with Matrimony, without which I may as well change for the worse as the better. When the Woman has Fortune enough to make the Man happy, if he has either Honour or good Manners, he'll make her easy. Love makes but a slovenly Figure in a House where Poverty keeps the Door.

Betty. And so you resolve to die a Maid, do you, Madam?

Mrs. Lov. Or have it in my Power to make the Man I love Master of my Fortune.

Betty. Then you don't like the Colonel so well as I thought you did, Madam, or you would not take such a Resolution.

Mrs. Lov. It is because I do like him, *Betty*, that I do take such a Resolution.

Betty. Why, do you expect, Madam, the Colonel can work Miracles? Is it possible for him to marry you with the Consent of all your Guardians?

Mrs. Lov. Or he must not marry me at all: And so I told him; and he did not seem displeased with the News. —He promised to set me free; and I, on that Condition, promised to make him Master of that Freedom.

Betty. Well! I have read of enchanted Castles, Ladies delivered from the Chains of Magick, Giants kill'd, and Monsters overcome; so that I should be the less surprized, if the Colonel should conjure you out of the Power of your four Guardians; if he does, I am sure he deserves your Fortune.

Mrs. Lov. And shall have it, Girl, if it were ten Times as much——For I'll ingenuously confess to thee, that I do like the Colonel above all Men I ever saw:——There's something so *Jantée* in a Soldier, a Kind of *Je ne sçai quoi*
Air,

Air, that makes 'em more agreeable than the rest of Mankind.—They command Regard, as who should say, We are your Defenders. We preserve your Beauties from the Insults of rude and unpolish'd Foes, and ought to be prefer'd before those lazy indolent Mortals, who, by dropping into their Father's Estate, set up their Coaches, and think to rattle themselves into our Affections.

Betty. Nay, Madam, I confess that the Army has engrossed all the prettiest Fellows. — A laced Coat and Feather have irresistible Charms.

Mrs. Lov. But the Colonel has all the Beauties of the Mind as well as the Body. — O, all ye Powers that favour happy Lovers, grant that he may be mine! Thou God of Love, if thou be'st aught but Name, assist my Fainwell.

*Point all thy Darts to aid his just Design,
And make his Plots as prevalent as thine.*

[Exit.

†XX†

A C T II. S C E N E I.

S C E N E the Park.

Enter Colonel finely drest, three Footmen after him.

Col. S O now, if I can but meet this Beau!—Egad! methinks I cut a smart Figure, and have as much of the tawdry Air as any *Italian Count*, or *French Marquée* of them all—Sure I shall know this Knight again.—Ah! yonder he sits making Love to a Mask, i'faith, I'll walk up the *Mall*, and come down by him. [Exit.

Scene draws, and discovers Sir Philip upon a Bench, with a Woman mask'd.

Sir Phil. Well but, my Dear, are you really constant to your Keeper?

Wom. Yes, really, Sir,—Hey day! Who comes yonder? He cuts a mighty Figure.

Sir Phil. Ha! a Stranger, by his Equipage keeping so close at his Heels,—He has the Appearance of a Man of Quality,—Positively *French*, by his dancing Air.

Wom. He crosses, as if he meant to sit down here.—

Sir

Sir *Phil.* He has a Mind to make love to thee, Child.

Enter Colonel, and seats himself upon the Bench by Sir Philip.

Wom. It will be to no Purpose if he does.

Sir *Phil.* Are you resolved to be cruel then?

Col. You must be very cruel indeed if you can deny any Thing to so fine a Gentleman, Madam.

[Takes out his Watch.]

Wom. I never mind the Outside of a Man.

Col. And I'm afraid thou art no judge of the Inside.

Sir *Phil.* I am positively of your Mind, Sir, for Creatures of her Function seldom penetrate beyond the Pocket.

Wom. Creatures of your Composition have, indeed, generally more in their Pockets than in their Heads. *[Aside.]*

Sir *Phil.* Pray what says your Watch? mine is down.

[Pulling out his Watch.]

Col. I want thirty-six Minutes of Twelve, Sir.—

[Puts up his Watch, and takes out his Snuff box.]

Sir *Phil.* May I presume, Sir?

Col. Sir, you honour me. *[presenting the Box.]*

Sir *Phil.* He speaks good *English*,—tho' he must be a Foreigner.—This Snuff is extremely good,—and the Box prodigious fine; the Work is *French*, I presume, Sir.

Col. I bought it in *Paris*, Sir.—I do think the Workmanship pretry neat.

Sir *Phil.* Neat! 'tis exquisitely fine, Sir. Pray, Sir, if I may take the Liberty of enquiring,—What Country is so happy to claim the Birth of the finest Gentleman in the Universe? *France*, I presume.

Col. Then you don't think me an *Englishman*?

Sir *Phil.* No, upon my Soul don't I.

Col. I am sorry for't.

Sir *Phil.* Impossible you should wish to be an *Englishman*! Pardon me, Sir, this Island could not produce a Person of such Alertness.

Col. As this Mirror shews you, Sir.

[puts up a Pocket-Glass to Sir Philip's Face.]

Wom. Coxcombs! I'm sick to hear them praise one another. One seldom gets any Thing by such Animals, not even a Dinner, unless one can dine upon Soop and Celery.

Sir

Sir *Phil.* O Gad, Sir!—Will you leave us, Madam? Ha, ha!

Col. She fears 'twill be only losing Time to stay here, ha, ha! I know not how to distinguish you, Sir, but your Mien and Address speak you Right Honourable.

Sir *Phil.* Thus great Souls judge of others by themselves,—I am only adorn'd with Knighthood, that's all, I do assure you, Sir; my Name is Sir *Philip Modelove*.

Col. Of *French* Extraction?

Sir *Phil.* My Father was *French*.

Col. One may plainly perceive it. — There is a certain Gaiety peculiar to my Nation (for I will own myself a *Frenchman*) which distinguishes us every where.—A Person of your Figure would be a vast Addition to a Coronet.

Sir *Phil.* I must own I had the Offer of a Barony about five Years ago, but I abhorr'd the Fatigue which must have attended it.—I could never yet bring myself to join with either Party.

Col. You are perfectly in the Right, Sir *Philip*, — a fine Person should not embark himself in the slovenly Concern of Politicks: Dress and Pleasure are Objects proper for the Soul of a fine Gentleman.

Sir *Phil.* And Love.—

Col. Oh! that's included under the Article of Pleasure.

Sir *Phil.* *Parbleu il est un Homme d'Esprits*, I must embrace you,—(*rises and embraces*)—Your Sentiments are so agreeable to mine, that we appear to have but one Soul, for our Ideas and Conceptions are the same.

Col. I should be sorry for that. (*aside.*)—You do me too much Honour, Sir *Philip*.

Sir *Phil.* Your Vivacity and *jantée* Mien assured me at first Sight there was nothing of this foggy Island in your Composition. May I crave your Name, Sir;

Col. My Name is *La Fainwell*, Sir, at your Service.

Sir *Phil.* The *La Fainwells* are *French*, I know; tho' the Name is become very numerous in *Great-Britain* of late Years.—I was sure you was *French* the Moment I laid my Eyes upon you: I could not come into the Supposition of your being an *Englishman*: This Island produces few such Ornaments.

Col. Pardon me, Sir *Philip*, this Island has two Things superior to all Nations under the Sun.

Sir

Sir *Phil.* Ah! what are they?

Col. The Ladies, and the Laws.

Sir *Phil.* The Laws, indeed, do claim a Preference of other Nations,—but, by my Soul, there are fine Women every where.—I must own I have felt their Power in all Countries.

Col. There are some finish'd Beauties I confess, in *France*, *Italy*, *Germany*, nay, even in *Holland*, *mais sont bien rare*: But *les Belles Angloises*!—Oh, Sir *Philip*, where find we such Women! such Symmetry of Shape! such Elegancy of Dress! such Regularity of Features! such Sweetness of Temper! such commanding Eyes! and such bewitching Smiles.

Sir *Phil.* Ah! *parbleu vous estes attraper.*

Col. *Non, je vous assure, Chevalier*,—But I declare there is no Amusement so agreeable to my *Goût*, as the Conversation of a fine Woman.—I could never be prevailed upon to enter into what the Vulgar calls the Pleasure of the Bottle.

Sir *Phil.* My own Taste, *positivement*.—A Ball, or a Masquerade, is certainly preferable to all the Productions of the Vineyard.

Col. Infinitely! I hope the People of Quality in *England* will support that Branch of Pleasure, which was imported with their Peace, and since naturaliz'd by the ingenious Mr. *Heidegger*.

Sir *Phil.* The Ladies assure me it will become Part of the Constitution.—Upon which I subscribed an hundred Guineas.—It will be of great Service to the Publick, at least to the Company of Surgeons; and the City in general.

Col. Ha, ha! it may help to enoble the Blood of the City. Are you married, Sir *Philip*?

Sir *Phil.* No; nor do I believe I ever shall enter into that honourable State: I have an absolute *Tendre* for the whole Sex.

Col. That's more than they have for you, I dare swear. [*Aside.*

Sir *Phil.* And I have the Honour to be very well with the Ladies, I can assure you, Sir; and I won't affront a Million of fine Women to make one happy.

Col. Nay, Marriage is reducing a Man's Taste to a Kind
K of

of half Pleasure ; but then it carries the Blessing of Peace along with it ; one goes to sleep without Fear, and wakes without Pain.

Sir *Phil.* There's something of that in't ; a Wife is a very good Dish for an *English* Stomach,—but gross Feeding for nicer Palates, ha, ha, ha !

Col. I find I was very much mistaken, —— I imagined, you had been married to that young Lady whom I saw in the Chariot with you this Morning in *Grace-church-Street*.

Sir *Phil.* Who, *Nancy Lovely* ? I am a Piece of a Guardian to that Lady : You must know, her Father, I thank him, joined me with three of the most preposterous old Fellows,——that, upon my Soul, I am in Pain for the poor Girl ;—she must certainly lead Apes, as the Saying is ; ha, ha !

Col. That's Pity, Sir *Philip*. If the Lady would give me Leave, I would endeavour to avert that Curse.

Sir *Phil.* As to the Lady, she'd gladly be rid of us at any Rate, I believe ; but here's the Mischief, he who marries Miss *Lovely*, must have the Consent of us all four,——or not a Penny of her Portion.—For my Part, I shall never approve of any, but a Man of Figure,——and the rest are not only averse to Cleanliness, but have each a peculiar Taste to gratify.—For my Part, I declare I would prefer you to all Men I ever saw.

Col. And I her to all Women——

Sir *Phil.* I assure you, Mr. *Fainwell*, I am for marrying her, for I hate the Trouble of a Guardian, especially among such Wretches ; but resolve never to agree to the Choice of any one of them,——and I fancy they'll be even with me, for they never came into any Proposal of mine yet.

Col. I wish I had your Leave to try them, Sir *Philip*.

Sir *Phil.* With all my Soul, Sir, I can refuse a Person of your Appearance nothing.

Col. Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you.

Sir *Phil.* But do you really like Matrimony ?

Col. I believe I could with that Lady, Sir.

Sir *Phil.* The only Point in which we differ—But you are Master of so many Qualifications, that I can excuse one Fault ; for I must think it a Fault in a fine Gentleman ; and that you are such, I'll give it under my Hand.

Col.

Col. I wish you'd give me your Consent to marry Mrs. *Lovely* under your Hand, *Sir Philip*.

Sir Philip. I'll do't, if you'll step into *St. James's Coffee-house*, where we may have Pen and Ink;—tho' I can't foresee what Advantage my Consent will be to you, without you could find a Way to get the rest of the Guardians.—But I'll introduce you, however; she is now at a Quaker's, where I carried her this Morning, when you saw us in *Gracechurch-street*.—I assure you she has an odd *Ragoût* of Guardians, as you will find when you hear the Characters, which I'll endeavour to give you as we go along.—Hey! *Pierre, Jacque, Renno?*—Whare are you all, Scoundrels?—Order the Chariot to *St. James's Coffee-house*.

Col. *Le Noir, la Brun, la Blanc.*—*Marbleu, ou sont ces Coquins la? Allons, Monsieur le Chevalier.*

Sir Philip. Ah! *Pardonnez moy, Monsieur.*

Col. Not one Step, upon my Soul, *Sir Philip*.

Sir Philip. The best bred Man in *Europe*, positively. [*Ex.*]

S C E N E changes to *Obadiab Prim's House*.

Enter Mrs. Lovely, followed by Mrs. Prim.

Mrs. Prim. Then thou wilt not obey me: And thou dost really think those Fallals become thee?

Mrs. Love. I do, indeed.

Mrs. Pr. Now will I be judged by all sober People, if I don't look more like a modest Woman than thou dost, *Anne?*

Mrs. Lov. More like a Hypocrite you mean, *Mrs. Prim.*

Mrs. Pr. Ah! *Anne, Anne*, that wicked *Philip Mode-love* will undo thee.—Satan so fills thy Heart with Pride, during the three Months of his Guardianship, that thou becomest a Stumbling-Block to the Upright.

Mrs. Lov. Pray, who are they? Are the pinch'd Cap and formal Hood the Emblems of Sanctity? Does your Virtue consist in your Dress, *Mrs. Prim?*

Mrs. Prim. It doth not consist in cut Hair, spotted Face and bare Necks.—Oh, the Wickedness of the Generation! The primitive Women knew not the Abomination of hoop'd Petticoats.

Mrs. Lov. No, nor the Abomination of Cant neither.

Don't tell me, Mrs. *Prim*, don't.—I know you have as much Pride, Vanity, Self-conceit, and Ambition among you, couched under that formal Habit, and sanctified Countenance, as the proudest of us all; but the World begins to see your Prudery.

Mrs. *Prim*. Prudery! What! do they invent new Words as well as new Fashions? Ah! poor fantastick Age, I pity thee.—Poor deluded *Anne*, which dost thou think most resemblest the Saint, and which the Sinner, thy Dress or mine? Thy naked Bosom allureth the Eye of the By-stander,—encourageth the Frailty of human Nature,—and corrupteth the Soul with evil Longings.

Mrs. *Low*. And, pray, who corrupted your Son *Tobias* with evil Longings? Your Maid *Tabitha* wore a Handkerchief, and yet he made the Saint a Sinner.

Mrs. *Prim*. Well, well, spit thy Malice—I confess Satan did buffet my Son *Tobias*, and my Servant *Tabitha*; the evil Spirit was at that Time too strong, and they both became subject to its Workings,—not from any outward Provocation,—but from an inward Call;—he was not tainted with the Rottenness of the Fashions, nor did his Eyes take in the Drunkenness of Beauty.

Mrs. *Low*. No! that's plainly to be seen.

Mrs. *Prim*. *Tabitha* is one of the Faithful; he fell not with a Stranger.

Mrs. *Low*. So! Then you hold Wenching no Crime, provided it be within the Pale of your own Tribe.—You are an excellent Casuist truly.

Enter Obadiah Prim.

Ob. Prim. Not stripp'd of thy Vanity, yet, *Anne*! Why dost thou not make her put it off, *Sarah*?

Mrs. *Pr*. She will not do it.

Ob. Pr. Verily, thy naked Breasts troubleth my outward Man; I pray thee hide 'em, *Anne*: Put on an Handkerchief, *Anne Lovely*.

Mrs. *Low*. I hate Handkerchiefs when 'tis not cold Weather, Mr. *Prim*.

Mrs. *Prim*. I have seen thee wear an Handkerchief; nay, and a Mask to boot, in the Middle of *July*.

Mrs. *Low*. Ay, to keep the Sun from scorching me.

Ob. Pr. If thou couldst not bear the Sun-Beams, how dost

dost thou think Man would bear thy Beams? Those Breasts inflame Desire, let them be hid, I say.

Mrs. *Lov.* Let me be quiet, I say. - Must I be tormented thus for ever? Sure no Woman's Condition ever equalled mine! Foppery, Folly, Avarice and Hypocrisy are, by Turns, my constant Companions,—and I must vary Shapes as often as a Player.—I cannot think my Father meant this Tyranny! No, you usurp an Authority which he never intended you should take.

Ob. Pr. Hark thee, dost thou call good Counsel Tyranny? Do I, or my Wife, tyrannize, when we desire thee in all Love to put off thy tempting Attire, and veil thy Provokers to Sin?

Mrs. *Lov.* Deliver me, good Heaven! or I shall go distracted. *[Walks about.]*

Mrs. *Pr.* So! now thy Pinnars are tost, and thy Breasts pulled up;—verily they were seen enough before.—Fie upon the filthy Taylor who made the Stays.

Mrs. *Lov.* I wish I were in my Grave! Kill me rather than treat me thus.

Ob. Pr. Kill thee! ha, ha! thou thinkest thou art acting some lewd Play sure:—Kill thee! Art thou prepared for Death, *Anne Lovely*? No, no, thou would'st rather have a Husband, *Anne*:—Thou wantest a gilt Coach, with six lazy Fellows behind, to flant it in the Ring of Vanity, among the Princes and Rulers of the Land,—who pamper themselves with the Fatness thereof; but I will take Care that none shall squander away thy Father's Estate. Thou shalt marry none such, *Anne*.

Mrs. *Lov.* Wou'd you marry me to one of your own canting Sect?

Ob. Pr. Yea, verily, no one else shall ever get my Consent, I do assure thee, *Anne*.

Mrs. *Lov.* And I do assure thee, *Obadiab*, that I will as soon turn Papist, and die in a Convent.

Mrs. *Pr.* Oh Wickedness!

Mrs. *Lov.* Oh Stupidity!

Ob. Pr. Oh Blindness of Heart!

Mrs. *Lov.* Thou Blinder of the World, don't provoke me,—lest I betray your Sanctity, and leave your Wife to judge of your Purity:—What were the Emotions of your Spirit—when you squeez'd *Mary* by the Hand last Night

in the Pantry——when she told you, you bufs'd so filthily? Ah! you had no Aversion to naked Bosoms, when you begged her to shew you a little, little, little Bit of her delicious Bubby:——Don't you remember these Words, Mr. *Prim*.

Mrs. Prym. What does she say, *Obadiab*?

Ob. Pr. She talketh unintelligibly, *Sarah*. Which Way did she hear this? This should not have reach'd the Ears of the wicked Ones:——Verily, it troubleth me.
[*Aside.*]

Enter Servant.

Serv. *Philip Modelove*, whom they call Sir *Philip*, is below, and such another with him, shall I send them up?

Ob. Pr. Yea.

Enter Sir Philip and Colonel.

Sir Phil. How dost thou do, Friend *Prim*? Odso! my She-Friend here too! What you are documenting Miss *Nancy*, reading her a Lecture upon the pinch'd Coif, I warrant ye.

Mrs. Pr. I am sure thou did'st never read her any Lecture that was good——My Flesh riseth so at these wicked Ones, that Prudence adviseth me to withdraw from their Sight.
[*Exit.*]

Col. Oh! that I could find Means to speak with her! How charming she appears! I wish I could get this Letter into her Hand.
[*Aside.*]

Sir Phil. Well, Miss *Cockey*, I hope thou hast got the better of them.

Mrs. Lov. The Difficulties of my Life are not to be surmounted, Sir *Philip*.——I hate the Impertinence of him, as much as the Stupidity of the other.
[*Aside.*]

Ob. Pr. Verily, *Philip*, thou wilt spoil this Maiden.

Sir Phil. I find we still differ in Opinion; but—that we may none of us spoil her, prithee *Prim*, let us consent to marry her.——I have sent for our Brother Guardians to meet me here about this very Thing——Madam, will you give me leave to recommend a Husband to you?——Here's a Gentleman, whom in my Mind, you can have no Objection to.

[*Presents the Colonel to her, she looks another Way.*]

Mrs. Lov. Heaven deliver me from the formal, and the fantastick fool!

Col.

Col. A fine Woman,——a fine Horse, and fine Equipage, are the finest Things in the Universe: And if I am so happy to possess you, Madam, I shall become the Envy of Mankind, as much as you outshine your whole Sex.

[*As he takes her Hand to kiss it, he endeavours to put a Letter into it; she lets it drop——*

Prim takes it up.

Mrs. Lov. I have no Ambition to appear conspicuously ridiculous, Sir. [Turning from him.

Col. So fall the Hopes of *Fainwell!*

Mrs. Lov. Ha! *Fainwell!* 'tis he! What have I done? *Prim* has the Letter, and it will be discover'd. [Aside.

Ob. Pr. Friend, I know not thy Name, so cannot call thee by it; but thou seest thy Letter is unwelcome to the Maiden, she will not read it.

Mrs. Lov. Nor shall you; (*snatches the Letter*) I'll tear it in a thousand Pieces, and scatter it, as I will the Hopes of all those that any of you shall recommend to me.

[Tears the Letter.

Sir Phil. Ha! Right Woman, Faith!

Col. Excellent Woman. [Aside.

Ob. Pr. Friend, thy Garb favoureth too much of the Vanity of the Age for my Approbation; nothing that resembleth *Philip Modelove* shall I love, mark that;——therefore, Friend *Philip*, bring no more of thy own Apes under my Roof.

Sir Phil. I am so entirely a Stranger to the Monsters of thy Breed, that I shall bring none of them I am sure.

Col. I am likely to have a pretty Task by that Time I have gone thro' them all; but she's a City worth taking, and 'egad I'll carry on the Siege: If I can but blow up the Out-works, I fancy I am pretty secure of the Town.

[Aside.

Enter Servant.

Serv. *Toby Periwinkle* and *Thomas Tradelove* demandeth to see thee. [To *Sir Philip*.

Sir Phil. Bid them come up.

Mrs. Love. Deliver me from such an Inundation of Noise and Nonsense. Oh *Fainwell!* whatever thy Contrivance be, prosper it Heaven;——but oh! I fear thou never canst redeem me. [Exit.

Sir Phil. *Sic transit Gloria Mundi!*

Enter Mr. Periwinkle and Tradelove.

These are my Brother Guardians, Mr. *Fairwell*, prithee observe the Creatures. [*Aside to Col.*

Trad. Well, Sir *Philip*, I obey your Summons.

Per. Pray, what have you to offer for the Good of Mrs. *Lovely*, Sir *Philip*?

Sir Phil. First I desire to know what you intend to do with that Lady? Must she be sent to the *Indies* for a Venture,—or live to be an old Maid, and then enter'd amongst your Curiosities, and shewn for a Monster, Mr. *Periwinkle*?

Col. Humph, Curiosities, that must be the Virtuoso.

[*Aside.*

Per. Why what wou'd you do with her?

Sir Phil. I would recommend this Gentleman to her for a Husband. Sir,—a Person whom I have pick'd out from the whole Race of Mankind.

Ob. Pr. I would advise thee to shuffle him again with the rest of Mankind, for I like him not.

Col. Pray, Sir, without Offence to your Formality, what may be your Objections?

Ob. Pr. Thy Person; thy Manners; thy Dress; thy Acquaintance;—thy every Thing, Friend.

Sir Phil. You are most particularly obliging, Friend, ha, ha!

Trade. What Business do you follow, pray Sir?

Col. Humph, by that Question he must be the Broker. (*Aside.*)—Business, Sir! the Business of a Gentleman.

Trad. That is as much as to say, you dress fine, feed high, lie with every Woman you like, and pay your Surgeon's Bills better than your Taylor's or your Butcher's.

Col. The Court is much oblig'd to you, Sir, for your Character of a Gentleman.

Trad. The Court, Sir! What wou'd the Court do without us Citizens?

Sir Phil. Without your Wives and Daughters, you mean, Mr. *Tradelove*.

Per. Have you ever travell'd, Sir?

Col. That Question must not be answer'd now—In Books I have, Sir.

Per. In Books! That's fine travelling indeed!—Sir *Philip*, when you present a Person I like, he shall have my
Consent

Consent to marry Mrs. *Lovely*, 'till when your Servant.
[Exit.

Col. I'll make you like me before I have done with you,
or I'm mistaken. [Aside.

Trad. And when you can convince me that a Beau is
more useful to my Country than a Merchant, you shall
have mine; 'till then you must excuse me. [Exit.

Col. So much for Trade — I'll fit you too. [Aside.

Sir Phil. In my Opinion, this is very inhuman Treat-
ment, as to the Lady, Mr. *Prim*.

Ob. Pr. Thy Opinion and mine happens to differ as
much as our Occupations, Friend; Business requireth my
Presence, and Folly thine; and so I must bid thee farewell.

Sir Phil. Here's Breeding for you, Mr. *Fainwell*! —
Gad take me.

Half my Estate I'd give to see 'em bit.

Col. I hope to bite ye all, if my Plot hit. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Tavern; Sackbut and the Colonel in an
Egyptian Dress.*

Sack. **A** Lucky Beginning, Colonel——you have got
the old Beau's Consent.

Col. Ay, he's a reasonable Creature; but the other
three will require some Pains.—Shall I pass upon him,
think you? Egad, in my Mind, I look as antique as if I
had been preserv'd in the Ark.

Sack. Pass upon him! ay, ay, as roundly as White-wine
dash'd with Sack does for Mountain and Sherry, if you
have Assurance enough.—

Col. I have no Apprehension from that Quarter; Assu-
rance is the Cockade of a Soldier.

Sack. Ay, but the Assurance of a Soldier differs much
from that of a Traveller.—Can you lye with a good
Grace?

Col. As heartily, when my Mistress is the Prize, as I
would meet the Foe when my Country call'd, and King

commanded ; so don't you fear that Part ; if he don't know me again, I'm safe—I hope he'll come.

Sack. I wish all my Debts would come as sure ; I told him you had been a great Traveller, had many valuable Curiosities, and was a Person of a most singular Taste ; he seem'd transported, and begg'd me to keep you till he came.

Col. Ay, ay, he need not fear my running away—Let's have a Bottle of Sack, Landlord, our Ancestors drank Sack.

Sack. You shall have it.

Col. And where-about's is the Trap-door you mentioned ?

Sack. There's the Conveyance, Sir. [Exit.

Col. Now if I should cheat all these roguish Guardians, and carry off my Mistress in Triumph, it would be what the *French* call a *Grand Coup d'Eclat*——Odso ! here comes *Periwinkle*——Ah ! duce take this Beard ; pray *Jupiter* it does not give me the Slip, and spoil all.

Enter Sackbut with Wine, and Periwinkle following.

Sack. Sir, this Gentleman hearing you have been a great Traveller, and a Person of fine Speculation, begs Leave to take a Glass with you ; he is a Man of a curious Taste himself.

Col. The Gentleman has it in his Face and Garb : Sir, you are welcome.

Per. Sir, I honour a Traveller, and Men of your enquiring Disposition ; the Oddness of your Habit pleases me extreamly ; 'tis very antique, and for that I like it.

Col. 'Tis very antique, Sir :—This Habit once belong'd to the famous *Claudius Ptolemeus*, who liv'd in the Year a Hundred and Thirty-five.

Sack. If he keeps up with the Sample, he shall lye with the Devil for a Bean-stack, and win it every Straw. [Aside.

Per. A Hundred and Thirty-five ! why, that's prodigious now ! — Well, certainly 'tis the finest Thing in the World to be a Traveller.

Col. For my Part I value none of the modern Fashions of a Fig-Leaf.

Per. No more don't I, Sir ; I had rather be the Jest of a Fool, than his Favourite,—I am laugh'd at here for my Singularity——This Coat, you must know, Sir, was formerly

merly worn by that ingenious and very learned Person, Mr. *John Tradescant* of *Lambeth*.

Col. John Tradescant! Let me embrace you, Sir,—*John Tradescant* was my Uncle, by Mother-side; and I thank you for the Honour you do his Memory; he was a very curious Man indeed.

Per. Your Uncle, Sir,—nay then, 'tis no Wonder that your Taste is so refined; why you have it in your Blood.—My humble Service to you, Sir, to the immortal Memory of *John Tradescant*, your never-to-be-forgotten Uncle. [Drinks.

Col. Give me a Glass, Landlord.

Per. I find you are primitive, even in your Wine; *Canary* was the Drink of our wise Forefathers, 'tis Balsamick, and saves the Charge of 'Pothecaries Cordials—Oh! that I had liv'd in your Uncle's Days! or rather, that he were now alive;—Oh! how proud he'd be of such a Nephew!

Sack. Oh Pox! that would have spoil'd the Jest. [Aside.

Per. A Person of your Curiosity must have collected many Rarities.

Col. I have some, Sir, which are not yet come ashore, as an *Egyptian* Idol.

Per. Pray, what might that be?

Col. It is, Sir, a Kind of an Ape, which they formerly worshipp'd in that Country, I took it from the Breast of a female Mummy.

Per. Ha, ha, our Women retain Part of their Idolatry to this Day, for many an Ape lies on a Lady's Breast, ha, ha.——

Sack. A smart old Thief. [Aside.

Col. Two Tusks of an *Hippopotamus*, two Pair of *Chinese* Nut-crackers, and one *Egyptian* Mummy.

Per. Pray, Sir, have you never a Crocodile?

Col. Humph! the Boatswain brought one with Design to shew it, but touching at *Rotterdam*, and hearing it was no Rarity in *England*, he sold it to a *Dutch* Poet.

Sack. The Devil's in that Nation, it rivals us in every Thing.

Per. I should have been very glad to have seen a living Crocodile.

Col. My Genius led me to Things more worthy of Regard.—Sir, I have seen the utmost Limits of this globular World;

World ; I have seen the Sun rise and set ; know in what Degree of Heat he is at Noon, to the Breadth of a Hair, and what Quantity of Cumbustibles he burns in a Day, how much of it turns to Ashes, and how much to Cinders..

Per. To Cinders ! You amaze me, Sir ; I never heard that the Sun consum'd any Thing.—*Descartes* tells us——

Col. *Descartes*, with the rest of his Brethren, both Ancient and Modern, knew nothing of the Matter.——I tell you, Sir, that Nature admits an annual Decay, tho' imperceptible to vulgar Eyes.——Sometimes his Rays destroy below, sometimes above——You have heard of blazing Comets, I suppose ?

Per. Yes, yes, I remember to have seen one, and our Astrologers tell us of another which shall happen very quickly.

Col. Those Comets are little Islands bordering on the Sun, which at certain Times are set on fire by that luminous Body's moving over them perpendicular, which will one Day occasion a general Conflagration.

Sack. One need not scruple the Colonel's Capacity, faith. [*Aside.*

Per. This is marvellous strange ! These Cinders are what I never read of in any of our learned Dissertations.

Col. I don't know how the Devil you should. [*Aside.*

Sack. He has it at his Fingers Ends ; one would swear he had learn'd to lye at School, he does it so cleverly.

[*Aside.*

Per. Well ! you Travellers see strange Things ! Pray, Sir, have you any of those Cinders ?

Col. I have, among my other Curiosities.

Per. Oh, what have I lost for want of Travelling ! Pray, what have you else ?

Col. Several Things worth your Attention——I have a Muff made of the Feathers of those Geese that sav'd the *Roman Capitol*.

Per. Is't possible ?

Sack. Yes, if you are such a Gander as to believe him.

[*Aside.*

Col. I have an *Indian* Leaf, which open, will cover an Acre of Land, yet folds up in so little a Compass, you may put it into your Snuff-box.

Sack. Humph ! That's a Thunderer.

[*Aside.*

Per.

Per. Amazing!

Col. Ah! mine is but a little one; I have seen some of them that would cover one of the *Carribbee* Islands.

Per. Well, if I don't travel before I die, I shan't rest in my Grave.—Pray, what do the *Indians* with them?

Col. Sir, they use them in their Wars for Tents, the old Women for Riding-hoods, the Young for Fans and Umbrellas.

Sack. He has a fruitful Invention. [*Aside.*

Per. I admire our *East-India* Company imports none of them; they would certainly find their Account in them.

Col. Right, if they could find the Leaves.—*Aside.*—Look ye, Sir, do you see this little Vial?

Per. Pray you, what is it?

Col. This is call'd *Poluflosboio*.

Per. *Poluflosboio*!—It has a rumbling Sound.

Col. Right, Sir; it proceeds from a rumbling Nature.—This Water was Part of those Waves which bore *Cleopatra's* Vessel when she sail'd to meet *Anthony*.

Per. Well, of all that ever travell'd, none had a Taste like you.

Col. But here's the Wonder of the World—This, Sir, is call'd *Zona*, or *Moros Musphonon*, the Virtues of this are inestimable.

Per. *Moros Musphonon*! What in the Name of Wisdom can that be?—To me it seems a plain Belt.

Col. This Girdle has carried me all the World over.

Per. You have carried it, you mean.

Col. I mean as I say, Sir:—Whenever I am girded with this, I am invisible; and by turning this little Screw, can be in the Court of the Great Mogul, the Grand Signior, and King *George*, in as little Time as your Cook can poach an Egg.

Per. You must pardon me, Sir, I can't believe it.

Col. If my Landlord pleases, he shall try the Experiment immediately.

Sack. I thank you kindly, Sir, but I have no Inclination to ride Post to the Devil.

Col. No, no, you shan't stir a Foot, I'll only make you invisible.

Sack. But if you could not make me visible again.

Per.

Per. Come, try it upon me, Sir, I am not afraid of the Devil, nor all his Tricks.——'Sbud, I'll stand 'em all.

Col. There, Sir, put it on——Come, Landlord, you and I must face the East. (*They turn about.*) Is it on, Sir?

Per. 'Tis on. [*They turn about again.*]

Sack. Heaven protect me! Where is he?

Per. Why here, just where I was.

Sack. Where, where, in the Name of Virtue? Ah, poor Mr. *Periwinkle*!——Egad, look to't, you had best, Sir; and let him be seen again, or I shall have you burnt for a Wizard.

Col. Have Patience, good Landlord.

Per. But really don't you see me now?

Sack. No more than I see my Grandmother, that dy'd forty Years ago.

Per. Are you sure you don't lye; methinks I stand just where I did, and see you as plain as I did before.

Sack. Ah! I wish I could see you once again.

Col. Take off the Girdle, Sir. [*He takes it off.*]

Sack. Ah, Sir, I am glad to see you with all my Heart. [*Embraces him.*]

Per. This is very odd; certainly there must be some Trick in't.——Pray, Sir, will you do me the Favour to put it on yourself.

Col. With all my Heart.

Per. But first I'll secure the Door.

Col. You know how to turn the Screw, Mr. *Sackbut*?

Sack. Yes, yes——Come, Mr. *Periwinkle*, we must turn full East. [*They turn, the Colonel sinks down a Trap-door.*]

Col. 'Tis done, now turn. [*They turn.*]

Per. Ha! Mercy upon me; my Flesh creeps upon my Bones——This must be a Conjuror, Mr. *Sackbut*.

Sack. He is the Devil, I think.

Per. Oh, Mr. *Sackbut*, why do you Name the Devil, when perhaps he may be at your Elbow?

Sack. At my Elbow; marry, Heaven forbid.

Col. (*Below.*) Are you satisfied, Sir?

Per. Yes, Sir, yes.——How hollow his Voice sounds!

Sack. Yours seem'd just the same——Faith, I with this Girdle were mine, I'd sell Wine no more. Hark ye, Mr. *Periwinkle*, (*takes him aside, 'till the Colonel rises again.*)

again) if he would sell this Girdle, you might travel with great Expedition.

Col. But it is not to be parted with for Money.

Per. I am sorry for't, Sir, because I think it the greatest Curiosity I ever heard of.

Col. By the Advice of a learned Physiognomist in *Grand Cairo*, who consulted the Lines in my Face, I returned to *England*, where he told me I should find a Rarity in the Keeping of *four* Men, which I was born to possess for the Benefit of Mankind; and the *first* of the *four* that gave me his Consent, I should present him with this Girdle—Till I have found this Jewel, I shall not part with the Girdle.

Per. What can that Rarity be? Didn't he name it to you?

Col. Yes, Sir: He called it a chaste, beautiful, unaffected Woman.

Per. Pish! Women are no Rarities—I never had any great Taste that Way; I married, indeed, to please a Father, and I got a Girl to please my Wife; but she and the Child (thank Heav'n) died together—Women are the very Geugaws of the Creation; Playthings for Boys, who, when they write Man, they ought to throw aside.

Sack. A fine Lecture to be read to a Circle of Ladies! [Aside.

Per. What Woman is there, drest in all the Pride and Foppery of the Times, can boast of such a Foretop as the *Cockatoo*?

Col. I must humour him—(aside)—Such a Skin as the *Lizzard*?

Per. Such a shining Breast as the *Humming-Bird*?

Col. Such a Shape as the *Antelope*?

Per. Or in all the artful Mixture of their various Dresses, have they half the Beauty of one Box of Butterflies?

Col. No, that must be allow'd—For my Part, if it were not for the Benefit of Mankind, I'd have nothing to do with them, for they are as indifferent to me as a Sparrow, or a Flesh Fly.

Per. Pray, Sir, what Benefit is the World to reap from this Lady?

Col. Why, Sir, she is to bear me a Son, who shall revive the Art of embalming, and the old *Roman* Manner of burying

burying the Dead; and for the Benefit of Posterity, he is to discover the Longitude, so long sought for in vain.

Per. Od! these are valuable Things, Mr. *Sackbut*.

Sack. He hits it off admirably, and t'other swallows it like Sack and Sugar—(*Aside*)—Certainly this Lady must be your Ward, Mr. *Periwinkle*, by her being under the Care of *four* Persons.

Per. By the Description it should——Egad, if I could get that Girdle, I'd ride with the Sun, and make the *Tour* of the World in *four and twenty* Hours. (*Aside*) And are you to give that Girdle to the *first* of the *Four* Guardians that shall give his Consent to marry that Lady, say you, Sir?

Col. I am so order'd, when I can find him.

Per. I fancy, I know the very Woman—her Name is *Anne Lovely*.

Col. Excellent!——He said, indeed, that the first Letter of her Name was *L*.

Per. Did he, really?——Well, that's prodigiously amazing, that a Person in *Grand Cairo* should know any Thing of my Ward.

Col. Your Ward!

Per. To be plain with you, Sir; I am one of those *four* Guardians.

Col. Are you indeed, Sir? I am transported to find the Man who is to possess this *Moros Musphonon* is a Person of so curious a Taste.—Here is a Writing drawn up by that famous *Egyptian*, which if you will please to sign, you must turn your Face full North, and the Girdle is your's.

Per. If I live till this Boy is born, I'll be embalm'd, and sent to the Royal Society when I die.

Col. That you shall most certainly.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Here's Mr. *Staytape* the Taylor enquires for you, Colonel.

Col. Who do you speak to, you Son of a Whore.

Per. Ha! Colonel!

[*Aside.*

Col. Confound the blundering Dog!

[*Aside.*

Draw. Why, to Colonel——

Sack. Get you out, you Rascal.

[*Kicks him out, and goes after him.*

Draw.

Draw. What the Devil is the Matter?

Col. This Dog has ruin'd all my Schemes, I see by *Periwinkle's* Looks. [*Aside.*]

Per. How finely I should have been chous'd—Colonel, you'll pardon me that I did not give you your Title before—it was pure Ignorance, faith it was——Pray—hem, hem! Pray, Colonel, what Post had this learned *Egyptian* in your Regiment?

Col. A Pox of your Sneer. (*Aside.*) I don't understand you, Sir.

Per. No, that's strange! I understand you, Colonel—An *Egyptian* of *Grand Cairo*! ha, ha, ha—I am sorry such a well-invented Tale should do you no more Service——We old Fellows can see as far into a Milstone as them that pick it——I am not to be trick'd out of my Trust——mark that.

Col. The Devil! I must carry it off, I wish I were fairly out. (*Aside.*) Look ye, Sir, you may make what Jest you please—but the Stars will be obey'd, Sir, and, depend upon't, I shall have the Lady, and you none of the Girdle.—Now for *Freeman's* Part of the Plot. (*Aside.*) [*Exit.*]

Per. The Stars! ha, ha—No Star has favour'd you, it seems——The Girdle! ha, ha, ha, none of your *Leger-demain* Tricks can pass upon me——Why, what a Pack of Trumpery has this Rogue pick'd up—His *Pagod*, *Poluflostoios*, his *Zonas*, *Moros Musphonons*, and the Devil knows what—But I'll take Care—Ha, gone!——Ay, 'twas Time to sneak off—Soho! the House! [*Enter Sackbut.*] Where is this Trickster? Send for a Constable, I'll have this Rascal before the Lord Mayor; I'll *Grand Cairo* him, with a Pox to him—I believe you had a Hand in putting this Imposture upon me, *Sackbut*.

Sack. Who I, Mr. *Periwinkle*? I scorn it; I perceiv'd he was a Cheat, and left the Room on purpose to send for a Constable to apprehend him, and endeavour'd to stop him when he went out—But the Rogue made but one Step from the Stairs to the Door, call'd a Coach, leap'd into it, and drove away like the Devil, as Mr. *Freeman* can witness, who is at the Bar, and desires to speak with you; he is this Minute come to Town.

Per. Send him in. [*Exit Sackbut.*] What a Scheme this Rogue has laid! How I should have been laugh'd at, had it

it succeeded! [*Enter Freeman booted and spur'd.*] Mr. Freeman, your Dress commands your Welcome to Town, what will you drink? I had like to have been impos'd upon here by the veriest Rascal——

Free. I am sorry to hear it.—The Dog flew for't—he had not 'scap'd me, if I had been aware of him; *Sackbut* struck at him, but miss'd his Blow, or he had done his Business for him.

Per. I believe you never heard of such a Contrivance, Mr. Freeman, as this Fellow had found out.

Free. Mr. *Sackbut* has told me the whole Story, Mr. *Periwinkle*; but now I have something to tell you of much more Importance to yourself.—I happen'd to lie one Night at *Coventry*, and knowing your Uncle, Sir *Toby Periwinkle*, I paid him a Visit, and, to my great Surprise, found him dying.

Per. Dying!

Free. Dying, in all Appearance; the Servants weeping, the Room in Darkness; the 'Pothecary shaking his Head, told me, the Doctors had given him over; and then there is small Hopes, you know.

Per. I hope he has made his Will—he always told me, he would make me his Heir.

Free. I have heard you say as much, and therefore resolv'd to give you Notice. I should think, it would not be amiss if you went down to-morrow Morning.

Per. It is a long Journey, and the Roads very bad.

Free. But he has a great Estate, and the Land very good—Think upon that.

Per. Why that's true, as you say; I'll think upon it: In the mean Time, I give you many Thanks for your Civility, Mr. Freeman, and should be glad of your Company to dine with me.

Free. I am oblig'd to be at *Jonathan's* Coffee-House by Two, and now it is half an Hour after One; if I dispatch my Business, I'll wait on you; I know your Hour.

Per. You shall be very welcome, Mr. Freeman, and so your humble Servant. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Colonel and Sackbut.

Free. Ha, ha, ha,—I have done your Business, Colonel, he has swallow'd the Bait.

Col.

Col. I overheard all, though I am a little in the Dark ; I am to personate a Highwayman, I suppose—That's a Project I am not fond of ; for though I may fright him out of his Consent, he may fright me out of my Life, when he discovers me, as he certainly must in the End.

Free. No, no, I have a Plot for you without Danger, but first we must manage *Tradelove* — Has the Taylor brought your Clothes ?

Sack. Yes, Pox take the Thief.

Col. Well, well, no Matter, I warrant we have him yet—But now you must put on the *Dutch Merchant*.

Col. The Duce of this trading Plot—I wish he had been an old Soldier, that I might have attack'd him in my own Way, heard him fight over all the Battles of the civil War—But for Trade, by *Jupiter* I shall never do it.

Sack. Never fear, Colonel, Mr. *Freeman* will instruct you.

Free. You'll see what others do, the Coffee-house will instruct you.

Col. I must venture, however—But I have a farther Plot in my Head upon *Tradelove*, which you must assist me in, *Freeman* ; you are in Credit with him, I heard you say.

Free. I am, and will scruple nothing to serve you, Colonel.

Col. Come along then—Now for the *Dutchman*—Honest *Ptolemy*. By your Leave.

Now must Bag Wig and Bus'ness come in Play ;

A Thirty-Thousand-Pound Girl leads the Way.

(*****)

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

S C E N E Jonathan's Coffee-House in Change-Alley. A Crowd of People with Rolls of Paper and Parchment in their Hands ; a Bar, and Coffee-Boys waiting.

Enter Tradelove and Stock-Jobbers, with Rolls of Paper and Parchment.

1st Stock. *S*outh-Sea at seven Eighths ; who buys ?

2d Stock. South-Sea Bonds due at Michaelmas, 1718. Class Lottery-Tickets.

3d Stock. *East-India Bonds?*

4th Stock. What, all Sellers and no Buyers? Gentlemen, I'll buy a thousand Pound for *Tuesday* next, at *three Fourths*.

Coff. Boy. Fresh Coffee, Gentlemen, fresh Coffee?

Trade. Hark ye, *Gabriel*, you'll pay the Difference of that Stock we transacted for t'other Day.

Gabr. Ay, Mr. *Tradelove*, here's a Note for the Money upon the *Sword-Blade Company*. [*Gives him a Note.*]

Coff. Boy. *Bohea-Tea*, Gentlemen?

Enter a Man.

Man. Is Mr. *Smuggle* here?

1st Coff. Boy. Mr. *Smuggle's* not here, Sir, you'll find him at the Books.

2d. Stock. Ho! here come two Sparks from t'other End of the Town; what News bring they?

Enter two Gentlemen.

Trade. I would fain bite that Spark in the Brown Coat; he comes very often into the Alley, but never employs a Broker.

Enter Colonel and Freeman.

2d Stock. Who does any thing in the Civil-List Lottery? or *Caco*? Zounds, where are all the *Jews* this Afternoon? Are you a Bull or a Bear To-day, *Abraham*?

3d Stock. A Bull, Faith,——but I have a good Putt for next Week.

Trade. Mr. *Freeman*, your Servant! Who is that Gentleman?

Free. A *Dutch Merchant*, just come to *England*; but hark ye, Mr. *Tradelove*,——I have a Piece of News will get you as much as the *French King's Death* did, if you are expeditious.

Trade. Say you so, Sir! Pray, what is it?

Free. (*Shewing him a Letter.*) Read there, I receiv'd it just now from one that belongs to the Emperor's Minister.

Trade. (*Reads.*) Sir, *As I have many Obligations to you, I cannot miss any Opportunity to shew my Gratitude; this Moment my Lord has receiv'd a private Express, that the Spaniards have rais'd their Siege from before Cagliari; if this*
proves

*proves any Advantage to you, it will answer both the Ends
and Wishes of, Sir, Your most obliged humble Servant,*
Henricus Duffeldorp.

Postscript.

In two or three Hours the News will be publick.

May one depend upon this, Mr. Freeman?

[*Aside to Freeman.*

Free. You may. — I never knew this Person send me a false Piece of News in my Life.

Trade. Sir, I am much oblig'd to you, 'Egad, 'tis rare News. — Who sells *South-Sea* for next Week.

Stock Job. (*All together.*) I sell; I, I, I, I, I sell.

1st Stock. I'll sell 5000*l.* for next Week, at *five Eighths*.

2d Stock. — I'll sell ten thousand, at *five Eighths*, for the same Time.

Trade. Nay, nay, hold, hold, not altogether, Gentlemen, I'll be no Bull, I'll buy no more than I can take: Will you sell ten thousand Pounds at a Half, for any Day next Week, except *Saturday*?

1st Stock. I'll sell it you, Mr. *Tradelove*.

Free. (*Whispers to one of the Gentlemen.*)

Gent. (*Aside.*) The *Spaniards* rais'd the Siege of *Cagliari*! I don't believe one Word of it.

2d Gent. Rais'd the Siege; as much as you have rais'd the Monument.

Free. 'Tis rais'd I assure you, Sir.

2d Gent. What will you lay on't.

Free. What you please.

1st Gent. Why, I have a Brother upon the Spot, in the Emperor's Service; I am certain if there were any such Thing, I should have had a Letter.

2d Stock. How's this? The Siege of *Cagliari* rais'd? — I wish it may be true, 'twill make Business stir, and Stocks rise.

1st Stock. *Tradelove's* a cunning fat Bear; if this News proves true, I shall repent I sold him the ten thousand Pounds. — Pray, Sir, what Assurance have you that the Siege is rais'd?

Free. There is come an Express to the Emperor's Minister.

2d Stock. I'll know that presently.

[*Exit.*
1st Gent.

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1st Gent. Let it come where it will, I'll hold you fifty Pounds 'tis false.

Free. 'Tis done.

2d Gent. I'll lay you a Brace of Hundreds upon the same.

Free. I'll take you.

4th Stock. 'Egad, I'll hold twenty Pieces 'tis not rais'd, Sir.

Free. Done with you too.

Trade. I'll lay any Man a Brace of Thousands the Siege is rais'd.

Free. The *Dutch* Merchant is your Man to take in.

[*Aside to Tradelove.*

Trade. Does not he know the News?

Free. Not a Syllable; if he did, he wou'd bet a Hundred thousand Pound as soon as one Penny;—he's plaguy rich, and a mighty Man at Wagers. [*To Tradelove.*

Trade. Say you so,—'Egad, I'll bite him, if possible; —Are you from *Holland*, Sir?

Col. Ya, Mynheer.

Trade. Had you the News before you came away?

Col. Wat believe you, Mynheer?

Trade. What do I believe? Why, I believe that the *Spaniards* have actually rais'd the Siege of *Cagliari*.

Col. Wat *Duyvel's* News is dat? 'Tis niet waer, Mynheer,—'tis no true, Sir.

Trade. 'Tis so true, Mynheer, that I'll lay you two thousand Pounds upon it.—You are sure the Letter may be depended upon, Mr. *Freeman*?

Free. Do you think I would venture my Money, if I were not sure of the Truth of it? [*Aside to Tradelove.*

Col. Two duysend Pound, Mynheer, 'tis gadaen — dis Gentleman sal hold de Gelt. [*Gives Freeman Money.*

Trade. With all my Heart—this binds the Wager.

Free. You have certainly lost, Mynheer, the Siege is rais'd indeed.

Col. Ik gelov't niet, Mynheer *Freeman*, ik sal ye dubbled houden, if you please.

Free. I am let into the Secret, therefore won't win your Money.

Trade. Ha, ha, ha! I have snapt the *Dutchman*, Faith, ha,

ha, ha! this is no ill Day's Work,—pray, may I crave your Name, Mynheer?

Col. Myn Naem, Mynheer! myn Name is *Jan van Timtamtirelereletta Heer Fain-well*.

Trade. Zounds, 'tis a damn'd long Name, I shall never remember it.—*Myn Heer van, Tim, Tim, Tim*,—What the Devil is it?

Free. Oh! never heed, I know the Gentleman, and will pass my Word for twice the Sum.

Trade. That's enough.

Col. You'll hear of me sooner than you'll wish, old Gentleman, I fancy. (*Aside.*) You'll come to *Sackbut's*, *Freeman*. [Exit.

Free. Immediately. [*Aside to the Colonel,*

1st Man. *Humphry Hump* here?

2d Boy. Mr. *Humphry Hump* is not here; you'll find him upon the *Dutch Walk*.

Trade. Mr. *Freeman*, I give you many Thanks for your Kindness.——

Free. I fear you'll repent when you know all. [*Aside.*

Trade. Will you dine with me?

Free. I'm engag'd at *Sackbut's*; adieu. [Exit.

Trade. Sir, your humble Servant. Now I'll see what I can do upon 'Change with my News. [Exit.

SCENE *the Tavern.*

Enter Freeman and Colonel.

Free. Ha, ha, ha! The old Fellow swallowed the Bait as greedily as a Gudgeon.

Col. I have him, Faith, ha, ha, ha!—His two thousand Pounds secure.—If he would keep his Money, he must part with the Lady, ha, ha.—What came of your two Friends? They perform'd their Part very well; you should have brought 'em to take a Glass with us.

Free. No matter, we'll drink a Bottle together another Time. — I did not care to bring them hither; there's no Necessity to trust them with the main Secret, you know, *Colonel*.

Col. Nay, that's right, *Freeman*.

Enter Sackbut.

Sack. Joy, Joy, *Colonel*! The luckiest Accident in the World! *Col.*

Col. What say'st thou?

Sack. This Letter does your Business.

Col. (Reads.) To *Obadiah Prim*, Hosier, near the Building call'd the *Monument*, in *London*.

Free. A Letter to *Prim*! How came you by it?

Sack. Looking over the Letters our Post-Woman brought as I always do, to see what Letters are directed to my House, (for she can't read, you must know) I spy'd this to *Prim*, so paid for it among the Rest; I have given the old Jade a Pint of Wine on purpose to delay Time, till you see if the Letter be of any Service; then I'll seal it up again, and tell her I took it by Mistake; — I have read it, and fancy you'll like the Project—Read, read *Colonel*.

Col. (Reads) *Friend Prim*, there is arriv'd from *Pensylvania* one *Simon Pure*, a Leader of the Faithful, who hath sojourn'd with us eleven Days, and hath been of great Comfort to the Brethren.—He intendeth for the Quarterly Meetings in *London*; I have recommended him to thy House. I pray thee treat him kindly, and let thy Wife cherish him, for he's of weakly Constitution—he will depart from us the third Day; which is all from thy Friend in the Faith.

Aminadab Holdfast.

Ha, ha, excellent! I understand you, Landlord, I am to personate this *Simon Pure*, am I not?

Sack. Don't you like the Hint?

Col. Admirably well!

Free. 'Tis the best Contrivance in the World, if the right *Simon* gets not there before you. — — —

Col. No, no, the Quakers never ride Post; he can't be here before To-morrow at soonest: Do you send and buy me a Quaker's Dress, Mr. *Sackbut*; and suppose *Freeman*, you should wait at the *Bristol* Coach, that if you see any such Person, you might contrive to give me Notice. —

Fre. I will--the Country Dress and Boots, are they ready?

Sack. Yes, yes, every Thing—Sir.

Free. Bring 'em in then.—[Exit *Sack*.] Thou must dispatch *Periwinkle* first—remember his Uncle Sir *Toby Periwinkle* is an old Batchelor of Seventy-five.—that he has Seven hundred a Year, most in Abbey Land, that he was once in Love with your Mother, and shrewdly suspected by some to be your Father,—that you have been thirty Years his Steward,—and ten Years his Gentleman,—remember to improve these Hints.

Col.

Col. Never fear, let me alone for that—but what's the Steward's Name?

Free. His Name is *Pillage*.

Col. Enough—[*Enter Sackbut with Clothes.*] Now for the Country Put—[*Dresses.*]

Free. 'Egad, Landlord, thou deservest to have the first Night's Lodging with the Lady for thy Fidelity;—what say you, *Colonel*, shall we settle a Club here, you'll make one?

Col. Make one; I'll bring a Set of honest Officers, that will spend their Money as freely to the King's Health, as they would their Blood in his Service.

Sack. I thank you, *Colonel*; here, here! [*Bell rings.*]
[*Exit Sackbut.*]

Col. So, now for my Boots. [*Puts on Boots.*] Shall I find you here, *Freeman*, when I come back?

Free. Yes, — or I'll leave Word with *Sackbut*, where he may send for me—Have you the Writings, the Will, —and every Thing?

Col. All, all! — [*Enter Sackbut.*]

Sack. Zounds! Mr. *Freeman*! yonder is *Tradelove* in the damned'st Passion in the World—He swears you are in the House—he says you told him you was to dine here.

Free. I did so, ha, ha, ha? he has found himself bit already. —

Col. The Devil! he must not see me in this Dress.

Sack. I told him I expected you here, but you were not come yet. —

Free. Very well, —make you haste out, *Colonel*, and let me alone to deal with him: Where is he?

Sack. In the *King's-Head*.

Col. You remember what I told you?

Free. Ay, ay, very well. Landlord, let him know I am come in,—and now, Mr. *Pillage*, Success attend you.
[*Exit Sack.*]

Col. Mr. *Proteus* rather. —

From changing Shape, and imitating Jove,

I draw the happy Omens of my Love.

I'm not the first young Brother of the Blade,

Who made his Fortune in a Masquerade. [*Exit Col.*]

Enter Tradelove.

Free. Zounds! Mr. *Tradelove*, we're bit it seems.

L

Trade.

Trade. Bit do you call it, Mr. *Freeman*? I am ruin'd.
—Pox on your News.

Free. Pox on the Rascal that sent it me.—

Trade. Sent it you! Why *Gabriel Skinfint* has been at the Minister's, and spoke with him, and he has assur'd him 'tis every Syllable false; he receiv'd no such Express.

Free. I know it: I this Minute parted with my Friend, who protested he never sent me any such Letter. — Some roguish Stockjobber has done it on purpose to make me lose my Money, that's certain; I wish I knew who he was, I'd make him repent it. — I have lost 300*l.* by it.

Trade. What signifies your three hundred Pounds to what I have lost? There's two thousand Pounds to that *Dutchman* with a curst long Name, besides the Stock I bought; the Devil! I could tear my Flesh——I must never shew my Face upon 'Change more;——for, by my Soul, I can't pay it.

Free. I am heartily sorry for it! What can I serve you in? Shall I speak to the *Dutch Merchant*, and try to get you Time for the Payment.

Trade. Time! Ads'heart; I shall never be able to look up again.

Free. I am very much concern'd that I was the Occasion, and wish I could be an Instrument of retrieving your Misfortune; for my own, I value it not. Adso! a Thought comes into my Head, that, well improv'd, may be of Service.

Trade. Ah! there's no Thought can be of any Service to me, without paying the Money, or running away.

Free. How do you know? What do you think of my proposing Mrs. *Lovely* to him? He is a single Man—and I heard him say he had a Mind to marry an *English* Woman——nay, more than that, he said somebody told him, you had a pretty Ward——he wish'd you had betted her instead of your Money.

Trade. Ay, but he'd be hang'd before he'd take her instead of the Money; the *Dutch* are too covetous for that; besides, he did not know that there were three more of us, I suppose.

Free. So much the better; you may venture to give him your Consent, if he'll forgive you the Wager: it is
not

not your Business to tell him, that your Consent will signify nothing.

Trade. That's right as you say; but will he do it, think you?

Free. I can't tell that; but I'll try what I can do with him——He has promis'd me to meet me here an Hour hence; I'll feel his Pulse, and let you know: If I find it feasible, I'll send for you; if not, you are at Liberty to take what Measures you please.

Trade. You must extol her Beauty, double her Portion, and tell him I have the intire Disposol of her, and that she can't marry without my Consent;——and that I am a covetous Rogue, and will never part with her without a valuable Consideration.

Free. Ay, ay, let me alone for a Lye at a Pinch.

Trade. 'Egad, if you can bring this to bear, Mr. *Free-*
man, I'll make you whole again; I'll pay the three hundred Pounds you lost, with all my Soul.

Free. Well, I'll use my best Endeavours——Where will you be?

Trade. At Home; pray Heaven you prosper——If I were but the sole Trustee now, I should not fear it. Who the Devil would be a Guardian,

If, when Cash runs low, our Coffers t'enlarge,

We can't, like other Stocks, transfer our Charge? [Exit.

Free. Ha, ha, ha——he has it. [Exit.

S C E N E *changes to Periwinkle's House.*

Enter Periwinkle on one Side, and Footman on t'other.

Foot. A Gentleman from *Coventry* enquires for you, Sir.

Per. From my Uncle, I warrant you; bring him up——This will save me the Trouble, as well as the Expence of a Journey.

Enter Colonel.

Col. Is your Name *Periwinkle*, Sir?

Per. It is, Sir.

Col. I am sorry for the Message I bring——My old Master, whom I served these forty Years, claims the Sorrow due from a faithful Servant to an indulgent Master.

[Weeps.

Per. By this I understand, Sir, my Uncle Sir *Toby Periwinkle* is dead.

Col. He is, Sir, and he has left you Heir to seven Hundred a Year, in as good Abbey-Land as ever paid *Peter-Pence* to *Rome*. — I wish you long to enjoy it, but my Tears will flow when I think of my Benefactor—(*Weeps.*) Ah! he was a good Man—he has not left many of his Fellows—the Poor lament him sorely.

Per. I pray, Sir, what Office bore you?

Col. I was his Steward, Sir.

Per. I have heard him mention you with much Respect; your Name is——

Col. *Pillage*, Sir.

Per. Ay, *Pillage*, I do remember he called you *Pillage*——Pray, Mr. *Pillage*, when did my Uncle die?

Col. *Monday* last, at Four in the Morning. About Two he sign'd his Will, and gave it into my Hands, and strictly charg'd me to leave *Coventry* the Moment he expir'd, and deliver it to you with what Speed I could; I have obey'd him, Sir, and there is the Will. [*Gives it to Per.*]

Per. 'Tis very well, I'll lodge it in the Commons.

Col. There are Two Things which he forgot to insert, but charg'd me to tell you, that he desir'd you'd perform them as readily as if you had found them written in the Will, which is to remove his Corpse, and bury him by his Father at *St. Paul's, Covent-Garden*, and to give all his Servants Mourning.

Per. That will be a considerable Charge; a Pox of all modern Fashions. (*Aside.*) Well! it shall be done. Mr. *Pillage*: I will agree with one of Death's Fashion-Mongers, call'd an Undertaker, to go down, and bring up the Body.

Cal. I hope, Sir, I shall have the Honour to serve you in the same Station I did your worthy Uncle; I have not many Years to stay behind him, and would gladly spend them in the Family, where I was brought up—(*Weeps.*) He was a kind and tender Master to me.

Per. Pray don't grieve, Mr. *Pillage*, you shall hold your Place, and every Thing else which you held under my Uncle——You make me weep to see you so concern'd. (*Weeps.*) He liv'd to a good old Age, and we are all mortal.

Col.

Col. We are so, Sir, and therefore I must beg you to sign this Lease; You'll find Sir *Toby* has taken particular Notice of it in his Will—I could not get it Time enough from the Lawyer, or he had sign'd it before he dy'd.

[*Gives him a Paper.*]

Per. A Lease! for what?

Col. I rented an hundred a Year of Sir *Toby* upon Lease, which Lease expires at *Lady-Day* next. I desire to renew it for twenty Years—that's all, Sir.

Per. Let me see. [Looks over the Lease.]

Col. Matters go swimmingly, if nothing intervene.

[*Aside.*]

Per. Very well—Let's see what he says in his Will about it.

[Lays the Lease upon the Table, and looks on the Will.]

Col. He's very wary, yet I fancy I shall be too cunning for him. [Aside.]

Per. Ho, here it is — *The Farm lying—now in Possession of Samuel Pillage—suffer him to renew his Lease—at the same Rent—*Very well, Mr. *Pillage*, I see my Uncle does mention it, and I'll perform his Will. Give me the Lease—(*Col. gives it him, he looks upon it, and lays it upon the Table.*) Pray you step to the Door, and call for a Pen and Ink, Mr. *Pillage*.

Col. I have Pen and Ink in my Pocket, Sir, (*Pulls out an Inkborn.*) I never go without that.

Per. I think it belongs to your Profession—(*He looks upon the Pen, while the Col. changes the Lease, and lays down the Contract.*) I doubt this is but a sorry Pen, tho' it may serve to write my Name. [Writes.]

Col. Little does he think what he signs. [Aside.]

Per. There is your Lease, Mr. *Pillage*, (*Gives him the Paper.*) Now I must desire you to make what Haste you can down to *Coventry*, and take Care of every Thing, and I'll send down the Undertaker for the Body; do you attend it up, and whatever Charge you are at, I will repay you.

Col. You have paid me already, I thank you, Sir. [Aside.]

Per. Will you dine with me?

Col. I would rather not, there are some of my Neighbours which I met as I came along, who leave the Town

this Afternoon, they told me, and I should be glad of their Company down.

Per. Well, well, I won't detain you.

Col. I don't care how soon I am out. [*Aside.*

Per. I will give Orders about Mourning.

Col. You will have Cause to mourn, when you know your Estate imaginary only.

You'll find your Hopes and Cares are vain,

In Spite of all the Caution you have ta'en,

Fortune rewards the faithful Lover's Pain. [Exit.

Per. Seven Hundred a Year! I wish he had died seventeen Years ago;—What a valuable Collection of Rarities might I have had by this Time!—I might have travell'd over all the known Parts of the Globe, and made my own Closet rival the Vatican at *Rome*.—Odso, I have a good Mind to begin my Travels now;—let me see.—I am but Sixty! my Father, Grandfather, and Great Grandfather, reach'd Ninety odd;—I have almost forty Years good:—Let me consider! what will seven hundred a Year amount to in—ay! in thirty Years, I'll say but Thirty—Thirty times Seven, is seven times Thirty—that is—just twenty-one thousand Pounds,—'tis a great deal of Money.—I may very well reserve sixteen Hundred of it for a Collection of such Rarities, as will make my Name famous to Posterity;—I would not die like other Mortals, forgotten in a Year or two, as my Uncle will be—No,

With Nature's curious Works I'll raise my Fame,

That Men, 'till Doom's-Day, may repeat my Name. [Exit.

SCENE changes to a Tavern; Freeman and Tradelove over a Bottle.

Trade. Come, Mr. Freeman, here's Mynheer Jan, Van, Tim, Tam, Tam;—I shall never think of that Dutchman's Name—

Free. Mynheer Jan Van Timamtirelireletta Heer Van Fainwell.

Trade. Ay, Heer Van Fainwell, I never heard such a confounded Name in my Life—here's his Health, I say.

Free. With all my Heart.

Trade. Faith, I never expected to have found so generous a Thing in a Dutchman.

Free.

Free. Oh, he has nothing of the *Hollander* in his Temper——except an Antipathy to Monarchy——As soon as I told him your Circumstances, he reply'd, he would not be the Ruin of any Man for the World——and immediately made this Proposal himself—Let him take what Time he will for the Payment, said he; or if he'll give me his Ward, I'll forgive him the Debt.

Trade. Well, Mr. *Freeman*, I can but thank you.—'Egad, you have made a Man of me again; and if ever I lay a Wager more, may I rot in a Gaol.

Free. I assure you, Mr. *Tradelove*, I was very much concern'd, because I was the Occasion,——tho' very innocently, I protest.

Trade. I dare swear you was, Mr. *Freeman*.

Enter a Fidler.

Fid. Please to have a Lesson of Musick, or a Song, Gentlemen?

Free. A Song; ay, with all our Hearts; have you ever a merry one?

Fid. Yes, Sir, my Wife and I can give you a merry Dialogue. [Here is the Song.]

Trade. 'Tis very pretty, Faith.

Free. There's something for you to drink, Friend; go, lose no Time.

Fid. I thank you, Sir. [Exit.]

Enter Drawer, and Colonel dress'd for the Dutch Merchant.

Col. Ha, Mynheer *Tradelove*, Ik been sorry voor your Troubles——maer Ik sal you easie macken, Ik will de gelt nie hebben——

Trade. I shall for ever acknowledge the Obligation, Sir.

Free. But you understand upon what Condition, Mr. *Tradelove*; Mrs. *Lovely*.

Col. Ya, de Frow sal al te regt setten, Mynheer.

Trade. With all my Heart, Mynheer; you shall have my Consent to marry her freely.——

Free. Well then, as I am a Party concern'd between you, Mynheer *Jan Van Timamtirelireletta Heer Van Fainwell* shall give you a Discharge of your Wager under his own Hand,——and you shall give him your Consent to

marry Mrs. *Lovely* under yours—that is the Way to avoid all Manner of Disputes hereafter.

Col. Ya, Weeragtig.

Trade. Ay, ay, so it is, Mr. *Freeman*, I'll give it under mine this Minute. [Sits down to write.]

Col. And so Ik sal. [Sits down to write.]

Free. So ho, the House, (*Enter Drawer.*) Bid your Master come up—I'll see there be Witnesses enough to the Bargain. [Aside.]

Enter Sackbut.

Sack. Do you call, Gentlemen?

Free. Ay, Mr. *Sackbut*, we shall want your Hand here—

Trade. There Mynheer, there's my Consent as amply as you can desire; but you must insert your own Name, for I know not how to spell it; I have left a Blank for it.

[Gives the Colonel a Paper.]

Col. Ya Ik sal dat well doen. —

Free. Now, Mr. *Sackbut*, you and I will witness it.

[They write.]

Col. Daer, Mynheer *Tradelove*, is your Discharge.

[Gives him a Paper.]

Trade. Be pleased to witness this Receipt too, Gentlemen. [Freeman and Sackbut put their Hands.]

Free. Ay, ay, that we will.

Col. Well Mynheer, ye most meer doen, ye most Myn voorsprach to de Frow Syn.

Free. He means you must recommend him to the Lady—

Trade. That I will, and to the rest of my Brother Guardians.

Col. Wat voor, de Duyvel heb you meer Guardians?

Trade. Only *Three*, Mynheer.

Col. Wat donder heb ye Myn betrocken Mynheer?—Had Ik dat gewoeten, Ik soude eaven met you geweest Syn.

Sack. But Mr. *Tradelove* is the Principal, and he can do a great deal with the rest, Sir.

Free. And he shall use his Interest, I promise you, Mynheer.

Trade. I will say all that ever I can think on to recommend you, Mynheer; and if you please, I'll introduce you to the Lady.

Col. Well, dat is waer.—Maer ye must first spreken of Myn to de Frow, and to de oudere Gentlemen.

Free.

Free. Ay, that's the best Way,—and then I and the
Heer Van Fainwell will meet you there.

Trade. I will go this Moment, upon Honour.—Your most obedient humble Servant.—My speaking will do you little Good, Mynheer, ha, ha ; we have bit you, faith, ha, ha.

Well,—my Debt's discharged, and for the Man,

He 'as my Consent—to get her, if he can. [Exit.

Col. Ha, ha, ha! this was a Master-Piece of Contrivance, *Freeman*.

Free. He hugs himself with his supposed good Fortune, and little thinks the Luck's on our Side;—but come, pursue the fickle Goddess while she's in the Mood.—Now for the Quaker.

Col. That's the hardest Task.

Of all the Counterfeits perform'd by Man,

A Soldier makes the simplest Puritan. [Exit.



ACT V. SCENE I.

S C E N E Prim's House.

Enter Mrs. Prim and Mrs. Lovely in Quaker's Dresses, meeting.

Mrs. Pr. **S**O, now I like thee, *Anne*; art thou not better without thy monstrous Hoop-Coat and Patches?--If Heaven should make thee so many black Spots upon thy Face, wou'd it not fright thee, *Anne*?

Mrs. Lov. If it should turn your Inside outward, and shew all the Spots of your Hypocrisy, 'twould fright me worse!

Mrs. *Pr.* My Hypocrisy ! I scorn thy Words, *Anne*, I lay no Baits.

Mrs. *Low*. If you did you'd catch no Fish.

Mrs. Pr. Well, well, make thy Jests—but I'd have thee to know, *Anne*, that I cou'd have catch'd as many Fish (as thou call'st them) in my Time, as ever thou did'st with all thy Fool-Traps about thee—If Admirers be thy Aim, thou wilt have more of them in this Dress than the other.—The Men, take my Word for't, are more desirous to see what we are most careful to conceal.

Mrs. *Low*. Is that the Reason of your Formality, Mrs. *Prim*? Truth will out: I ever thought, indeed, there was more Design than Godliness in the pinch'd Cap.

Mrs. *Pr*. Go, thou art corrupted with reading lewd Plays, and filthy Romances,—good for nothing but to lead Youth into the high Road of Fornication.—Ah! I wish thou art not already too familiar with the wicked Ones.

Mrs. *Low*. Too familiar with the wicked Ones! Pray no more of those Freedoms, Madam,—I am familiar with none so wicked as yourself;—How dare you thus talk to me! you, you, you, unworthy Woman you.

[Bursts into Tears.]

Enter Tradelove.

Trade. What in Tears, *Nancy*? What have you done to her, Mrs. *Prim*, to make her weep?

Mrs. *Low*. Done to me! I admire I keep my Senses among you;—but I will rid myself of your Tyranny, if there be either Law or Justice to be had;—I'll force you to give me up my Liberty.

Mrs. *Pr*. Thou hast more need to weep for thy Sins, *Anne*—Yea, for thy manifold Sins.

Mrs. *Low*. Don't think that I'll be still the Fool which you have made me—No, I'll wear what I please—go when and where I please—and keep what Company I think fit, and not what you shall direct—I will.

Trade. For my Part, I do think all this very reasonable, Mrs. *Lovely*.—"Tis fit you should have your Liberty, and for that very Purpose I am come.

Enter Mr. Periwinkle, and Obadiah Prim, with a Letter in his Hand.

Per. I have bought some black Stockings of your Husband, Mrs. *Prim*, but he tells me the Glover's Trade belongs to you; therefore I pray you look me out five or six Dozen of mourning Gloves, such as are given at Funerals, and send them to my House.

Ob. Pr. My Friend *Periwinkle* has got a good Windfall to Day—seven hundred a Year.

Mrs. *Pr*. I wish thee Joy of it, Neighbour.

Trade. What, is Sir *Toby* dead, then?

Pr. He is! You'll take care, Mrs. *Prim*.

Mrs.

Mrs. Pr. Yea, I will, Neighbour.

Ob. Pr. This Letter recommendeth a Speaker; 'tis from *Aminadab Holdfast* of *Bristol*; peradventure he will be here this Night; therefore, *Sarah*, do thou take Care for his Reception.——— [Gives her the Letter.

Mrs. Pr. I will obey thee. [Exit.

Ob. Pr. What art thou in the Dumps for, *Anne*?

Trade. We must marry her, Mr. Prim.

Ob. Pr. Why truly, if we could find a Husband worth having, I should be as glad to see her married as thou would'st, Neighbour.

Per. Well said; there are but few worth having.

Trade. I can recommend you a Man now, that I think you can none of you have an Objection to!

Enter Sir Philip Modelove.

Per. You recommend? Nay, whenever she marries, I'll recommend the Husband.———

Sir Phil. What must it be, a Whale or a Rhinoceros, Mr. Periwinkle, ha, ha, ha? Mr. Tradelove, I have a Bill upon you (*gives him a Paper*) and have been seeking for you all over the Town.

Trade. I'll accept it, Sir Philip, and pay it when due—

Per. He shall be none of the Fops at your End of the Town, with full Perukes and empty Skulls,—nor yet none of your trading Gentry, who puzzle the Heralds to find Arms for their Coaches.—No, he shall be a Man famous for Travels, Solidity, and Curiosity—one who has search'd into the Profoundity of Nature! When Heaven shall direct such a One, he shall have my Consent, because it may turn to the Benefit of Mankind.

Mrs. Lov. The Benefit of Mankind! What, would you anatomize me?

Sir Phil. Ay, ay, Madam, he would dissect you.

Trade. Or, pore over you through a Microscope, to see how your Blood circulates from the Crown of your Head to the Sole of your Foot—ha, ha! But I have a Husband for you, a Man that knows how to improve your Fortune; one that trades to the four Corners of the Globe.

Mrs. Lov. And would send me for a Venture perhaps.

Trade. One that will dress you in all the Pride of *Europe*, *Asia*, *Africa* and *America*—a Dutch Merchant, my Girl.

Sir Phil. A *Dutchman*! ha, ha, there's a Husband for a fine Lady.—Ya Frow, will you meet myn Slagen—ha, ha; he'll learn you to talk the Language of the Hogs, Madam, ha, ha!

Trade. He'll learn you that one Merchant is of more Service to a Nation than fifty Coxcombs.—The *Dutch* know the trading Interest to be of more Benefit to the State, than the landed.

Sir Phil. But what is either Interest to a Lady?

Trade. 'Tis the Merchant makes the *Belle*—How would the Ladies sparkle in the Box without the Merchant! The *Indian Diamond*! The *French Brocade*! The *Italian Fan*! The *Flanders Lace*! The fine *Dutch Holland*! How would they vent their Scandal over their Tea-Tables? And where would your Beaus have *Champagne* to toast your Mistresses, were it not for the Merchant?

Ob. Pr. Verily, Neighbour *Tradelove*, thou dost waste thy Breath about nothing—All that thou hast said tendeth only to debauch Youth, and fill their Heads with the Pride and Luxury of this World—The Merchant is a very great Friend to Satan, and sendeth as many to his Dominions as the Pope.

Pen. Right; I say Knowledge makes the Man.

Ob. Pr. Yea, but not thy Kind of Knowledge—it is the Knowledge of Truth—Search thou for the Light within, and not for Bawbles, Friend.

Mrs. Lov. Ay, study your Country's Good, Mr. *Periwinkle*, and not her Insects—Rid you of your homebred Monsters, before you fetch any from abroad—I dare swear you have Maggots enough in your own Brain to stock all the *Virtuoso's* in *Europe* with Butterflies.

Sir Phil. By my Soul, Miss *Nancy's* a Wit.

Od. Pr. That is more than she can say by thee, Friend—Look ye, it is in vain to talk, when I meet a Man worthy of her, she shall have my Leave to marry him.

Mrs. Lov. Provided he be of the Faithful—Was there ever such a Swarm of Caterpillars to blast the Hopes of a Woman! (*Aside.*) Know this, that you contend in vain: I'll have no Husband of your chusing, nor shall you lord it over me long.—I'll try the Power of an *English Senate*—Orphans have been redress'd, and Wills set aside—And none did ever deserve their Pity more—Oh *Fain-*
well!

well! where are thy Promises to free me from these Vermin? Alas! the Task was more difficult than he imagin'd!

*A harder Task than what the Poets tell
Of Yore, the fair Andromeda beset;
She but one Monster fear'd, I've four to fear,
And see no Perseus, no Deliv'rer near.*

[Exit.

Enter Servant, and whispers to Prim.

Serv. One Simon Pure enquireth for thee.

Per. The Woman is mad.

[Exit.

Sir Phil. So you are all in my Opinion.

[Exit.

Ob. Pr. Friend Tradelove, Business requireth my Presence.

Trade. Oh, I shan't trouble you—Pox take him for an unmannerly Dog—However, I have kept my Word with my Dutchman, and will introduce him too for all you.

[Exit.

Enter Colonel in a Quaker's Habit.

Ob. Pr. Friend Pure, thou art welcome; how is it with Friend Holdfast, and all Friends in Bristol? Timothy Littleworth, John Slenderbrain, and Christopher Keepfaith?

Col. A goodly Company! (*Aside.*) They are all in Health, I thank thee for them.

Ob. Pr. Friend Holdfast writes me Word, that thou camest lately from *Pensilvania*, how do all Friends there?—

Col. What the Devil shall I say? I know just as much of *Pensilvania* as I do of *Bristol*.

[*Aside.*

Ob. Pr. Do they thrive?

Col. Yea, Friend, the Blessing of their good Works fall upon them.

Enter Mrs. Prim and Mrs. Lovely.

Ob. Pr. Sarah, know our Friend Pure.

Mrs. Pr. Thou art welcome,

[*He salutes her.*

Col. Here comes the Sum of all my Wishes—How charming she appears, even in that Disguise?

[*Aside.*

Ob. Pr. Why dost thou consider the Maiden so intently, Friend?

Col. I will tell thee: About four Days ago I saw a Vision. This very Maiden, but in vain Attire, standing on a Precipice, and heard a Voice, which called me by my Name—and bid me put forth my Hand and save her from the Pit—I did so, and methought the Damsel grew to my Side.

Mrs.

Mrs. Pr. What can that portend?

Ob. Pr. The Damsel's Conversion—I am persuaded.

Mrs. Lov. That's false, I'm sure—— [Aside.

Ob. Pr. Wilt thou use the Means, Friend *Pure*?

Col. Means! what Means? Is she not thy Daughter, already one of the Faithful?

Mrs. Pr. No, alas! she's one of the Ungodly.

Ob. Pr. Pray thee mind what this good Man will say unto thee; he will teach thee the Way that thou shouldest walk, *Anne*.

Mrs. Lov. I know my Way without his Instructions: I hop'd to have been quiet, when once I had put on your odious Formality here.

Col. Then thou wearest it out of Compulsion, not Choice, Friend?

Mrs. Lov. Thou art in the Right of it, Friend.——

Mrs. Pr. Art thou not ashamed to mimick the good Man? Ah! thou art a stubborn Girl.

Col. Mind her not; she hurteth not me—If thou wilt leave her alone with me, I will discuss a few Points with her, that may perchance soften her Stubborness, and melt her into Compliance.

Ob. Pr. Content: I pray thee *put it home to her*—Come, *Sarah*, let us leave the good Man with her.

Mrs. Lov. (*Catching hold of Prim, he breaks loose, and Exit.*) What do you mean—to leave me with this old Enthusiastical Canter? Don't think, because I comply'd with your Formality, to impose your ridiculous Doctrine upon me.

Col. I pray thee, young Woman, moderate thy Passion.

Mrs. Lov. I pray thee walk after thy Leader, you will but lose your Labour upon me—These Wretches will certainly make me mad.

Col. I am of another Opinion; the Spirit telleth me I shall convert thee, *Anne*.

Mrs. Lov. 'Tis a lying Spirit, don't believe it.

Col. Say'st thou so? Why then thou shalt convert me, my Angel. [Catching her in his Arms.

Mrs. Lov. (*Shrieks.*) Ah! Monster hold off, or I'll tear thy Eyes out.

Col. Hush! for Heaven's sake——dost thou not know me? I am *Fainwell*.

Mrs.

Mrs. Lov. *Fainwell!* [*Enter old Prim.*] Oh I'm undone! *Prim* here—I wish with all my Soul I had been dumb.

Ob. Pr. What is the Matter? Why didst thou shriek out, *Anne*?

Mrs. Lov. Shriek out! I'll shriek and shriek again, cry Murder, Thieves, or any Thing, to drown the Noise of that eternal Babbler, if you leave me with him any longer.

Ob. Pr. Was that all? Fie, fie, *Anne*.

Col. No Matter, I'll bring down her Stomach, I'll warrant thee.—Leave us, I pray thee.

Ob. Pr. Fare thee well. [*Exit.*

Col. My charming lovely Woman! [*Embraces her.*

Mrs. Lov. What mean'st thou by this Disguise, *Fainwell*?

Col. To set thee free, if thou wilt perform thy Promise.

Mrs. Lov. Make me Mistress of my Fortune, and make thy own Conditions.

Col. This Night shall answer all my Wishes—See here, I have the Consent of *three* of thy Guardians already, and doubt not but *Prim* will make the *fourth*. [*Prim listening.*

Ob. Pr. I would gladly hear what Arguments the good Man useth to bend her. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Lov. Thy Words give me new Life, methinks.

Ob. Pr. What do I hear?

Mrs. Lov. Thou best of Men, Heaven meant to bless me sure, when first I saw thee.

Ob. Pr. He hath mollified her.—Oh wonderful Conversion!

Col. Ha! *Prim* listening.—No more, my Love, we are observ'd; seem to be edified, and give 'em Hopes that thou wilt turn Quaker, and leave the Rest to me. (*Aloud.*) I am glad to find that thou art touch't with what I said unto thee, *Anne*; another Time I will explain the other Article unto thee; in the mean-while, be thou dutiful to our Friend *Prim*.

Mrs. Lov. I shall obey thee in every Thing.

Enter Obadiah Prim.

Ob. Pr. O what a prodigious Change is here! Thou hast wrought a Miracle, Friend! *Anne*, how dost thou like the Doctrine he hath preached?

Mrs,

Mrs. *Low*. So well, that I could talk to him for ever, methinks—I am ashamed of my former Folly, and ask your Pardon, Mr. *Prim*.

Col. Enough, enough, that thou art sorry; he is no Pope, *Anne*.

Ob. *Pr*. Verily, thou dost rejoice me exceedingly, Friend; will it please thee to walk into the next Room, and refresh thyself—Come, take the Maiden by the Hand.

Col. We will follow thee.

Enter Servant.

Serv. There is another *Simon Pure* enquireth for thee, Master.

Col. The Devil there is. [*Aside.*]

Ob. *Pr*. Another *Simon Pure*! I do not know him, is he any Relation of thine?

Col. No Friend, I know him not—Pox take him, I wish he were in *Pensilvania* again, with all my Blood. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. *Low*. What shall I do? [*Aside.*]

Ob. *Pr*. Bring him up.

Col. Humph! then one of us must go down, that's certain.—Now Impudence assist me.

Enter Simon Pure.

Ob. *Pr*. What is thy Will with me, Friend?

S. *Pu*. Didst thou not receive a Letter from *Aminadab Holdfast* of *Bristol*, concerning one *Simon Pure*?

Ob. *Pr*. Yea, and *Simon Pure* is already here, Friend.

Col. And *Simon Pure* will stay here, Friend, if possible. [*Aside.*]

S. *Pu*. That's an Untruth, for I am he.

Col. Take thou heed, Friend, what thou dost say; I do affirm that I am *Simon Pure*.

S. *Pu*. Thy Name may be *Pure*, Friend, but not that *Pure*.

Col. Yea, that *Pure*, which my good Friend *Aminadab Holdfast* wrote to my Friend *Prim* about, the same *Simon Pure* that came from *Pensilvania*, and sojourned in *Bristol* eleven Days; thou would'st not take my Name from me, would'st thou?—'till I have done with it. [*Aside.*]

S. *Pu*. Thy Name! I am astonish'd!

Col. At what? at thy own Assurance?

[*Going up to him, S. Pure starts back.*]

S. *Pu*. Avant, *Satan*, approach me not; I defy thee and all thy Works.

Mrs.

Mr. *Low.* Oh, he'll out-cant him—Undone, undone for ever. [*Aside.*]

Col. Hark thee, Friend, thy Sham will not take—Don't exert thy Voice, thou art too well acquainted with *Satan* to start at him, thou wicked Reprobate—What can thy Design be here?

Enter a Servant and gives Prim a Letter.

Ob. Pr. One of these must be a Counterfeit, but which I cannot say.

Col. What can that Letter be? [*Aside.*]

S. Pu. Thou must be the Devil, Friend, that's certain, for no human Power can stock so great a Falshood.

Ob. Pr. This Letter sayeth that thou art better acquainted with that Prince of Darkness, than any here—Read that I pray thee, *Simon*. [*Gives it the Col.*]

Col. 'Tis Freeman's Hand. (*Reads*) *There is a Design formed to rob your House this Night, and cut your Throat; and for that Purpose there is a Man disguised like a Quaker, who is to pass for one Simon Pure; the Gang, whereof I am one, though now resolved to rob no more, has been at Bristol, one of them came in the Coach with the Quaker, whose Name he hath taken; and from what he hath gathered from him, formed that Design, and did not doubt but he should impose so far upon you, as to make you turn out the real Simon Pure; and keep him with you. Make the right Use of this. Adieu—* Excellent well! [*Aside.*]

Ob. Pr. Dost thou hear this? [*To S. Pure.*]

S. Pu. Yea, but it moveth me not; that, doubtless, is the Impostor. [*Pointing to the Col.*]

Col. Ah! thou wicked One—now I consider thy Face, I remember thou didst come up in the Leathern Convenience with me—thou hadst a black Bob-wig on, and a brown Camblet Coat with Brass Buttons—Can'st thou deny it, ha?

S. Pu. Yea, I can, and with a safe Conscience too, Friend.

Ob. Pr. Verily, Friend, thou art the most impudent Villain I ever saw.

Mrs. Low. Nay, then I'll have a Fling at him. [*Aside.*] I remember the Face of this Fellow at *Bath*—Ay this is he that pick'd my Lady *Raffle's* Pocket in the Grove—Don't you remember that the Mob pump'd you Friend?—This is the most notorious Rogue.

S. Pu. What dost provoke thee to seek my Life? Thou wilt not hang me, wilt thou, wrongfully? *Ob.*

Ob. Pr. She will do thee no Hurt, nor thou shalt do me none; therefore get thee about thy Business, Friend, and leave thy wicked Course of Life, or thou may'st not come off so favourably every where.

Col. Go, Friend, I would advise thee, and tempt thy Fate no more.

S. Pu. Yea, I will go, but it shall be to thy Confusion; for I shall clear myself: I will return with some Proofs that shall convince thee, *Obadiab*, that thou art highly imposed upon. [Exit.]

Col. Then there will be no staying for me, that's certain — What the Devil shall I do? [Aside.]

Ob. Pr. What monstrous Works of Iniquity are there in this World, *Simon*!

Col. Yea, the Age is full of Vice — Z'death, I am so confounded, I know not what to say. [Aside.]

Ob. Pr. Thou art disorder'd, Friend — art thou not well?

Col. My Spirit is greatly troubled, and something telleth me, that tho' I have wrought a good Work in converting this Maiden, this tender Maiden, yet my Labour will be in vain; for the evil Spirit fighteth against her; and I see, yea, I see with the Eye of my inward Man, that *Satan* will re-buffet her again, whenever I withdraw myself from her; and she will, yea, this very Damsel will, return again to that Abomination from whence I have retriev'd her, as if it were, yea, as if it were out of the Jaws of the Fiend. —

Ob. Pr. Good lack, thinkest thou so?

Mrs. Lov. I must second him. (Aside.) What meaneth this struggling within me? I feel the Spirit resisteth the Vanities of this World, but the Flesh is rebellious, yea the Flesh — I greatly fear the Flesh and the Weakness thereof — hum —

Ob. Pr. The Maid is inspir'd. [Aside.]

Col. Behold, her Light begins to shine forth — Excellent Woman!

Mrs. Lov. This good Man hath spoken Comfort unto me, yea Comfort, I say; because the Words which he hath breathed into my outward Ears, are gone thro' and fix'd in mine Heart, yea verily in mine Heart, I say; — and I feel the Spirit doth love him exceedingly, hum. —

Col. She acts it to the Life. [Aside.]

Ob. Pr. Prodigious! The Damsel is filled with the Spirit, *Sarah*. Enter

Enter Mrs. Prim.

Mrs. Pr. I am greatly rejoiced to see such a Change in our beloved *Anne*.

Col. I am not disposed for thy Food, my Spirit longeth for more delicious Meat;—fain would I redeem this Maiden from the Tribe of Sinners, and break those Cords asunder wherewith she is bound,—hum——

Mrs. Lov. Something whispers in my Ears, methinks—that I must be subject to the Will of this good Man, and from him only must hope for Consolation, —hum.—— It also telleth me, that I am a chosen Vessel to raise up Seed to the Faithful, and that thou must consent that we *two* be *one* Flesh according to the Word, —hum.——

Ob. Pr. What a Revelation is here! This is certainly Part of thy Vision, Friend, this is the Maiden's *growing to thy Side*; Ah! with what Willingness should I give thee my Consent, could I give thee her Fortune too,—but thou wilt never get the Consent of the wicked Ones.

Col. I wish I was sure of yours. [*Aside.*]

Ob. Pr. My Soul rejoiceth; yea, rejoiceth, I say, to find the Spirit within thee; for lo, it moveth thee with *natural* Agitation,—yea, with *natural* Agitation, towards this good Man—yea, it *stirreth*, as one may say,—yea, verily I say it *stirreth* up thy Inclination,—yea, as one would *stir* a Pudding.

Mrs. Lov. I see, I see! the Spirit guiding of thy Hand, good *Obadiab Prim*, and now behold thou art signing thy Consent;—and now I see myself within thy Arms, my Friend and Brother, yea, I am become *Bone* of thy *Bone*, and *Flesh* of thy *Flesh*. (*Embracing him.*)—hum——

Col. Admirably perform'd. (*Aside.*)—And I will take thee in all Spiritual Love for an Helpmate, yea, for the Wife of my Bosom,—and now methinks—I feel a *Longing*,—yea, a *Longing*, I say, for the Consummation of thy Love,—yea, I do *long* exceedingly.

Mrs. Lov. And, verily, verily, my Spirit feeleth the same *Longing*.

Mrs. Prim. The Spirit hath greatly moved them both, —Friend *Prim*, thou must consent, there's no resisting of the Spirit!

Ob. Pr. Yea, the Light within sheweth me, that I shall fight a good Fight,—and wrestle thro' those reprobate Friends,

Friends, thy other Guardians ; — yea, I perceive the Spirit will hedge thee into the Flock of the Righteous. — Thou art a chosen Lamb, — yea, a chosen Lamb, and I will not push thee back. — No, I will not, I say ; — no, thou shalt leap-a, and frisk a, and skip-a and bound, and bound, I say, — yea, bound within the *Fold* of the Righteous, yea, even within thy *Fold*, my Brother. — Fetch me the Pen and Ink, *Sarah* — and my Hand shall confess its Obedience to the Spirit.

Col. I wish it were over.

Enter Mrs. Prim with Pen and Ink.

Mrs. Lov. I tremble lest this quaking Rogue should return and spoil all. [*Aside.*

Ob. Pr. Here, Friend, do thou write what the Spirit prompteth, and I will sign it. [*Col. sits down.*

Mrs. Pr. Verily, *Anne*, it greatly rejoiceth me, to see thee reformed from that original Wickedness wherein I found thee.

Mrs. Lov. I do believe thou art, and I thank thee. —

Col. (Reads.) *This is to certify all whom it may concern, that I do freely give all my Right and Title in Anne Lovely, to Simon Pure, and my full Consent that she shall become his Wife, according to the Form of Marriage. Witness my Hand.*

Ob. Pr. That's enough, give me the Pen. [*Signs it.*

Enter Betty running to Mrs. Lovely.

Betty. Oh ! Madam, Madam, here's the quaking Man again, he has brought a Coachman and two or three more.

Mrs. Lov. Ruin'd past Redemption ! [*Aside to Col.*

Col. No, no, one Minute sooner had spoil'd all, but now — here's Company coming, Friend, give me the Paper. [*Going up to Prim hastily.*

Ob. Pr. Here it is, *Simon* ; and I wish thee happy with the Maiden.

Mrs. Lov. 'Tis done, and now Devil do thy worst.

Enter Simon Pure, and Coachman, &c.

S. Pu. Look, thee, Friend, I have brought these People to satisfy thee that I am not that Impostor which thou did'st take me for, this is the Man that did drive the Leathern Conveniency, and brought me from *Bristol*, — and this is — [*Col.*

Col. Look ye, Friend, to save the Court the Trouble of examining Witnesses—I plead guilty,—ha, ha!

Ob. Pr. How's this! Is not thy Name *Pure*, then?

Col. No really, Sir, I only made bold with this Gentleman's Name —— but I here give it up safe and sound; it has done the Business which I had Occasion for, and now I intend to wear my own, which shall be at his Service upon the same Occasion at any Time.—Ha, ha, ha!

S. Pu. Oh! the Wickedness of the Age!

Coachman. Then you have no further Need of us. [*Exit.*

Col. No, honest Man, you may go about your Business.

Ob. Pr. I am struck dumb with thy Impudence, *Anne*, thou hast deceiv'd me,——and perchance undone thyself.

Mrs. Pr. Thou art a dissembling Baggage, and Shame will overtake thee. [*Exit.*

S. Pu. I am grieved to see thy Wife so much troubled: I will follow and console her. [*Exit.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Thy Brother Guardians enquire for thee; here is another Man with them.

Mrs. Lov. Who can that other Man be? [*To the Col.*

Col. 'Tis one *Freeman*, a Friend of mine, whom I ordered to bring the rest of the Guardians here.

Enter Sir Philip, Tradelove, Periwinkle, and Freeman.

Free. (*To the Col.*) Is all safe? did my Letter do you Service?

Col. All, all's safe! ample Service. [*Aside.*

Sir Phil. Miss *Nancy*, how do'st do, Child?

Mrs. Lov. Don't call me Miss, Friend *Philip*, my Name is *Anne*, thou knowest.——

Sir Phil. What, is the Girl metamorphos'd?

Mrs. Lov. I wish thou wert so metamorphos'd? Ah! *Philip*, throw off that gaudy Attire, and wear the Cloaths becoming thy Age.

Ob. Pr. I am ashamed to see these Men. [*Aside.*

Sir Phil. My Age! the Woman is possess'd.

Col. No, thou art possess'd rather, Friend.

Trade. Hark ye, *Mrs. Lovely*, one Word with you.

[*Takes hold of her Hand.*

Col. This Maiden is my Wife, Thanks to Friend *Prim*, and thou hast no Business with her. [*Takes her from him.*

Trade.

Trade. His Wife! hark ye, Mr. *Freeman*.

Per. Why, you have made a very fine Piece of Work of it, Mr. *Prim*.

Sir Phil. Married to a Quaker! thou art a fine Fellow to be left Guardian to an Orphan, truly — there's a Husband for a young Lady!

Col. When I have put on my Beau Cloaths, Sir *Philip*, you'll like me better. —

Sir Phil. Thou wilt make a very scurvy Beau—Friend—

Col. I believe I can prove it under your Hand that you thought me a very fine Gentleman in the Park t'other Day, about thirty-six Minutes after Eleven; will you take a Pinch, Sir *Philip*—One of the finest Snuff-boxes you ever saw. [Offers him Snuff.

Sir Phil. Ha, ha, ha! I am overjoy'd, Faith I am, if thou be'st the Gentleman. — I own I did give my Consent to the Gentleman I brought here To-day; — but whether this is he, I can't be positive.

Ob. Pr. Can'st thou not? — Now I think thou art a fine Fellow to be left Guardian to an Orphan. — Thou shallow-brain'd Shuttlecock, he may be a Pick-pocket for ought thou do'st know.

Per. You would have been two rare Fellows to have been trusted with the sole Management of her Fortune, would ye not, think ye? But Mr. *Tradelove* and myself shall take care of her Portion. —

Trade. Ay, ay, so we will—Didn't you tell me the *Dutch* Merchant desired me to meet him here, Mr. *Freeman*?

Free. I did so, and I am sure he will be here, if you'll have a little Patience.

Col. What, is Mr. *Tradelove* impatient? Nay then, ik been gereet voor you, heb be, *Jan Van Timamtirelireletta Heer Van Fainwell*, vergeeten?

Trade. Oh! pox of the Name! what have you trick'd me too, Mr. *Freeman*?

Col. Trick'd, Mr. *Tradelove*! did not I give you two Thousand Pounds for your Consent fairly? And now do you tell a Gentleman he has tricked you?

Per. So, so, you are a pretty Guardian, Faith, to sell your Charge; what, did you look upon her as a Part of your Stock?

Ob. Pr. Ha, ha, ha! I am glad thy Knavery is found out,

out, however—I confess this Maiden over-reached me, and no sinister End at all.

Per. Ay, ay, one Thing or other over-reach'd you all, —but I'll take care he shall never finger a Penny of her Money, I warrant you,——over-reach'd quoth'a! Why I might have been over-reach'd too, if I had had no more Wit: I don't know but this very Fellow may be him that was directed to me from *Grand Cairo* t'other Day. Ha, ha, ha!

Col. The very same.

Per. Are you so, Sir? but your Trick would not pass upon me.——

Col. No, as you say, at that Time it did not, that was not my lucky Hour;——but hark ye, Sir, I must let you into one Secret——you may keep honest *John Trade-scant's* Coat on, for your Uncle Sir *Toby Periwinkle* is not dead,—so the Charge of Mourning will be saved, ha, ha, ha!——Don't you remember Mr. *Pillage*, your Uncle's Steward, Ha, ha, ha!

Per. Not dead! I begin to fear I am trick'd too.

Col. Don't you remember the signing of a Lease, Mr. *Periwinkle*?

Per. Well, and what signifies that Lease, if my Uncle is not dead?——Ha! I am sure it was a Lease I signed.—

Pol. Ay, but it was a Lease for Life, Sir, and of this beautiful Tenement, I thank you. [*Taking hold of Mrs. Lovely.*]

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha! Neighbours Fare.

Free. So then, I find you are all trick'd, ha, ha!

Per. I am certain I read as plain a Lease, as ever I read in my Life.

Col. You read a Lease, I grant you, but you sign'd this Contract. [*Shewing a Paper.*]

Per. How durst you put this Trick upon me, Mr. *Free-man*? Didn't you tell me my Uncle was dying?

Free. And would tell you twice as much to serve my Friend, ha, ha!

Sir Phil. What the learned and famous Mr. *Periwinkle* chous'd too!——Ha, ha, ha!——I shall die with Laughing, ha, ha, ha!

Ob. Pr. It had been well if her Father had left her to wiser Heads than *thine* and *mine*, Friends, ha, ha, ha!

Trade.

Trade. Well, since you have outwitted us all, pray you what and who are you, Sir?

Sir Phil. Sir, the Gentleman is a fine Gentleman——I am glad you have got a Person, Madam, who understands Dress and good Breeding.——I was resolved she should have a Husband of my chusing.

Ob. Pr. I am sorry the Maiden is fallen into such Hands.

Trade. A Beau! nay, then she is finely help'd up.

Mrs. Lov. Why, Beaus are great Encouragers of Trade, Sir, ha, ha, ha!

Col. Look ye, Gentlemen——I am the Person who can give the best Account of myself, and I must beg Sir *Philip's* Pardon, when I tell him, that I have as much Aversion to what he calls Dress and Breeding, as I have to the Enemies of my Religion. I have had the Honour to serve his Majesty, and headed a Regiment of the bravest Fellows that ever pushed Bayonet in the Throat of a *Frenchman*; and notwithstanding the Fortune this Lady brings me, whenever my Country wants my Aid, my Sword and Arm are at her Service.

*Therefore, my Dear, if thou'lt but deign to smile,
I meet a Recompence for all my Toil:*

Love and Religion ne'er admit Restraint,

And Force makes many Sinners, not one Saint;

Still free as Air the Active Mind does rove,

And searches proper Objects for its Love;

But that once fix'd, 'tis past the Pow'r of Art

To chase the dear Idea from the Heart:

'Tis Liberty of Choice that sweetens Life,

Makes the glad Husband and the happy Wife.



A

BICKERSTAFF'S BURYING;

O R,

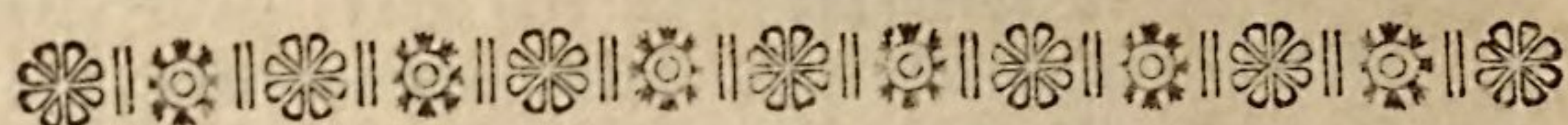
Work for the UPHOLDERS.

A

F A R C E.



M



To the Magnificent Company of
U P H O L D E R S, &c.

CUSTOM has made some Things absolutely necessary, and three Sheets without a Dedication, or a Preface, by Way of Excuse, would be an unpardonable Indecency: To avoid which, I was considering at whose Feet to lay these following Scenes. First I thought of offering it to all those young Wives who had sold themselves for Money, and been inter'd with Misery, from the first Day of their Marriage; but supposing their chief Pleasure to consist in Pride, and that they had rather gratify their Ambition in the Arms of a Fool, of Four-score, than wed a Man of Sense of narrower Fortunes, I concluded 'em unworthy of my Notice.

Then the Race of Old Men presented themselves in my Mind, who, despising Women of their own Years, marry Girls of fifteen, by which they keep open House for all the young Fellows in Town, in order to encrease their Families, and make their Tables flourish like the Vine: But my Aversion to Fools of all Kinds, made me decline them too.

At last, casting my Eyes upon the Title of the Farce, I found it could justly belong to none but the Magnificent Company of Upholders, whom the judicious Censor of Great Britain has so often condescended to mention; to you then, worthy Sirs, whose solemn Train keeps up the pompous State of Beauty, beyond the Limits of a Gasps of Breath, and draws the gazing World to admire, even after Death; to you this Piece I dedicate; 'tis but Reason that you should receive some Tribute from us living, who so truly mourn us dead. What does not Mankind owe to you? All Ranks and Conditions are obliged to you; the Aged and the Young, the Generous and the Miser, the well descended and the baser born. The Escutcheons garnish out the Hearse, the Streamers and Wax Lights, let us into the Name of a Man, which, all his Life had been hid in Obscurity; and many a Right Honourable would fall unlamented, were it not for your decent Cloaks, and dismal Faces,
that

DEDICATION.

that look as sorrowfully as the Creditors they leave unpaid. What an immense Sum might be rais'd from your Art to carry on the War, would you, like true Britons, exert your Power? The People being fond of Sights, what might not be gather'd at a Funeral, when the Rooms are clad in Sable, the Body dress'd out with all your skilful Care, the Tapers burning in their Silver-Sockets, the weeping Virgins fixt like Statues round, and aromatic Gums perfume the Chambers, I think it preferable to the Puppet-show, and a Penny a Head for all the Curious, would, I dare be positive, amount to more than the Candle-Tax; and so make Death subservient to the Living.

But this, Gentlemen, I leave to your superior Judgment in Politick Principles; and only beg leave to remind you, that in this croud'd Town, there are a prodigious Number of Mr. Bickerstaff's dead Men, that swarm about Streets; therefore, for the Sakes of the most ingenious Part of Mankind, you ought to take Care to inter them out of the Way, since he that does no Good in his Generation, should not be reckon'd among the Living.

And now to conclude, Gentlemen, I hope you'll pardon this Liberty I have taken, and accept this as a Token of the Respect I bear your noble Society: I honour you tho' I have no Desire of falling into your Hands, but I think we Poets are in no Danger of that, since our real Estate lies in the Brain, and our personal consists in two or three loose Scenes, a few Couplets for the Tag of an Act, and a slight Sketch for a Song, and as I take it, you are not over-fond of Paper-Credit, where there is no Probability of recovering the Debt: So wishing you better Customers, I expect no Return, but am proud of subscribing myself,

GENTLEMEN,

Your most obedient humble Servant:

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Mezro,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr. Norris.
<i>Captain,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr. Bickerstaff.
<i>Boatswain,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr. Spiller.
<i>First Sailor,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr. Pack.
<i>Second Sailor,</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr. Miller.

W O M E N.

<i>Lady Mezro,</i>	—	—	—	Mrs. Knight.
<i>Isabinda, her Niece,</i>	—	—	—	Mrs. Cox.
<i>A Lady,</i>	—	—	—	Mrs. Kent.
<i>Officer,</i>	—	—	—	Mr. Carnaby.
<i>Servants,</i>	—	—	—	Mr. Cole, &c.
<i>Lucy,</i>	—	—	—	Mrs. Spiller.

*****!*****
 (*X*~*X*~*X*~*X*~*X*~*X*~*X*~*X*~*X*~*X*~*X*~*X*~*X*~*X*~*X*~*X*~*~*)

A
 BICKERSTAFF'S BURYING;
 O R,
 Work for the UPHOLDERS.

S C E N E I.

A working Sea seen at a Distance, with the Appearance of a Head of a Ship bulging against a Rock : Mermaids rise and sing : Thunder and Lightning : Then the Scene shuts.

Enter Lady Mezro, and her Niece Isabinda veil'd.

Isab.  H Y don't you tell me whither you are going, Aunt, this Morning? I can scarce keep Pace with you. What is it that transports you so? you do not use to be so gay.

Lady M. Oh, my Girl, just now, from my Chamber-Window, I beheld a Ship, by Strefs of Weather, driven on our Coast; which, since the last unhappy one that brought me here, I have never seen; pray Heav'n it be *English!*

Isab. So say I, then I shall see the fine Men you have so often talk'd of, Aunt.

Lady M. Ay, and the Country that breeds those Men, Child, if we can handsomly get off.

Isab. With all my Heart; for I hate this Isle of *Cosgar*, and all its barbarous Laws, since you have inform'd me of those of *Great Britain*.

Lady M. Hush, here's some of the Ship's Crew; let's step a-side and observe them. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Captain, Boatswain, and Sailors.

Capt. Well, how fares the Ship, has she any Damage?

Boat. Only the Leak, which the Carpenter has stop'd, Captain.

Capt. That's well: I can't imagine what this Island produces!

Boat. Monsters, I think; for they stare as if they never had any Commerce with Mankind, or ever saw a Ship in their Lives.

Capt. I question if ever they did, and wish it had not been our Fortune to have improv'd their Knowledge.

1st Sail. I wish so too; I hate making strange Land: Who the Devil knows where to find a Wench now?

Boat. Here's a Dog, that two Hours ago, drown'd his necessary Orders with his Prayers, and now is roaring as loud for a Whore.

1st Sail. 'Tis our Custom, you know; out of Danger the Sailor must be merry, i'Faith; ha, ha.

2d Sail. *Nell*, at the Ship at *Chatham*, shall know this.

1st Sail. I care not a Rope's End if she does: Why, what the Devil do you think I'll come into a strange Land, and not examine what Commodity it produces? No, no, Faith; *Nick* must know if the Females here be Fish or Flesh, before he puts off again.

Capt. Ha, ha; Well, well, take Care you han't your Brains beat out: Go, disperse yourselves, and see what Provisions you can get. I just now met a Native of the Country; who tells me, that the Prince is coming this Way: He understands a little of the *Arabian* Tongue, and has promis'd to introduce me to him; that I may endeavour, by some Presents, to gain his Leave to refit our Ship, and supply our Wants.

Boat. Where shall we find you, Master?

[*Exeunt* Boatswain and Sailors.]

Capt. Here, or hereabouts. Now for this *Cabbacuca*. Adsheart, what a Name's there! If the Prince be as barbarous as his Name, we had as good perish'd in the Storm: But I wonder the Fellow comes not, that is to conduct me to Court; that is, I suppose, to a King sitting under a Palm-tree: What would I give for a Friend there?

Enter Lady Mezro and Isabinda.

Lady M. (*Clapping him on the Shoulder.*) What would you give, Captain?

Capt.

Capt. Ha! *English!* Nay, then I am not so far out of Knowledge as I imagin'd.

Lady M. You are a great Way from the Rose in *Covent-Garden*, I promise you.

Capt. The Rose in *Covent-Garden!* Let me see thy Face, thou dear Angel, or I die. [*Embraces her.*]

Lady M. Die! Nay, then you have chang'd your Inclination with the Clime; you never us'd to die for an old Acquaintance.

Capt. Ah! an old Acquaintance, here, Child, is welcomer than old Wine, and the Accident will give it a new Relish.

Lady M. Say you so? well, whether you speak Truth or not, I protest this Sight of you pleases me better than the first; and now, Sir, I am your humble Servant.

[*Turns up her Veil.*]

Capt. Ha! Mrs. *Take-it!* Why, what Wind blew you hither?

Lady M. Just such another as brought you, I fancy; our Ship was bound to *Madras*.

Capt. So was mine.

Lady M. After three Days tempestuous Weather, having lost our Main-mast, and all our Tackle, expecting nothing but Death, when by a sudden Gust our Vessel was driven upon yon dreadful Rock, which split her into a thousand Pieces, and only I by Providence was sav'd.

Capt. Thank Heav'n, I've not lost one Man; I pity your Misfortune, and yet, by your Appearance, 'tis a Fault to pity you, for it has turn'd to your Advantage. Prithce what Business had you in the *Indies?*

Lady M. To get a Husband; you know few Women go there but to make their Fortunes.

Capt. Which I suppose you have done here, Madam.

Lady M. An Emir, which is a Lord, you must understand, walking by the Sea-side, spied me on the Rock, and kindly help'd me down, fell in Love, and married me; and I am now one of the greatest Women upon the Place,

Capt. I am glad on't, with all my Soul. Who is this Lady? another of my old Acquaintance too?

Lady M. No, I promise you; there's a Face never saw *Covent-Garden*. She's my Husband's Niece, the best humour'd Woman in the World; and for her Beauty, let

that speak for itself, (*turns up her Veil*) so, I see by your Eyes you like her.

Isab. Grant, great Prophet, that he may! for I like him, I'm sure. [*Aside.*]

Capt. Like her! I'Gad, if your Island's peopled with such Angels, 'tis certainly the Land of Promise, and every Ship will put in here for Provision.

Lady M. She's the only handsome one in it, I promise you; her Mother was *English*, and cast hither by such another Accident as myself.

Isab. And do you think this Face will do in *Covent-Garden*, Captain?

Capt. In *Covent-Garden*, Madam! Where would it not do? Ha! your Skin's as smooth as the Sea in a Calm, and your Eyes outshine the Sun after a Storm; your Voice as sweet as Syrens Songs; and 'tis greater Pleasure to behold you, than Land after a dangerous Voyage. I'll settle here, I'm resolv'd.

Lady M. Ah, the right *London* Strain. [*Aside.*]

Isab. And I'de rather go with him. [*Aside.*]

Capt. Where the Devil is my Ship's Crew? I'll have the Bottom of my Vessel beat out immediately, that I may never put to Sea again.

Isab. I'm afraid, young Gentleman, you'll change your Note if you knew the Custom of this Country.

Lady M. Indeed, my *quondam* Spark, you'd be glad to get off in a Cock-Boat if you do, by that Time you have been married half so long as I have been—I'm sure I would.

Capt. Ay! why so? you shine in Jewels.

Lady M. I once thought Riches the greatest, but now find them the least Part of Happiness.

Capt. Oh, you want to see dear *England* again, and dazzle the Eyes of your old Acquaintance.

Lady M. That's not the Cause.

Capt. Your Husband is old, I suppose?

Lady M. True.

Capt. What is that to my Repentance? This Lady is young.

Lady M. Then he is as ugly as a Baboon.

Capt. Yet wide; this Lady's as handsome as a Cherubin.

Lady M. He's as jealous as a *Spaniard*, as barbarous as a *Turk*,

a *Turk*, and as ill-natur'd as an old Woman; and I hate him as heartily as one Beauty does another; yet fear him as much as you Merchant-Men do a *French Privateer*.

Capt. Why there's nothing super-natural in all this; Women hate their Husbands all the World over.

Isab. I'm sure I should never hate you, if I had you once. (*Aside.*) And are not you even with us, Captain?

Capt. I won't answer for the whole Sex; but I'll engage for myself, if thou'lt but try me, Child.

Isab. First hear the Conditions annext to Matrimony; then, if you'll venture——

Capt. Venture! What the Devil dost think I that have fac'd so many Dangers, should be afraid of fresh Water?

Lady M. Have a care what you say, Captain; for six to four but you'll wish yourself unmarried again, as heartily as I do.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Oh Madam! undone! undone! my Lord's just dying.

Lady M. Ah!

Capt. Undone! Pish, Pox, 'tis the best News thou ever brought'st in thy Life, Wench.

Lady M. Ruin'd! past Redemption! Oh, that ever I was born!

Capt. Ha! what's the Meaning of this?

Isab. Oh unhappy Woman!

Capt. Unhappy! Adsheart, I shou'd have guess'd her the happiest Woman in the World, now.

Lady M. Fly, call Physicians strait, here, bribe 'em with Jewels, (*tears off the Jewels*) give 'em a King's Ransom, if they can but save his Life, load 'em with Wealth 'till they sink beneath the Weight. Oh! my latest Hour is come!

Capt. What the Devil can be the Matter? why all this Noise? Here's none but Friends; I don't apprehend that any body can over-hear you; this is something like the *Irish Cry*; I suppose it is the Custom of the Country.

[*Aside.*

Lady M. Oh no! Neither Heaven nor Earth will hear me now! I'm lost, for ever lost! Oh, oh, oh!

Capt. Humph! now I have found it; all the Estate goes with him, I warrant.

Lady M. Estate ! sink the Estate ! my Life goes with him !

Isab. Oh cruel, oh inhuman Law !

Capt. What a-pox, she wont die for the Man she hates, will she ? Did you not wish to be unmarried just now ? and are you sorry that your Husband's a-dying ? The Woman's distracted sure !

Lady M. Oh, I must be buried with him alive ! O dreadful Thought. [Runs off.]

Capt. Ha ! how's that ? Buried alive ! I'm Thunder-struck ! Stay, I conjure you, Madam, (*To Isabinda*) and explain to me this Riddle.

Isab. It is, Sir, the barbarous Custom of our Country ; first ordain'd from frequent Poisoning here, that which soever of the married Pair died first, the Survivor is buried with alive, dress'd, and adorn'd, for a second Nuptial.

Capt. E'gad, it has turn'd my Stomach against the first. (*Aside.*) Unheard of Barbarity ! Is none exempt the Pain of the Country ?

Isab. None ; all let down a deep hollow Mountain, with some Loaves of Bread, and some Bottles of Water, on which they may feed for some time, and then expire within the loathsome Dungeon. My Mother in her Bloom was with my Father buried : I was but thrice three Moons old ; yet I remember even then it rais'd a Horror in me, and as I grew up, fixt a Resolution in me, never to wed in this curst Place.

Capt. Faith, you had Reason, Madam, and I admire that any body does.

Isab. Custom has made it easy to the true *Cosgarian* Race, but I have a *British* Soul.

Capt. You must be rescued from this Imposition ; your Aunt too must be sav'd.

Isab. But how ? If he dies, the Officers of Justice seize her ; nay, 'tis Death for all the Household if Information be not given strait. Upon the Wedding-day, two Coffins are always brought into the Bride-Chamber, as part of the Ceremony.

Capt. E'gad, I should have small Appetite to finish the Ceremony at the Sight of 'em.

Isab. This is the deplorable State of Matrimony in our Country.

Capt.

Capt. If it were the Custom all over the World, we young Fellows should live deliciously; Women would be as plenty as Blackberries; we might put forth our Hands and take them without Jointures, Settlements, Pin-money, Parson, and so forth. [*Noise.*]

Isab. Hark! I hear a Noise! Oh, my poor Aunt! I must in, and see the Event.

Capt. First promise me that if I contrive a Way to bear you hence, you'll consent to go with me?

Isab. With all my Heart, there's my Hand upon it; we have no Time for Courtship; I'll meet you here again in an Hour. [*Exit.*]

Capt. Now if I can but handsomly carry off these Women, their Jewels will turn to better Account than an *East-India* Voyage.

Enter Boatswain and Sailors.

Well, what Cheer, my Lads? I have seen the Prince, and obtain'd his Leave for every Thing I ask'd.

1st Sail. Cheer! why Faith, Captain, we sail directly before the Wind; and I want but your Consent to make the richest Port in the Universe.

Capt. What do you mean?

1st Sail. What! why I can have a fine Lady here, with as many Jewels about her as will ballast a Ship, if you'll but give me my Discharge; nay, I won't be ungrateful for it neither, you shall have all my Pay: What say you, Master, will you lend me your Hand to heave me into good Fortune?

2d Sail. Will you be false-hearted then, *Nick*? *Nell* will hang herself in her Garters when she hears it.

1st Sail. Let her, let her, what care I: Odsfish! do you think I'd leave a first Rate for a Frigate; forsake a fine Lady for *Nell*? That's quitting a Bowl of Punch for a Draught of Sea-water. [*Spitting.*]

Boat. I wonder what she saw in that ugly Phiz of thine, that's always as dirty as the Hammock you swing in; and as seldom wash'd as your Shirt, which is not once a Quarter.

2d Sail. Ha, ha! Oh, she fell in Love with his Nose or his Legs.

1st Sail. Why, what Fault can you find with my Nose?

Bob. Ha! 'tis found, and perhaps that's more than yours is.

Boat. Nay, nay, don't find Fault with his Nose, it is like the Bowspit, and his Legs would serve for a Main-mast; I warrant the Jade understands Sailing, and so wisely provides against Strefs of Weather, ha, ha.

1st Sail. I'faith, she's a tite Vessel, and I'll man her as titely, I warrant ye, my Lads.

Capt. Ha, ha; hark ye, Sirrah; there's such Conditions entail'd upon this Woman, you are so fond of, that will make you as Wife-sick, as the Sea did in your first Voyage.

1st Sail. Aye, it's no Matter for that, Captain; you must not think to serve me as you do a Whale, fling out an empty Cask till the Substance gets by. Look ye, Master, to fetch up half her Wealth, I'd dive to the Bottom of the Sea, and venture being swallow'd by a Shark, *Nick* would, I'faith, Master.

2d Sail. Well said, *Nick*; E'gad, I warrant you think to be an Ambral now.

1st Sail. Why, why not, if I have Money enough to buy it? And I will be an Ambral too, for all you, and my Master here, shall be my Rear-Ambral.

Capt. Oh, your very humble Servant, Mr. Admiral—but suppose your Wife should die, *Nick*?

1st Sail. Better and better still; her Gold, and precious Stones, won't die too; and E'gad, I'll drink to her good Voyage in a Bowl of Punch, clap my Riches aboard, and hoist Sail for merry *England*.

Capt. Ha, ha, Do you know that the Law of this Island buries the living Husband with the dead Wife.

1st Sail. Ha! the Devil it does!

Capt. 'Tis even so.

Boat. Ambral, I wish you much Joy.

1st Sail. Alive!

2d Sail. What, is the Wind chop'd full in your Teeth, *Nick*? Ha, ha, ha!

1st Sail. Ay, Faith, and blows so hard, that it shall blow my Head off e're I make the Port of Matrimony in this Island. Buried with her? quotha! E'gad, I always thought the Wedding-sheet the Winding-sheet of Pleasure, after a Month; but to have no Hopes beyond her; Zounds! I had rather sit in the Bilboes all Days of my Life. I'll aboard this Minute. *Boatswain*, you grumbl'd at my good Fortune just now, take her yourself if you will.

Boat.

Boat. The Devil take me if I do.

Capt. I told you I should take off the Edge of your Appetite: Go, go, try and get the Ship off: I'll be aboard immediately. Have you got any Provisions?

Boat. That we have, good Store.

Capt. Well, well, be gone then.

1st Sail. Ay, with all my Heart; if I get once aboard, I'll stick as close to the Ship as Pitch to a Rope; and sink with her rather than come ashore again. Buried with a Wife! the Devil! [Exeunt Sailors.

Capt. Let me consider; what Stratagem shall I use to carry off the Women.

Enter Isabinda.

Isab. There's a sad House within; but hang me if I don't fancy my Uncle counterfeits; for in my Mind his Pulse beats as regular as mine.

Capt. Ha! Say you so? Then I have it. Convey me into the House, where I'll tell you the Plot, to free you from these Apprehensions.

Isab. If you effect it you are a Deity. Come along with me; in this Confusion I can preserve you undiscover'd.

Capt. Along then. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

The Emir on a Couch, with his Wife weeping by him, and Attendants round about. Table, Couch, 2 Chairs, Gal-lypots, &c.

Lady. Oh Distraction! Look up my Lord, my Love, my Husband! Oh, you will break my Heart, and I shall go before you! Oh, oh, oh!

Emir. The Stars forbid! Oh, oh! [Groans.

Lady. Ah! Help ye Slaves—Gently bear him up—Rub his Temples—Apply the Hartshorn to his Nose—Oh speak and tell me how you do, my Dear!—Oh, oh, oh! [Roars out.

Emir. Very bad—Oh, oh!

Lady. Are you very bad, my Love? What will become of me? [Aside.

Em. Very bad indeed, Wife—Oh, I shall not live this Day, I doubt.

Lady. Ah! What do I hear?—Oh, ye cruel Powers, —Why was I cast upon this Shoar? Curse on these glitter-
ing

ing Bawbles, whose bewitching Lustre cheats us of true Happiness. (*Tears off her Jewels,*) A Thirst of Riches drew me from that Land where Widow-hood is happy — to die within a loathsome Dungeon, unpitied and forlorn.

Em. What does she say now? — Prithee, my Dear, don't afflict yourself so much — You'll be sick, my Love —

Lady. But you'll die, my Love — Sick, quotha! Good Heaven! Can I be well when you are dying?

Em. Oh, you think of the Custom of our Country, Wife; you fear to be buried with me, that's all.

Lady. All does he call it — [*Aside.*

Em. Now, if it had pleas'd Great *Mahomet*, that thou shouldst have gone first, I should have accompanied thee with Pleasure —

Lady. That's more than I shall do you, I'm sure. [*Aside.* So shall I you, my Dear, as to any Business I have with Life, when thou'rt gone: but the Pain to see thee die, to part with thee for ever, is the Shock that Nature feels — but 'tis unkindly urg'd to think I fear the Custom of the Island — for what Joy could I have when thou art gone?

Em. I doubt she lies — But this is the only Way I could ever find to keep her in Subjection; for as soon as I am well, whip! she's scamper'd, and I have no more Comfort of a Wife than I should have in her Grave: If all *English* Wives are such Gadders, Heaven help their Husbands, I say —

Lady. How dost thou do, Jewel?

Em. I think I am a little better; I believe I could eat a Leg of that Chicken within —

Lady. Fly ye Slaves, and fetch it instantly. Oh, all ye Powers, that protect our Lives, I thank ye; I feel the Springs of Joy recruit; thy Words run thro' my Soul with such exulting Pleasure, that 'tis all one Rapture — Oh, let me hold thee ever in my Arms — Oh! that single Word, Better — has more Harmony in it than the Music of the Spheres — Thus let me kiss it from thy Lips, 'tis the richest Cordial Nature could produce to raise my sinking Hopes. (*Embraces and kisses him in an Extasy.*) Where are you, Slaves, why do you stay so long.

Enter Servants.

Em. Ah, this Wife of mine does but counterfeit this
Love

Love to me, I fear — If our Law did not bury the Living with the Dead, here would be no Joy for my Recovery.

Lady. Come, my Dear, shall I cut it for thee?

Em. No, I'll not trouble thee. [*He cuts and eats greedily.*]
'Tis very good: Won't you eat a Bit of it, Deary?

Lady. No, thou shalt eat it all — He feeds heartily: Ah, if I had him in Old England, I should wish it were his last — Oh, the vast Difference between a Widow's Weed and a Winding-Sheet, between the civil Ceremonies of shedding Tears at the Grave, and the barbarous Custom of making one's Bed there.

Em. How pleas'd she is? Ah, wou'd she be in this good Humour always —

Lady. Much good may do you, my Dear. [*Kisses him.*]

Em. I thank you, my Love — Ah, you little Rogue, how warm your Busses are — (*Rises from the Table*) Od, they infuse new Life into me; and methinks I feel Health pop into my Heart, like a Pop-gun — Another Kiss, my Dearest — (*Kisses her.*) So, so, thou hast done it, thou hast done it, thou dear Rogue — Go, what do you stare at? be gone and leave your Lady and I alone —

[*To the Servants.*]

Lady. Say you so — alone! alas, are you fit to be left alone — leave a dying Man alone — Let them stir if they dare — I shall take better Care of you than that comes to, my Dear.

Em. Pish, Pish, I tell thee I am out of Danger.

Lady. I wish thou wert —

Em. Indeed I am, and thou shalt find it so; therefore, prithee let them go — [*Winking at her.*]

Lady. Alas, I fear you are light-headed, my Dear; Aye, your Pulse is upon the Galop; you are in a raging Fever — Oh, woe is me! Oh, oh, oh! Away, some of ye, and fetch a Doctor.

Em. Psha, psha; I tell thee thou art mistaken; I am in no Fever but what proceeds from thy pretty pouting Lips, and thou art the best Phyfician, let me kiss them again; ye, ye, ye, ye, dear soft Charmer, ye, ye.

Lady. Are you sure you are well?

Em. Very sure on't, my Dear — Come, let us take a Nap together.

Lady. You know I can't sleep in the Day-time: besides,
you

you ought to return your Prophet Thanks for your Recovery——

Em. Oh, that I'll do To-morrow.

Lady. To-morrow! A Man of your Years ought to be ashamed of deferring Things of that Kind till To-morrow.

Em. Why, Child, upon Occasion one may——

Lady. Occasion! What Occasions have People of your Age for Life, but to pray——

Em. Have Women in your Country no other Business for their Husbands, my Dear?

Lady. No——

Em. Humph! That was the Reason you left it, I doubt——

Lady. Ah! would I had never left it——

Em. But come, come, you jest but with me. *Lucy*, fetch your Lady's Night gown——I love to see her in her Night-gown——Ah, those roguish Eyes! Another Kiss and then——

Lady. You love to see me in my Night-gown, I think I shan't consult your Fancy much——Prithee no more Sleeping; your Breath's ready to strike one down, and your Beard's as rough as a Hedge-hog. *Lucy*, fetch me my Veil, I have a Visit to make.

Lucy. Yes, Madam.

[*Exit.*

Em. So, she's no Changeling, I find; never Man had such a Wife, certainly——I must always be sick, or she'll always be out of Humour. (*Aside.*) Sure you'll not leave me, Wife.

Lady. Indeed but I shall, Husband.

[*Enter Lucy.*

Lucy. Here's the Veil, Madam.

[*She puts it on.*

Em. Well, go then, I won't hinder you——*Shaddock*, give me my Cloak; I'll go see the Grand Emir, and pass away the Time a little till your Lady's Return.

Lady. Well, now I like your Humour. You shou'd always let your Wife go, when and where she pleases.

Em. That I resolve for the future——Ha! what ails me——Bless me, I'm very sick o'th' Sudden; oh, oh! pray lead me to my Bed, or I shall die this Moment——

Lady. Ha! what's that, die say you? [*throws off her Veil.* Oh wretched me! here, here, here, here, take a little of this, my Lord. Judgment is pronounc'd against my Life,
and

and I must die at last. (*Aside.*)—Away, and call the Physicians: Haste, fly, oh, oh, oh!

Em. No, no, 'twill off again; 'tis only a Fit—thy Kindness is my best Cordial. I'll try to rest a little.

Lady. Withdraw all of you, and separate into Silence. I'll watch by thee. Heaven send my Love a comfortable Nap—What Distractions tear my Breast—Now Hope, then Despair, with alternate Sway, exercise their Power, and no kind Glimpse of Safety offers me Relief.

Enter Isabinda.

Is. Oh Aunt, the Captain is without, and has a Secret to deliver us from this Place if you'll but help the Design.

Lady. Bring him in: If your Uncle wakes I'll tell him it is a Doctor.

Enter Captain and whispers the Lady.

Isab. Here he is.

Capt. Do you this, and I'll be ready to finish it. [*Exit.*

Lady. I'll venture. Oh Fortune, be this once propitious, and I'll submit my future Life, without the least Complaint. Ah! my Head turns round! Oh, I faint, I die! [*Swoons.*

Isab. Ah Help! Help! Where are you? My Aunt's dead. Help! Help! [*The Emir rises, runs, and catches hold of his Wife.*

Em. I'm Thunder-struck—Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Serv. Ha! Dead! Nay then, where are the Coffins?

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Emir. Oh, woe is me! Speak to me, my Dear; speak to me; speak to me.

Isab. As I suspected: See how nimble he is at the Apprehension of being buried with her. What shall I do? she's breathless quite—

Emir. Oh, oh, oh! (*Roars out.*) Undone, undone, for ever—

Isab. Ay, it is you have been the Cause, oh, wretched Man! Prophet, thou art just.

Emir. Wretched indeed. I confess I did but counterfeit—Oh Alla, (*kneels*) pardon my Deceit, and give me back her Life, and let her cuckold me with every Thing she meets; let her be the veriest Wife that ever England bred,

bred, I never will be jealous more! oh, oh! (*Gets up and runs to her, and feels her Pulse, then rubs her Temples; and prays again—*) Is there any Hopes, Niece?

Isab. No, none. Oh distracting Thought! This comes of your frightening her so.

Emir. Oh forgive me, Niece, for I truly repent: Alas! I did it only to keep her in Subjection. Oh fetch the Cordial which I, like a false Wretch, had no Occasion for! Oh! I do believe she lov'd me now! Oh Niece, try, try, to pour some down her Throat; for I tremble so, I cannot guide it to her Lips.

Isab. Alas! her Teeth are set: She's gone! for ever gone!

Emir. Then I'm gone too! [*Bursts out again into Tears.* Oh, oh, oh!

Enter Servants with two Coffins.

Isab. Oh killing Sight! (*kneels*) Thou glorious Sun assist us now and we are happy. [*Aside.*

Emir. Ay do, do pray for thy Uncle, Child: Oh, oh, oh!

Isab. I have Occasion for my Prayers myself, at this Time, I thank ye, for I'm afraid we are in the greater Danger at present. [*Aside.*

Emir. (*Turns and sees the Coffins.*) Oh, oh, oh, that ever I married! Where shall I hide myself? Oh, oh, oh!

[*Runs off.*

Serv. Stop him, stop him. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Isab. Call the Officers of Justice strait; I must be cruel here. So, he's gone, Captain, come forth.

Enter Captain.

Lady. I'm almost choak'd with holding my Breath so long; what's to be done now? Pray Heaven we prosper!

Capt. I warrant you, Madam, come, come, be quick, you must aboard this Minute. Have you any Thing you would take with you?

Isab. I have pack'd up all your Jewels, and every Thing of Value, here, Madam: Mercy on me, how I tremble!

Lady. And I'm ready to sink with Fear: If we are taken we are undone, and you lose your Lives.

Capt. Nothing like a good Courage: Come, let's not stand disputing, and lose the lucky Minute.

Lady.

Lady. From these curst Laws, oh let me 'scape with Life.

Ifab. And make me any Creature but a Wife.

Capt. Your Wealth at any Time decides the Strife.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

A Cosgarian Lady, dragging in the first Sailor.

Lady. Nay, don't think to leave me, Sir, did you not promise to stay here?

1st Sail. But will you promise not to die before me then? Answer me that: Adsbud, who do you think to chouse? ha!

Lady. What are you afraid to die with her you love?

1st Sail. Love! Zounds! does any body love a Woman well enough to die with her?

Lady. Yes, certainly, with their Wives.

1st Sail. That's a Mistake, d'ye see; for of all the Women in the World we care the least for our Wives, in my Country.

Lady. That's strange. Why, I should rejoice to die with you, pretty *Englishman*.

1st Sail. Aye, one Way, perhaps, pretty Devil! But to be plain with you, I desire to die no Way with you at all; and so I shear off. [Going.]

Lady. Stay. Cannot Gold and Jewels tempt you?

[*Shews Gold and Jewels.*]

1st Sail. No.

Lady. What are you *Englishmen* made on?

1st Sail. Flesh and Blood, Child: If I can find one of Iron and Steel, I'll recommend him to you.

Lady. Iron and Steel! What kind of Men are they?

1st Sail. Oh, Things that are so well acquainted with the Earth, that they'll lie twenty Years in it and take no Hurt: Now for my Part, I have as much Antipathy to fresh Mould as fresh Water; and had rather eat Sea-Bisket than a green Sod; and the Wind will as soon blow North and by South, as I be prevail'd upon to turn in with you.

Lady. Faint-hearted Wretch! Take me with you, then, to your World.

1st Sail. Look ye, I'll have nothing to do with you at all; and there's your Answer; and if you offer to stop me, I shall make use of my Cat of Nine Tails, in troth I shall.
Zounds!

284 *A BICKERSTAFF's Burying ; or,*

Zounds! I never had such an Aversion for a Woman in my Life.

[Exit Sailor.

Lady. Sure this is some Sea-Monster, it cannot be a Man, and Proof against Gold and Jewels.

The *European's* God is Gold, we *Indians* say,
Then dare they fly from that to which they pray?
When next —————

To th' shining Ore thou dost for Mercy sue,
As you've been deaf to me, may that be deaf to you.
[Exit.

Enter second Sailor.

2d Sail. Ha! the Woman here that *Nick* should have had; a faint-hearted Dog! Now have I a Mind to knock her Brains out, and carry off her Jewels.

Lady. What's here — another of the puny Knaves?

[A Whistle within.

2d Sail. Ha! the Boson's Whistle! nay then I must be speedy; and yet I can't find in my Heart to kill her.

[Whistle again.

Adsheart, I shall be left ashoar; I must away.

Lady. You look disorder'd, Sir; are you in Love?

2d Sail. With your rare glist'ning Stones I am; and if your damn'd Fashion did not heave the living Husband o're board with the dead Wife, I did not care if I said I was in love with you.

Lady. Then take me where we may live for ever; for indeed I don't like this Custom amongst us, but must obey it. Come, bear me hence, and I will load thee with Wealth enough to buy thy Country.

[Whistle and hollow within.

2d Sail. Ha! I have no Time to think; come along then; I'll venture to swing in a Hammock with you for once.

Blow gently, *Boreas,* *Neptune's* Rage confound,

And set us safely upon *British* Ground,

Where we will drink and sing till the whole World goes round.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

The Emir dragg'd in by Officers, with Servants bringing in Loaves of Bread and Bottles of Water.

Off. What, a Native of *Cosgar,* and tremble at its Laws!

Laws! when even our Kings are subject to 'em. For Shame, *Emir*, bear yourself like a Man——Come, open the Coffin, and put in the Loaves and Water.

Emir. Ah, I shall have but small Stomach to eat. [*aside*. Confound our Laws; I'm inform'd that no Part of the World is curst with such, but only us, the rest live as long as they can: To be buried alive——Oh curs'd Custom! Oh, oh, oh! In perfect Health too! Oh, oh, oh!

Off. In Health! nay my Lord, that you are not; every body expected your Death this Morning; the Fright of which, I suppose, has caus'd your Lady's: I'm sure every body thought you very ill.

Emir. Aye, and may be every body thought me willing to die, but every body was mistaken.

Off. My Lord, we have no Time for Talking; it is not in our Powers to prevent your Fate. Here, lift him into the Coffin. Where are your Cords to let the Coffins down the Mountain? [*They seize him*.

Emir. I will not go down the Mountain: Unconscionable Rogues! (*struggles with them*.) I hope your Wives will die To-morrow——Hold, hold, let me see my Wife first; she died suddenly, and may come to Life again.

Off. Pish! Pish! This is Trifling, in with him, I say.

Emir. I tell you my Wife was an *English* Wife, and troubled with Vapours, as all that Country Wives are; she us'd to die and come to Life again ten Times in an Hour, therefore I will see her. [*Struggling to reach at her Coffin*.

2d Off. Shall he see her, Brother?

1st Off. No, no.

Emir. Ye Dogs, I will. (*Gets hold on't, and pulls off the Lid*.) By Alla, Sun, Moon and Stars, here's no body! Huzza, here's no body, she's alive. [*Jumps and dances about*.

Off. Alive! bring her out then.

Emir. Nay, do you bring her out, if you will, for you shall never bring me in.

Off. My Lord, I shall make you bring her out; you have buried her in your Garden, I suppose; but that shan't serve: Produce her living, or I'll instantly proceed to the Ceremony of Burial with you: Where is she?

Emir. Sir, I told you before she was an *English* Wife, and I believe few Husbands know where to find them.

Off. This shan't serve: Where's Mrs. *Isabinda*, your Niece?

Emir.

Emir. With her Aunt, for ought I know.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Oh, my Lord, the Ship that was cast here, yesterday, is gone off, and with it your Lady, Niece and Maid, with all your Jewels.

Emir. With all my Soul; and there's something for thy News; a boon Voyage, and a merry Gale to them, say I; it is the most comfortable Loss that ever Man had.

Off. Why, what a Misfortune's this? Here's our Fees lost. [*Aside.*

Emir. And if ever you catch me marrying again, I'll give you leave to use your Cords. Dogs! get out of my House, go; troop, Vermin, no going down the Mountain now—Here, kick the Coffins after them, with their Loaves and Water; for there shall never be more Occasion for 'em in this House, I promise you—Come, where are my Servants? Here, let me have Musick and Dancing, to cheer my Spirits.

The Laws of Wedlock all Men think severe;
But 'tis Damnation sure to marry here.

T H E



THE
ARTIFICE.

A
COMEDY.

As it is ACTED

At the THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*.



PROLOGUE. Written by Mr. BOND.

Spoken by Mr. MILLS.

*O*UR Wits of late, grown wond'rous Weather-wise,
Change, like the various Seasons of the Skies.
They, each dull Winter, fallen and severe
And cloudy, as its gloomiest Days appear:
Yawn o'er their Desks, sigh forth some Tragic-Scene,
Then treat the Town with Products of their Spleen.

Our Author takes a different Way to please;
Heals injur'd Love, and cures its Jealousies.
You tender Virgins, and neglected Wives,
For You, She all her ARTIFICE contrives.
You can't deny her——Your Protection surely,
She hides your Slips, and brings you off—so purely!
Bold in her Sex's Cause, She always rouses
'Gainst their worst Foes, false Lovers, and dull Spouses.
But, O! ye Critics! Comic-Bards are few,
And we've no Wit beneath the Sun, that's New:
Ask not, in such a General Dearth, much Wit,
If she your Taste in Plot, and Humor hit:
Plot, Humor, Business, form the Comic Feast,
Wit's but a higher-relish'd Sauce, at best;
And where too much, like Spice, destroys the Taste.

You Sparks in Red, she knows, will all befriend her;
Nay, Faith, you're bound in Honour to defend her.
You, in her Plays, her choicest Favours share;
She never fails to raise her Men of War.
'Tis seldom known, you Brothers of the Blade,
Let Women make Advances un-repaid.
You Chiefs in War, who Monarchs can subdue,
Yet own——The Ladies Victors over You.
A single Helen, once divinely Fair,
Summon'd a Croud of Heroes to the War:
And brighter Helens raise your Courage—There.
You, while our Author pleads in Beauty's Cause.
Join on her Side, and Arm in her Applause:
Be Heroes in a WOMAN's Cause to Day,
And as you Love the Sex, Defend the PLAY.

E P I L O G U E.

Written by Dr. SEWELL, 1723.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

*S*INCE Plotting is the Business of the Age,
Our Bard has paid it off upon the Stage.
And strongly labour'd in these Scenes, to shew Ye,
How WOMAN can in ARTIFICE out-do Ye.
You bungle sadly, and are always caught
'Ere half your Work is to Perfection brought.
Did our Town-Wives their Schemes no better lay,
What monstrous Plots wou'd break out ev'ry Day?
Ladies, I hope, I've acted to your Mind,
And serv'd my Jealous Monster in his Kind.
To play the Priest, and steal a Wives Confession;
What Man can make amends for such Transgression?
Shou'd all our English Husbands shrieve their Wives,
Women wou'd lead most comfortable Lives.
For of all Slavery, 'tis the worst Condition,
To live beneath a Marriage Inquisition.
What think you of our Hogan-Mogan Belle?
Didn't she trick the Trickster nicely well?
The Whipster thought, forsooth 'twas smart and clever,
To swell the young Vrow up, and then to leave her.
But on the Younker a Dutch Trick she palms;
Poison for Poison gives, and Qualms for Qualms.
What Rake among you, but, in his Condition,
Wou'd even think a Wife a good Physician?
Did this Dutch Law our roving Gentry bind,
How charming wou'd it be for Woman-kind!
Then ev'ry Nymph who has vouchsaf'd the Favour,
Might tie her Lover up to good Behaviour:
And after she has put him to the Test,
Might take, or leave him,——as she lik'd it best.
You, who are noos'd, let me advise; beware,
Give o'er your Jealous Freaks, and trust the Fair:
For, look ye, you may rant, and play the Devil;
There's nought but Patience cures the Marriage-Evil.
The Thing is plain, and Instances are common;
No MAN is half a Match for any WOMAN.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir <i>Philip Moneylove</i> , Father to <i>Olivia</i> , a Man whose Morals are only subservient to his Interest. - - - - -	}	Mr. <i>Miller</i> .
Sir <i>John Freeman</i> , Heir to 4000 <i>l.</i> per annum, but disinherited. In Love with <i>Olivia</i> . - - - - -		
<i>Ned Freeman</i> , his Younger Brother; possess'd of the Estate. - - - - -	}	Mr. <i>Mills</i> .
<i>Fainwell</i> , an Ensign under the Name of <i>Jeffery</i> ; in Disguise, Footman to the Widow <i>Heedless</i> . - - - - -		
Mr. <i>Watchit</i> , A Country-Gentleman, very jealous of his Wife. - - - - -	}	Mr. <i>Griffin</i> .
<i>Tally</i> , One belonging to a <i>Pharoah- Bank</i> ; an humble Servant to Widow <i>Heedless</i> , under the Character of Lord <i>Pharoah-Bank</i> . - - - - -		
<i>Demur</i> , a Doctor of the Civil Law.		Mr. <i>Harper</i> .

W O M E N.

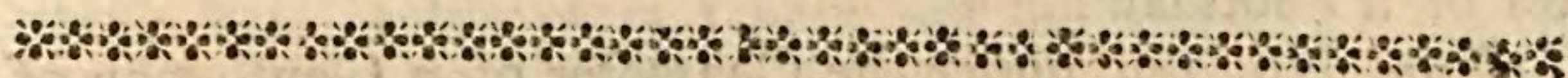
<i>Olivia</i> , Daughter of Sir <i>Philip Money- love</i> . In love with Sir <i>John Freeman</i> .	}	Mrs. <i>Horton</i> .
<i>Louisa</i> , a Dutch Lady, formerly con- tracted to <i>Ned Freeman</i> . - - - - -		
Mrs. <i>Watchit</i> , Wife to Mr. <i>Watchit</i> .		Mrs. <i>Oldfield</i> .
Widow <i>Heedless</i> , worth 20,000 <i>l.</i> af- fected, vain, and an Admirer of Quality, and resolved never to marry beneath a Lord. - - - - -	}	Mrs. <i>Thurmond</i> .
<i>Lucy</i> , Servant to Mrs. <i>Watchit</i> .		
<i>Flora</i> , Servant to <i>Louisa</i> .		
<i>Judith</i> , Servant to Mrs. <i>Heedless</i> .		

Constable, Watch, and other Attendants.

T H E



T H E
A R T I F I C E.



A C T I. S C E N E I.

St. James's P A R K.

Enter Fainwell in a Livery, meeting Sir John Freeman in Mourning.

Fain.  A! *Freeman in Black?* Dear *Jack* how must I distinguish thee?
Sir John. Dear *Jack!* — How came you and I so well acquainted, Fellow!

Fain. O! — that's too long a Story at present.

Sir John. What the Devil is this *Metamorphosis* for, *Fainwell.*

Fain. Love! Almighty Love! Copying of the Gods, you know.

Sir John. What Game are you in pursuit of?

Fain. The old standing Dish, a W I F E! There's no Hopes of War, no Rising in View! and *Subaltern's* Pay will make a Man rub but slowly thro' the World. I have got Leave of my Colonel to be absent from my Post for Two Months, in which Time, I intend to make my Fortune. — You know the Widow *Heedless!*

Sir John. Very well! Ha! — is not that her Livery?

Fain. Yes, Faith, I march in the Number of her Retinue.

Sir John. To what End?

Fain. That's uncertain. If you know the Widow, you are no Stranger to her Taste in Servants.

Sir John. I know she keeps none but awkward *Country Louts.*

Fain. Ay! and is a perfect Jockey in her Family, and
N 2 takes

takes as much Pains to polish her Train, as they do to break their young Colts. Now, you must know I pass with her for as arrant a *Rustick*, as ever wielded Cudgel at a Country Wake, or tumbled Girl upon a Hay mow.

Sir *John*. But wherein can this advance your Design?

Fain. Why, you must know, I make Love to her.

Sir *John*. Make Love to her! what, under the Character of a Footman?

Fain. No, no, under the Character of a Gentleman of Fifteen hundred Pounds a Year in *Gloucestershire*, of which Country I pretend to be; for having quarter'd heretofore in that Shire, I counterfeit the Dialect very well.

Sir *John*. But what Service can this be to you?

Fain. Why, I write to her as from Mr. *Worthy*; my Man brings the Letters; and I deliver them as *Jeffrey*, her Footman; and when I find her in Humour, I intend to give her my Picture, in so simple a manner, that she shall take it all for Gospel.

Sir *John*. But what signifies the Copy? How will you introduce the Original?

Fain. That has been done already. I have made her several Visits. My Man is now gone to her with a Letter.

Sir *John*. But suppose she should inquire after this Mr. *Worthy*? It is an easy Matter to know all the Gentlemen in *Gloucestershire*, and what Estates they are possess'd of too.

Fain. She can't trap me there, if she does: For, between you and I, there is such a Person as Mr. *Worthy*, Master of the very Estate I mention, who has given me Leave to take his Name. — But I have discover'd since I have been in her House, that an *Irish* Baron is my Rival.

Sir *John*. Then you are undone; for I am told, she declares against Matrimony without a Title. But who is he?

Fain. My Lord *Pharoah-Bank*, I think they call him, of the County of *Tipperary*.

Sir *John*. I don't remember ever to have heard of any such Nobleman.

Fain. Recommended, they say, by Sir *Philip Moneylove*.

Sir *John*. For which he is to have a valuable Consideration; for I am sure, he does nothing out of Honour or Honesty. I wish thee Success with all my Heart.

Fain. I thank you, *Freeman*; but prithee, who are you
in

in Mourning for? Is the old Knight at Rest Six Foot deep? ha, Jack?

Sir John. He has been dead to me these Seven Years; but is now so to all the World, *Fainwell*.

Fain. Sir John! I give thee Joy of Four thousand Pounds *per annum*. [Embracing him.]

Sir John. I hope you'll give me the Estate too, *Fainwell*; for, I assure you, I have not one Foot of Land by the Death of my Father.

Enter Sam.

Fain. He did not disinherit thee, sure.

Sir John. Neither better nor worse.

Sam. I ever thought my old Master would dye hard, and take the Left-hand Road.

Sir John. Ha! what is Sam with you still?

Sam. You know, Sir, I always stick as close to my Masters, as their Breeches.

Sir John. Ay! whilst there is any Money in them; but, I remember, you left me for fear of starving.

Sam. Starving, Oh, no, no!—Not starving, Sir; tho', I must confess, my Waist-band was Three Inches too wide for me.

Fain. You saucy Rascal! ha, ha? Well, did you deliver my Letter?

Sam. Yes, I did, Sir; and into the Widow's own Hands; and, truly, by what I can find, Sir, you have nothing to hope for, if I have any Judgment.

Fain. Why! What have you discover'd?

Sam. Why, I observ'd when she read your Epistle, she smil'd scornfully, thus——toss'd your Letter upon her Toylet; turn'd upon her Heel; tipp'd her Maid a Box o' the Ear for grinning, and bid me tell you, it required no Answer.

Sir John. Cold Comfort!

Fain. Not a Jot the less, for giving herself that Air. But is it possible, that pure Party-Rage could make thy Father so unkind, Sir John?

Sir John. Add to that some little Wildnesses. But the main thing that did my Business, was this; When I found nothing wou'd open his Purse-strings, I pretended to embrace his Principles.

Sam. I remember that Time, Sir: We lived in Clover then! Many a delicious Morfel of Flesh have I serv'd up, and supp'd luxuriously out of your Leavings, Sir.

Sir John. But, as the Devil wou'd have it, one Day, in my Cups, I chanced to stumble into a Non-juring-Meeting, with half a Dozen honest Officers at my Back, drove out the Congregation, ty'd the Parson Neck and Heels, lock'd the Door, and took the Key in my Pocket.

Fain. Good! And what became of Old Sedition?

Sir John. Some of his Flock returning to Evening Prayer, broke open the Door, and freed him from Durance; amongst which Number was my natural Father.

Fain. Rather Unnatural! That was very unlucky, Sir *John.*

Sir John. Ay; for that Action not only lost me a paternal Blessing, but a paternal Estate.

Fain. Which would have afforded thee many Blessings, Wine and Women, Sir *John*, the only Blessings in this World! So your younger Brother *Ned* has the Estate, I suppose.

Sir John. Every Acre! my Fortune is cramm'd into such a narrow Circumference, I can cover it with my Thumb. Only—a single Shilling.

Fain. Damn'd Barbarity! 'S' Death! were he my Brother, I'd cut his Throat.

Sam. There's the Inside of a Soldier for you! [*Aside.*

Sir John. So say Passion and Necessity; but Conscience and Humanity offer to my cooler Thoughts a brown Musquet rather. I confess, I long to exert the elder Brother, and beat him a little; in order to which, I have done all I could to provoke him to give me Occasion; but he avoids me as carefully as if he durst not fight, though I know he's no Coward.

Fain. Well! Heaven be prais'd, I am not afraid of being disinherited. I wear my Fortune with my Red-Coat; and whilst there is one Mischief making Priest in the World, Soldiers will never want Bread.

Sam. Ay, the Priests have ever been fast Friends to the Soldiers. Nothing like a Pulpit Drum.—But it ruins the Surgeons Business quite.

Sir John. Ay! how so?

Sam. Why, where's the Occasion for their retailing
Lancet,

Lancet, when the other lets the Nation Blood by Wholesale?

Fain. My Rascal has a Kind of smattering after Wit, ha, ha. No more of your Impertinence.

Sam. Impertinence! these Gentlemen will allow no body to say a good Thing but themselves. [*Aside.*]

Sir John. Ha! yonder's my Brother coming this Way. How stately the Rogue walks, with three Footmen at his Heels.

Fain. Whilst thou hast not so much as one Scoundrel to pick up a Wench for thee.

Sam. Oh, for that, Sir! with your Leave, he may always command his humble Servant.

Fain. He struts like an elder Brother. He wants nothing but your Title, *Sir John*.

Sir John. I wish I could transfer it; for it is of no Use to me. Honour's a Commodity not vendable among the Merchants; there is no Draw-back upon't.

Fain. That's a Mistake, *Sir John*; I have known a Statesman pawn his Honour as often as Merchants enter the same Commodity for Exportation; and like them, draw it back so cleverly, that those who give him Credit upon't, never perceiv'd it 'till the Great Man was out of Post.

Sir John. Honour's a stale Cheat.

Fain. It may pass at Court, or the Groom-Porter's; but no Citizen will lend a Shilling upon it.

Enter Ned Freeman.

Ned. Brother! Your Servant. If this young Fellow had not been in a Livery, I should have sworn it had been Ensign *Fainwell*!

Fain. The very Numerical Person you mention, is as you see, at your Service, *Mr. Freeman*. I believe you are surpriz'd at the Figure I make; but there are Reasons, which another Time shall be yours. In the mean while, I must intreat, that wherever you see me, you know me for nothing above my present Appearance.

Ned. Whatever Design you may have in View, it shall never miscarry through any Fault of mine.—Well! how go Matters in the North, Captain?

Sir John. Your Party perform'd no Wonders there.

Ned. Nay, if you are entring upon Party Matters, good by-t'ye; You know I always decline Politics in your Company.

Sir John. 'Tis the Sign of an ill Cause.

Ned. Then Disputes won't mend it. Here——which Colour would you advise me to for a Wedding Suit?

Fain. What; just upon the Brink of Matrimony? Is it with the *Dutch* Lady you wrote such Panegyrics on, when you was in *Holland*?

Ned. What, the old Burgo master's Daughter of *Haerlem*? No, no! that Affair's ended long since. She was a good-natured fond Fool, and, to say Truth, I did love her; but the old Carl her Father, did not like a younger Brother for a Son-in-Law then, and I'm a better Friend to my Country, than to take a *Dutch* Wife now, I did him one Piece of Service; I left some *English* Blood in his Family. I met a Gentleman at *Paris*, who told me, she was brought to Bed of a fine Boy.

Sir John. If I mistake not, you made that Lady a Promise of Marriage, Brother.

Ned. Cou'd I do less for a Maidenhead?

Fain. It is the Custom in *Holland*, after such a Promise, the Girl never scruples to go to Bed, and thinks herself as much your Wife, as if the Parson had said Grace; and if ever you are found in that Country, their Laws will oblige you to perform Articles.

Ned. Ay, if they catch me in the Corn, let 'em put me in the Pound.

Sir John. Whatever you think of such Proceedings, I assure you, I should have very little Confidence in that Man who forfeited his Faith and Honour to a Woman.

Ned. Preserve your Opinion, Brother; the Ladies will like you never the better for't. Every Female has Vanity enough to believe her Charms sufficient to secure what another lost.

Fain. But who is the Object of your present Passion?

Sir John. Pray Heaven, it proves not where I guess! [*aside.*]

Fain. Who is the Beauty that inflaves you now?

Ned. Nay, I'm not so prodigiously inflav'd as you imagine.

Sir John. What! and just a going to be married.

Sam. Mr. *Freeman* speaks like an experienc'd Travel-
ler;

ler; he is entring upon a Journey for Life; the Whip and Spur are for the short Stages of Love. It would kill the Devil to ride full Speed down a Lane that has neither End nor Turning.

Ned. Ha, ha, ha! *Sam* has a right Notion of Matrimony.

Sir John. A Lady must be extremely happy with such a Husband. But may we not know the Lady?

Ned. Yes, yes, Brother, I'm not ashamed of the Lady; she has Beauty enough for a Wife, and one Charm, as desirable, as a new Mistress.

Fain. Videlicet.

Ned. Twenty thousand Pounds.

Sir John. Ha! that one Article strikes thro' me. [*Aside.*

Ned. 'Tis *Sir Philip Moneylove's* Daughter.

Sir John. As I imagin'd!—This Blow wounds deeper than my being disinherited. Have you that Lady's Consent, Brother?

Ned. I have her Father's; and he has the Disposal of her Fortune, though left by her Grandfather. She commands not a Penny, if she marries without his Consent.

Sir John. A most pernicious Clause!—Yet, if *Louisa*, his Dutch Mistress, who I have sent for, comes Time enough, I may chance to spoil your Market. [*Aside.*

Ned. I think I stand very fair; I have had his Promise these ten Days.

Sir John. Just the Time that *Sir Philip* forbid me his House! since when, I have often watch'd him in, and, fearing the Consequence, I sent for his Mistress! and if there is the least Grain of Virtue left in that Heap of Muck and Immorality, *Sir Philip*, I may yet prevent this hateful Match. [*Aside.*

Fain. I wish you Joy, Mr. Freeman.——

Sir John. Wish him Hell! where he may taste in part the Pains he gives me now.—*Olivia!*—Oh! my *Olivia*. [*aside.*

Ned. My Brother has no Relish for my good Fortune.——I perceive you affect Gravity in my Company, *Sir John*, and seem to have no Taste for any Joy of mine.—Prithce, how have I offended? You may have Reason to blame our Father, perhaps; but how is that my Fault? I have really as much Love for you, as if you had been born a Year after me, and will treat you as well.

Fain. That is to say, he shall live like your Brother.—

Ned. He shall live as he thinks fit, Sir; I shan't pretend to direct him.

Fain. But you must put it in his Power!—Come, shall I make a Proposal?

Ned. Out with it.

Fain. Buy him a Colonel's Post in the Guards.

Ned. I don't think to part with any Money that way.—

Sir John. Not without it were to serve a certain Person, you know where. Oh! that vile restless Principle of yours!—

Ned. Shall never disturb you with a Commission any where. Look ye, Brother, you shan't want for what is Necessary.

Sir John. Necessary! I suppose you reserve to your own Judgment how far that Word may extend.

Ned. It shall extend so far, Sir, as becomes a Brother who has the Estate, to him that has none.

Sam. Humph! That is as much as to say, in plain English, you may starve or steal, and be hang'd, for him.

[*Aside.*

Sir John. As far as becomes your elder Brother.

Ned. I can't say that, for perhaps you may fancy my Estate may become you better than it does me.

Sir John. Your Estate! [Going up to him.

Sam. (*Stepping between.*) Sir, Sir, With your Leave! Whereabouts do you think the Soul of my old Master may be now?

Ned. That Thought never enter'd my Head, Sirrah. I know where his material Soul, the Estate is, and how to spend it too. So, Brother, if you will be chearful.—

Sir John. Cheerful! Bid the Directors, when there's a Run upon the Bank, be chearful; the Merchant who hears the Shipwreck of his freighted Vessel; or bid the Mother, weeping over the Corps of her departed Son, be chearful.—Bid them be mad rather, to avoid Reflection.—
Chearful, quotha!

Sam. That's breaking a Man's Legs, and then bidding him cut Capers. [Aside.

Fain. Philosophy is a noble Study, Sir John; but few of us poor Rogues can pursue it.

Sir John. With what Elegance might my Brother there, display the Beauty of Patience and Poverty! *Ned.*

Ned, No, Faith, Jack, I am no Orator.

[Keeps looking upon the Paper.

Sir John. Oh! What Serenity of Mind attends Four Thousand Pounds a Year? whilst Passion, Pride, and all the deadly Sins, fill up the Train of a poor Dog like me.

Sam. That's true to a Tittle, I know it by myself. [aside.

Sir John. Poor Olivia! now I understand thy Letter, wherein thou saidst, That we must part for ever; but I will see thee now, tho' certain Death attend it; though robb'd of Birthright by his younger Brother, let him not hope to take my Mistress from me.

Such an Attempt will far more dang'rous prove:

He robs me of my Life, that robs me of my Love. [Exit.

Ned. That is the Colour for my Money.

Fain. Ay, White is the Bridegroom's Colour.

Ned. Ha! What is my Brother gone?

Fain. So it seems — Poor Sir John.

Ned. Pox of this Livery, I should have been glad we cou'd have din'd together to Day.

Sam. Now you talk of dining——your Uncle call'd at your Lodging this Morning, Sir, and bad me tell you, he wonders how you bestow your Time, that you don't come and dine with him as usual.——

Ned. Who's that?

Fain. An Uncle of mine, to whom I had once some hopes of being Heir.

Ned. And what has stifled them?

Fain. Why, the Devil put Matrimony in his Head, and spoil'd my Fortune.——

Ned. Then he has Children, has he?

Fain. One, which happening to be Red-hair'd, and the Parson of the Parish being Sandy, my Uncle, not content with forbidding him his House, bid adieu to the Country, and brought my Aunt to Town.

Sam. An excellent Place to preserve Virtue in.

Ned. How came he to suspect the Doctor?

Fain. Why, my Aunt is a *Roman Catholic*, you must know, and I suppose my Uncle had a mind to make a good Protestant of her, and brought the Doctor to convert her; but finding his Arguments more prevalent for Love, than Religion, thought fit to remove her.

Ned. Ha, ha, ha! Where has he lodg'd her?

Fain. He has taken a House in the *Pall-Mall*, within a Door of my Colonel's.——

Sam. Who has as good a hand at converting, as the Parson, if he can find a Way to come at her. [*Aside.*

Ned. In the *Pall-Mall*! If this shou'd be my Mistress now? (*Aside.*) So, the old Fellow is very Jealous of her, you say?

Fain. So Jealous, that he locks her up, it seems, resolving to father no Children for the future, but his own; He allows her the Sight of nothing that's Male.

Ned. It must be she; this agrees exactly with her Story. (*Aside.*) Such Restraint sets all the Wheels of Invention at Work, and a Million to nothing, but she'll find a Way to use him as he deserves. And how does she take it?

Sam. Oh! not at all, Sir,——You hear my Master say, she's lock'd up.

Ned. Her Confinement, I mean, Sirrah?

Sam. Oh! her Confinement.

Fain. Not seeing her the last Time I din'd there, I inquir'd after her Health, and was answer'd, she was indispos'd; yet I observ'd he cut her a Plate of ev'ry Thing that came to Table, and sent up to her Chamber, which, as the Maid told me afterwards, is his constant Custom of late, when any body dines with him. He is a true *Spanish* Husband.

Ned. And if she proves but a true *English* Wife, his Children may be nothing a-kin to him, for all his Caution. Is she handsome?

Fain. So handsome, that I could venture my Soul with her; and if I had her Consent, my Uncle *Watchit*, should be advanc'd in Honours.——You understand me.

Ned. *Watchit*! Mum! that's the Name. *Fainwell* must not know where I live. (*Aside.*) — You would not cuckold your Uncle, would ye?

Fain. Why not? I think a well-bred Gentleman ought to have as much Regard to the Breed of his Family, as a Fox hunter has to those of his Dogs and Horses. Where do you lodge, Mr. *Freeman*? I must bring a School-Fellow of mine to wait on you, one who has a Play upon the Stocks: You must give him leave to dedicate to you. It is young *Distich*.

Ned. Ha! Little *Distich*! I shall be glad to see him.
When

When I have finish'd an Affair which I have upon my Hands at present, I shall come somewhere to this End of the Town; but I am *Incog.* for a little while.

Fain. What, are you upon an Intrigue?

Ned. Yes, Faith, and with one of the prettiest Women in Town; a Citizen's Wife, whose Husband is tinctor'd with thy Uncle's Distemper: He permits her neither to pay, or receive Visits; but in Spight of his *Blockade*, I have found means to open a Communication between myself and his Female, and hope I shall be able to spring a Mine, and blow up the Fort of her Chastity, mangre all his Iron Guards.

Fain. You talk like an Engineer, Mr. *Freeman*; but if she is so closely confin'd how got you acquainted with her?

Ned. Very accidentally. You must know, her House, and that which I lodge in, were formerly one, so that there are Doors remaining, tho' fasten'd up.—Sitting one Evening in my Chamber reading, I heard the Voice of Women, and found by their Discourse 'twas a Lady complaining to her Maid of her Husband's ill Usage. If I were in your Place, says the Maid, I'd be reveng'd of the old Brute: Ay, quoth the Lady, but shew me the Means.—Upon which, having bor'd a Hole in the Door, I put my Mouth to it, and cry'd, the Means is ready, Madam, if you'll consent to it. She was a little surpriz'd at first, but we soon came to a right Understanding.

Fain. Ha, ha! so she open'd the Door!

Ned. Not that Door: But the Chamber-Maid, who knew her Business perfectly well, after inquiring who lodg'd at next House, in the Morning, knock'd gently at this private Door, and calling me by my Name, gave me to understand that there was a Door, between her Room, and a Garret in our House, which if I cou'd find the Way to open, I might have an Opportunity of playing a Game at Picquet with her Lady sometimes, in her Master's Absence: I took the Hint, agreed with my Landlord for that Garret, and fell to work immediately. The Passage was soon open'd, and we came to an Interview, lik'd one another's Proposals, call'd for the Cards, and sat down to play, where I had the Game all to nothing, having *Point*, *Quint*, and *Quatorze*, the first Deal, had not the old Fellow come in, and forc'd us to throw up our Cards.

Fain.

Fain. For which you both curs'd him, I suppose; but you have found a Time, 'tis to be hop'd, to finish your Game.

Ned. I shall do, this Day, I believe. Wish me Success, *Fainwell*.

Fain. I do with all my Heart: I know you us'd to be generous, you'll not expose her. When you have corrupted her, you may help your Friends, before she falls into the Hands of the Public.

Ned. With all my Heart! Now for the finishing Stroke: I'll Home, and watch the old Fellow out, and then *L'Affair il fera fait*, as the *French* say — Which Way are you going, *Fainwell*?

Fain. Every Way! I have some Twenty How-d'ye's to deliver; the constant Business of Men of my Cloth, you know.

Ned. Ha! yonder comes my Father-in-Law that is to be. I must avoid him.

Fain. And the Widow's Lord with him. (*Aside.*) Pray who is the Gentleman with him, Mr. *Freeman*?

Ned. His Name is *Bite*, to the best of my Memory. He belongs to a *Pharoah-Table*, I us'd to see him tally sometimes, that's all I know of him. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Fain. I'm glad I know so much of him. *Bite*, quotha! Egad, I'll take care he shan't bite me of the Widow. — Is this her Man of Quality? — *Sam*, go you Home, and don't you be out of the Way, if I should want you. Do you hear?

Sam. Yes, yes, Sir. [*Exit Sam.*

Fain. Egad, this Woman fatigues me more than a long March. But the Hopes of her Gold, like the Hopes of Plunder, gives me fresh Courage for continuing the Siege.

*For, to besiege, and storm, the Soldier's Trade is,
In War, to conquer Towns; — In Peace, the Ladies.*

ACT II.

SCENE Sir Philip Moneylove's House.

Enter Olivia, and Louisa weeping.

li. **Y**OUR Story, I confess, Madam, is moving; but I am more surpriz'd at *Freeman's* Insensibility, than at his Perjury. It is no Wonder to find a Man false; but that he should be blind to so much Beauty, is an Argument of Stupidity.

Lou. Not when he changes for superior Merit; But if you love not the Dissembler,

Oh, give him back to my desiring Arms!

For we are fit Companions for each other.

Oli. All I can, besure I'll do to serve thee.

Dear hast thou bought, the faithless, worthless Man!

Lou. Too late, I blame my credulous Nature.

Our Sex, like Roses blooming on the Tree,

Admir'd by ev'ry gazing Passenger:

The Flow'r once cropt, a while 'tis worn in Triumph;

Then thrown aside to wither in Disgrace.

Oli. Be pleas'd to give this Letter to Sir *John*, and pursue whatever he directs you. Depend upon any Thing in my Power to serve you, Madam; my Soul abhors this Treachery, and had he been as dear to me, as his poor injur'd Brother is, I would renounce him now, tho' Life went with him.

Enter Sir Philip.

Oli. My Father! that's unlucky.

[Aside.

Sir Phil. Pray, Daughter, what is this pretty Resolution of yours? Who wou'd you renounce?

Oli. One whom you wou'd have me, Sir, if you but wish me Happiness; 'tis that Deceiver *Freeman*.

Sir Phil. How! Why, what has Sir *John* recover'd the Estate then? If so, Egad I shall renounce him too, Girl.—Ho'now, who have we hear? Some Letter-Carrier, ha! Pray, who let you in, Mistress?

Oli. Justice.

Look on this Lady, Sir, with Eyes more human,
On her whom *Freeman* basely has betray'd,
Just in her rising Bloom and Pride of Youth.

Sir Phil. Why, you'd make an excellent Actress ; you Rant and Strut it well ; but who is this Lady you are so tender of, pray ?

Oli. She's *Freeman's* Wife, by all the Ties of Love.

Sir Phil. Ties of Love——Hark ye ! Has the Parson ty'd 'em ? Love makes none but running Knots, and a Man may slip those at Pleasure ; but the Parson's Noose is as sure as the Hangman's ; nothing but the Grave unties it.——Now if you have him in that String, Madam, you are on the right Side of the Hedge, and I must look out for another Son-in-law——Otherwise, you must look sharp for another Husband—that's all.

Lou. By my Country's Custom 'tis I claim him.
I can have no other Husband ;
For all our Vows are register'd in Heaven.

Sir Phil. Humph ! that's a long Way off, and very few Lawyers go that Circuit. I doubt you'll lose your Cause for want of Evidence too.

Oli. No, Sir, she has a living Witness of his Guilt. A Boy, the very Picture of the Villain.

Lou. A Pledge of Love and everlasting Faith.

Oli. Can you defend his Treachery, Sir ?

Sir Phil. Can you defend her Folly ? Treachery quotha ! He's a Traytor who weakens his King, not he who adds to the Number of his Subjects.——You say, you claim him by your Country's Custom, pray what Country is that, Madam ?

Lou. *Holland*, Sir.

Sir Phil. Odsso ! *Holland* ; why their High Mightinesses ought to settle a Pension upon you. I wish you much Joy of your Son, Madam. I warrant him a Hero, or a Politician. Every *Englishman's* Son, mealy begot, proves a great Man. Fools and Cowards are the Product of our wedding Sheets. I wish he had laid such a Foundation in my Family, before the Lawfulness of the Pleasure spoils the Breed.

Oli. Are these fit Speeches for a Daughter's Ear ?
And this the Language of a virtuous Parent ?

Sir Phil. The Virtue of a Parent consists in Interest and Cunning now-a-Days, as your Sex's Modesty does in Pride and Affectation.

Oli. Monstrous Precepts !

Sir

Sir *Phil.* I suppose, Madam, you had nothing but Mr. *Freeman's* bare Word?

Lou. Words of the most sacred Form! Vows of eternal Faith! Eternal Constancy!

Sir *Phil.* But how the Devil cou'd you expect Performance? Can any Man promise for Futurity? You should have got him into Bonds. Hereafter let me advise you: Do nothing till you have 'em under Black and White.—Then, if they fly the Parson, catch 'em with the Proctor.

Lou. Unmannerly Advice; but I was told before I came, what small Regard you paid to Justice——It is in you, Madam, that all my Hopes are center'd.

Oli. Depend on me, in all I can.

Sir *Phil.* No whispering in my House; no caballing; no underhand Dealing.—Look ye, Madam, the Man's dispos'd of; but if you will let me know whereabouts your Fortune may be, I'll do my Endeavour to get you a Husband—I will, Faith.

Lou. Since injur'd Virtue is become your Sport,
And you, instead of pitying, mock my Sorrow,

I'll try all Arts that may his Soul subdue;

But if I fail his Passion to renew,

The Traytor dies, to be reveng'd on you.

[Exit.]

Oli. Why will you raise her Indignation thus?
Do you not dread the Consequence?

Base as he is, will you not guard his Life?

O! call her back, and calm her Passion;

If you prevent not, you encourage Murder.

Sir *Phil.* No, no, the Threats of your Sex, like Courtiers Promises, vanish into nothing. Passion has left the weeping Corner, and now it blusters like the North Wind, that's all. I wonder who let this Woman in. I shall examine that Point with my Servants. [Aside.]

Oli. Are you a Man yet void of all Humanity?

Sir *Phil.* If your Mother were alive, she'd tell you: How dare you call me Father, and question my Manhood? What would you make your Mother, hussy? ha!

Oli. Oh do not name my Mother! Were she alive, you would not treat me thus. Remember your Promise to Sir *John*.

Sir *Phil.* But when I made that Promise, he was Heir Apparent to four thousand Pounds a Year, and nobody dreamt

dreamt of his being disinherited. — Zounds, do you think I'll throw away my Money upon your Inclination, Mistress? No, mark me, Were thy Mother here all in her Bloom of Beauty; here, here, upon her Knees before me, I would not break my Word to *Freeman*; that is to say, whilst he is Master of his Father's Estate; therefore urge me no more, but prepare to be his Wife to morrow. D'ye hear?

[Exit.

Oli. To morrow! short Warning! yet short as 'tis, I shall have Time for Resolution; and you shall find it, Father, as unalterable as your own.

*If where I've fix'd my Love, I must not wed,
I'll chuse a Coffin for my bridal Bed.*

[Exit.

S C E N E *Watchit's House.**Mrs. Watchit sola.*

Since my Husband resolves to immure me, I'm glad my Jail is so luckily situated. Here I may hope for some Consolation: The agreeable Address of *Freeman* charms me; my Husband's Jealousy provokes me, and the Conveniency of that dear Door is so irresistible, that if I should not be able to withstand Temptation, my Husband may take it for his Pains: Besides, as the Poet says,

One had as good commit the Fault,

As always to be guilty thought.

There's some Pleasure in reflecting upon past Delights: and Confinement will sit more easy, when one knows one deserves it; but to be shut up for nothing, is not to be borne.

Enter Lucy.

Well, *Lucy*, have you given the Signal?

Lucy. There was no need of the Signal, Madam: I found Mr. *Freeman* in my Chamber, waiting the happy Minute. Oh! where these Men but half so eager after Possession! — But then, the Park, the Play, the Bottle, nay an Afternoon's Nap, shall have important Business in it. — But here he is, Madam.

Enter Ned Freeman, running into her Arms.

Ned. My Charmer! I have stood Centinel at my Window these two Hours, to watch your old Jaylor out; and the Moment I saw him hobble over the Channel, I flew to the kind Door, impatient to be let into Paradise. Mrs.

Mrs. *Wat.* The impatient Lover, at the Beginning of an Amour, commonly proves the most indolent after Possession, they say.

Ned. That, Madam, in a great measure, depends upon the Wit and Temper of the Lady; after Enjoyment, Love grows nice; Beauty kindles up the Flame: Yet there is more required to keep that Flame alive: But you may boast your Sex's whole Perfection: He who puts on your Chains, must be your Slave for ever. Where Souls sympathize, the Bodies fear no Separation. When I but kiss thee (*embracing her*) my Heart flutters at my Lips, as if 'twould tell you every Thought within.

Mrs. *Wat.* Bless me, what do you mean? I doubt you have naughty Thoughts!—Give me the Cards—Come, I must have my Revenge.

Ned. That you shall, with all my Soul, instantly.

Mrs. *Wat.* Be quiet then, and take the Cards.

Ned. The Cards! No, no, my Angel, I shall beat you at Cards; there is a sweeter Game for your Revenge.

Mrs. *Wat.* Pish! what Game?—Lud!—you smother one. Suppose any of the Servants should be upon the Stairs?—*Lucy!*

Lucy. (*Aside.*) Humph! I understand her. I'll take Care of that, Madam. [*Exit.*]

Ned. You see, my Life, Mrs. *Lucy* knows her Business: Why should we neglect *ours*?

Mrs. *Wat.* Business! what Business? Oh Lud! what would you have me do? [*Struggling a little.*]

Ned. Make me the happiest of Mankind. A thousand Loves are dancing in your Eyes. Your balmy Lips and heaving Breasts invite me to the Banquet.

Mrs. *Wat.* Don't talk to me thus, you insinuating Devil, you!—Let me go!—Oh gad! I an't able to struggle any longer!—

Ned. Why will you struggle at all? Why destroy that Pleasure which your Consent so infinitely would raise? Come, lead me to my Bliss, where, folded in each other's close Embraces, we'll bid Defiance to a Husband's Frown, and kiss, and laugh at all his jealous Folly.

Mrs. *Wat.* O Gad!—O, O Lud!—I have not Breath to answer—O, O! I must not—dare not—will not—O Lud!—I have such a Swimming in my Head!—
Let

Let me go!—Tho' if you do, I am sure I shall fall down.

[Sinks into his Arms.]

Ned. O my yielding Dear!—Where the Duce shall I find the Bed-Chamber?

Mrs. Wat. 'Tis the next Room——Ha! What have I said? Did you name the Bed-Chamber? Oh Gad! I won't go into the Bed-Chamber.

Ned. No, no, no, my Dear, I would not offer to injure your Modesty with such a Thought for the World. Go into the Bed-Chamber! No, no, I'll carry thee thither.

[Takes her in his Arms.]

Mrs. Wat. Nay, how can you be so rude? Lord, whither are you a going? I swear I have a good Mind to cry out.

[Lucy shrieks without.]

Ned. Ha! What Shriek is that?

Mrs. Wat. 'Tis Lucy's Voice! Set me down! my Husband is most certainly return'd. What shall I do? O Invention! O Invention!

[Pauses.]

Ned. Pox take him for an unmannerly Churl, to make a Gentleman rise from Table before he has tasted the first Dish; and with such an Appetite too!

Mrs. Wat. Oh gad! don't loiter here; but fly, fly, Sir!

Ned. But whither, Madam, whither? Which way can I get up Stairs, without meeting him full in the Teeth? Except you have any back-way.

Mrs. Wat. I'll venture; (for it is impossible for him to get out.) Here, here, Sir, step behind this Screen, and stir not for your Life, 'till I give you Notice.

[Ned goes behind the Screen.]

Enter Watchit and Lucy.

Wat. What the Devil did you shriek out for? To give Warning, Mrs. Screech-Owl?

Lucy. Warning! of what, I wonder? Who could you expect to catch, that you came creeping up in this Manner, to fright a-body out of one's Wits? You suffer nothing to come near my Lady but Flies, that I know of.

Mrs. Wat. (Throwing herself upon the Floor.) Oh, Misery!—Oh, oh, oh!—

Wat. Nothing but Flies! why Flies breed Maggots, Hussey.

Mrs. Wat. Oh undone! Undone for ever!

Lucy. Oh my poor Lady on the Floor! Help, Sir, help.

help.—Where have you put the Gentleman, Madam?

[*Aside to Mrs. Wat.*

Mrs. Wat. Behind the Screen. (*Aside.*) Oh, oh!

Wat. Pud, What is the Matter, Pud?

Mrs. Wat. I fear I have broke my Leg, *Mumps*.

Wat. Heaven forbid!—Though if she has, there will be one Advantage in't; she won't teize me to go abroad these two Months. (*Aside.*)—Let me see; where abouts hast thou hurt thy pretty Leg?

Mrs. Wat. Just in my Instep, *Mumps*!—Oh, oh!

Wat. Lucy! Where are you, Hussey! help me to set your Mistress in a Chair. How camest thou to fall, Pudsey? [They lift her into a Chair.

Mrs. Wat. Why, hearing her shriek, I ran hastily to see what was the Matter; and my Heel happening to catch in my Hoop, down I came, with my Foot double under me.—Oh dear *Mumps*! you hurt me terribly! Pray lead me to my Bed, that I may lie down 'till a Surgeon can be sent for.

Ned. (*Peeping.*) Well propos'd.

Wat. No, no, let me rub it a little; I don't find it is broke: One must not make Surgeon's Work of every little Accident. It is not broke, Pudsey, that's certain.

Lucy. I wish your Neck had been broke, when you came Home. [*Aside.*

Wat. It may be sprain'd, perhaps. I have some camphorated Spirits of Wine in the Corner-Cupboard, behind that Screen. I'll fetch it, and bathe it with some of that. It is exceeding good for a Sprain.

Ned. (*Peeping.*) So! I find a Law-suit commenced already.

Mrs. Wat. If he comes near the Screen, I'm undone. [*Aside.*

Lucy. What, in the Name of *Jupiter*, will become of the Gentleman?

Mrs. Wat. Oh dear, dear, *Mumps*! do not leave me. Give Lucy the Key; let her fetch it. [Catches hold of him.

Lucy. Ay, ay, Sir, give me the Key; and do you keep rubbing, that the Blood may circulate.

Ned. (*Peeping.*) Well said, Mrs. Abigail.

Mrs. Wat. Ay, do, dear *Mumpsy*! Methinks there's a kind of Ease whilst you are rubbing it.—Oh, oh!

Wat. (*Rising.*) No, no, she can't find it; she'll fling down some of the Bottles; that's all the Good she'll do.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Wat.* Oh, I shall swoon, if you stir, *Mumps!*——
I shall, I shall! [*Catches hold of him.*]

Wat. Well, well! I won't go! — You Women are so impatient! Here, *Lucy*, take the Key. It is in a chrystal Bottle. Don't you do Mischief now, amongst the rest of the Spirits.

Ned. (*Peeping.*) I wish I were a Spirit, to go out unseen.— [*Mrs. Watchit beckons Ned to go off, whilst old Watchit is rubbing her Foot.*]

Lucy. She beckons you to go out, Sir.

Ned. I understand her. But if the old Fellow should look up?

Lucy. No, no, never fear; I'll help to screen you from his Sight. (*Runs, and flaps herself down by Watchit.*) Here, here, Sir, here's the Bottle. I'm sure 'tis the right.

Wat. What is the Devil in the Wench! have you a Mind to lame me, Hussy? Why don't you pull out the Cork? [*Ned advances, but as Watchit looks up, retires.*]

Mrs. Wat. Hang the Cork—Rub, rub, rub, dear *Mumps.*

Lucy. (*Beckons Ned.*) Now, now, now.

Wat. What's now, now! Ha!

Lucy. Why, now the Cork's out! Lord, you don't mind my Mistress's Foot?

Mrs. Wat. (*Aside.*) Ah! he will catch him, that's certain.—I have such a Terror upon me, that I'm disarm'd of all Excuses.

Wat. Where lies thy Pain, *Pud?*

Mrs. Wat. Just where you are.

Lucy. That I dare swear. (*Aside.*)——Bless me, Sir, how my Lady's Ankle swells?

Wat. Your Nose swells, don't it? What do you fright your Mistress for, Hussy? I see no Swelling.

Lucy. I don't know how he should. [*Aside.*]

Ned. (*Aside.*) She might have laid a Foundation for a Swelling, if you had been civil enough to have stay'd away half an Hour longer. [*Advancing to the Middle of the Stage.*]

Wat. Come, try to stand upon't, *Pudsey.*

Mrs. Wat. (*Shrieking.*) Ah! my dear, dear Life and Soul! I cannot bear it! [*As Watchit is raising her up, she throws her Arms about his Neck, to prevent his seeing Ned.*]

Wat. (*Struggling.*) What, will you smother me? How now! Who have we here?

Ned.

Ned. So! he has me!—I admire you leave your Doors open, Sir, and not a Servant in the Way to take a Message.

Wat. Had you any to send up, Sir? I don't like a Man that comes up to my Nose; then tells me, *I admire you leave your Doors open.*—Zounds, was there not a Knocker to the Door?

Ned. I did knock, Sir; but my Business would not give me Leave to wait.

Wat. Business! What, to rob my House? or lie with my Wife, I warrant, had I been out of the Way. (*Aside.*) I pray you, sweet Sir, what may your hasty Business be?

Ned. What, in the Name of *Jupiter*, shall I pretend? [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Wat. (*Aside to Lucy.*) Oh Lud! What Tale can he invent? I tremble every Joint of me.

Lucy. (*Aside to Mrs. Wat.*) If he proves of the *Irish* Breed, all may go well yet.

Wat. I am afraid, Sir, you have forgot your Business—A clean-limb'd young Rascal, this;—and has a damn'd Cuckold-making Air: Zounds, how my Wife eyes him! [*Aside.*]

Ned. I have it; Impudence protect me. (*Aside.*) The Affair I come upon, Sir, requires your private Ear.

Wat. Sir, I keep my private Ears, for my publick Friends. I have survey'd you round, and round; and, to be plain, I don't like your Phiz, and, may be, I shall like your Business worse. Therefore, will hear, whether it be worth going out of the Room for, or not.

Ned. I can easily pardon your Dislike to my Face; but I must insist upon speaking with you alone.

Wat. I insist upon your speaking here, Sir—The Dog will cut my Throat, perhaps. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Wat. I'm in Pain for the Event. [*Aside to Lucy.*]

Lucy. The Gentleman promises well; have Courage, Madam. [*Aside to Mrs. Wat.*]

Ned. But your Reputation is concern'd, Sir.

Wat. My Reputation does not depend upon your Tongue, Sir; and I'll not stir a Foot.

Ned. But have you no Regard to your Lady, Sir? for I perceive this is your Wife.

Wat. And what of that, Sir? What have you to say against my Wife? Out with it. *Ned.*

Ned. I have nothing to say, Sir, against your Wife.

Wat. 'S'death, Sir! What is your Business? What have you to say? Speak, Sir;—Or, or——

Ned. Nay! if I must speak here! Then know, Sir, I am employed by Sir *Andrew Gudgeon*.

Wat. *Gudgeon*! I doubt, Friend, you have mistaken your Fish; for I know no Man of that Name.

Ned. Hark ye, Sir, a Word. (*Speaks in his Ear.*) You know his Wife, I suppose, if you don't know him.

Wat. Wife! what Wife? Ad's Heart! speak out, and keep farther off——This Dog is a Pick-pocket, for aught I know. [*Aside.*]

Ned. Why then, I must tell you, Sir, that Sir *Andrew* will have Satisfaction, before he and you have done.

Wat. Satisfaction! for what, Sir?

Ned. For lying with his Wife, Sir, since you will have it out.

Mrs. Wat. Adultery! Very fine, truly!

Lucy. Bless me! who could have thought that my Lady had not been sufficient for you, Sir?

Wat. Zounds! what do you mean, Sir? Do you think to make a *Gudgeon* of me?

Ned. Nor you must not think to make a Cuckold of Sir *Andrew*, without making him Satisfaction, Sir. I don't value your high Words, nor your big Looks. I am not to be frighted out of my Business, Sir. I am a Proctor in the Bishop's Court, and employ'd by Sir *Andrew*, to exhibit a Libel against you for Incontinency.

Wat. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! I incontinent! I'll be judg'd by my own Wife.—*Pud!*—come hither, *Pud*—speak the Truth, and no more but the Truth——Didst thou ever find me a Man given that Way?

Mrs. Wat. I wonder you have the Assurance to look me in the Face! I find your Suspicions of my Virtue, proceeded from the Weakness of your own—Ungrateful Man! Have I kiss'd and hugg'd you in my Arms for this?

[*Bursts seemingly into Tears.*]

Lucy. Ah! Did ever I think this of you, Sir? You, who have such a tender, fond, loving, lovely Wife of your own! I can't help weeping to see my poor Lady so ill treated.

Wat. Was ever innocent Man thus baited?

Mrs.

Mrs. *Wat.* Ah, *Mumps* ! I never thought you were such a Hypocrite——How often have you told me, what a crying Sin Adultery is ! And——

Wat. This must be a Trick to abuse me !——Get out of my House, Sir. Zounds, get out of my House !

Ned. Get out of your House ! Get ready your Bail, Sir. The Allegations against you are so plain, and positive, you'll scarce have any evasive Answer, or to cross-examine Witnesses upon new Interrogatories, Sir,——Mind that.

Wat. You and your Interrogatories had best march off, Sir, without any more to do, or——

Mrs. *Wat.* If I might advise you, make up this Matter, and don't expose yourself.

Wat. Why *Pud* ! do you think I'm guilty, *Pud* ? Oh Lud ! oh Lud ! oh Lud !

Mrs. *Wat.* Why, can you have the Assurance to deny it, after what the Gentleman has said.

Ned. His denying it, Madam, will signify nothing ; we have unquestionable Proofs ; Causes of this Nature never come into our Court, without Demonstration——He must undergo the Sentence usual in these Cases——Which is, to stand in a white Sheet, and humbly confess his Faults before the Congregation. Besides which (*turning to him*) you will be compelled to pay Costs and Damages.—And if you are found guilty of Contumacy, as your present Behaviour seems to promise, we shall get you excommunicated.

Mrs. *Wat.* Excellent Fellow ! [*Aside.*

Ned. Upon which comes out the Writ *Excommunicato Capiendi* : That, whips you up in an instant ; carries you to the next Jail, and delivers you into *Salvo Custodio* without Bail, or Mainprize.

Wat. What ho ! within there ? Where are all my Rascals ? Hussey, go look 'em, (*pushes Lucy*) and bid 'em call a Constable. I'll Bail and Mainprize you, I warrant you, Sirrah : Why don't you go ? [*To Lucy.*

Lucy. I'll not stir a Step : You wicked Man, you !—

Ned. A Constable !—that may not be so well. (*Aside.*) I'm not afraid of a Constable, Sir. Send for him, and welcome ; but the least Noise you make in this Affair, the better, Sir *Nicholas* !

Mrs. *Wat.* Sir *Nicholas* ! here must be some Mistake in this ; my Husband's Name is not *Nicholas*, Sir !

Ned. What say you, Madam? Is not this Sir *Nicholas Widgeon*?

Wat. No, nor *Woodcock* neither, as you shall find, Sir!

Ned. Bless me! What have I been saying all this while? I ask your Pardon, Sir, with all my Heart. How the Vengeance could I make such a Blunder? I was directed next Door to the *Sun*.

Lucy. If I mistake not, Sir *Nicholas* lives at the next House but one. I am glad to find it a Mistake, Sir, and that you are not guilty of wronging so good a Woman, as my Lady is.

Wat. It is a very pretty Mistake tho', to come into a Man's House, and abuse, and threaten him with white Sheets, Penance, and the Devil; and then, *I ask your Pardon, Sir.* A Pox on you, and your Pardon too, Sir.

Ned. Nay, you have Reason to be angry, I own, Sir—and I wish I knew how to make you some Satisfaction.—Madam, can you forgive me? Upon Honour, I'm in such Confusion!

Mrs. Wat. I believe him. (*Aside.*) The Pleasure of finding my Husband innocent, inclines me the more easily to pardon your Mistake, Sir.

Ned. I protest, Sir, I am very much out of Countenance!

Wat. I wish you were out of my House, Sir——

Ned. If you should ever have any Business in *Doctors Commons*, Sir, I assure you, no Body shall be——

Wat. I assure you, Sir, that nothing can oblige me more, than to see your Backside; and so, sweet Mr. *Proctor*, with your *Excommunicato Capiendi*, I am your very humble Servant.

Ned. Sir, I am yours entirely. [Exit.

Mrs. Wat. Charming Fellow! [Aside.

Wat. Pox take him, he has given me the Palpitation of the Heart, which I shan't get rid of these two Hours——Why, what a Multitude of Troubles will this poor Sir *Nicholas* be in now? His *sweet Meat* will have *four Sauce*. Odd, there's a pretty Penny to be made of these Cuckold-making Dogs, if one could but catch 'em napping. [Aside.

Mrs. Wat. (*Aside.*) Well, this is a Jewel of a Man, *Lucy*.

Lucy. Ay, Madam, this Man has a Genius, and deserves a Woman. [Aside to her.

Wat.

Wat. I can't get this Fellow's Mistake out of my Head ; it is a curfed odd one, methinks. [*Aside.*]

Lucy. How does your Foot do, Madam ?

Mrs. Wat. Pretty well, I think, *Lucy* : Your Hand has done me exceeding Service, *Mumps*——

Wat. Ay, ay, Chick, ev'ry one don't know the Virtue of a warm Hand——I don't like this sudden Cure.—To roar out, but now when I touch'd it ; and now to walk about, as if nothing ail'd her. [*Aside.*]

Lucy. If you were a Surgeon, Sir, and could effect Cures so soon, you'd grow rich apace.

Wat. (*Aside.*) I wish you and your Mistrefs have not all your——I might not always be so lucky.

Lucy. To prevent your being made a Cuckold, I grant you. [*Aside.*]

Wat. I took this, just in the Nick.

Lucy. Or she had nick'd you. [*Aside.*]

Wat. That is to say, just as 'twas done.

Lucy. Nay, before it was done ; to my Lady's Sorrow. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Wat. Well, *Mumps*, I must remind you of your Promise: I must go out to Day.

Wat. Fy, fy, you would not walk upon your Foot so soon ; would you ?

Mrs. Wat. Pho ! I tell you my Foot is well : Besides, I can take a Chair.

Wat. Prithee, what Business hast thou abroad, Wife ?

Mrs. Wat. Why, I want to go to Chapel, in the first Place.

Wat. The Saints will hear you as well, from your Closet.

Mrs. Wat. I can't pray in my Closet.

Wat. Nor any where else, I believe. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Wat. Besides, here are Priests in *London*.

Wat. Ay ! Enough to corrupt the whole Nation——

Mrs. Wat. And it is a mortal Sin not to confess, when 'tis in one's Power to do it.

Wat. Pray, what Sins have you committed, that you are in such haste to unburthen ?

Mrs. Wat. You are not qualify'd to know.

Wat. Well, since your Conscience accuses you, you shall have a Priest. I'll send to the What-d'ye-call 'em Ambafador's, for one of his ; who shall take your Confession in
your

your Closet; but I'll stand at the Door: For I would not trust one of these Pardon-selling Rogues: They have such convincing Arguments for Cuckoldom.

Mrs. *Wat.* Why, do you think, Sir, that I'll be shut up thus, for ever?

Wat. Nay, if you begin to exalt your Voice, then I must tell you, it is my Pleasure to have it so. Let that suffice.

Mrs. *Wat.* No, that will not suffice; for it's against my Inclination.

Wat. Which is not to be suffic'd; for you are never satisfy'd with gadding; if we Husbands should always follow our Wives Inclinations, we should be in a fine Condition.

Lucy. I am sure you have all Conditions, but good ones. [*Aside.*

Mrs. *Wat.* Is this your matrimonial Vow! to imprison me; you that wou'd cherish, love, and worship me!

Wat. So I do, don't I, my dear Flesh and Blood? Thou art my Goddess, and I adore thee; and cannot suffer thee out of my Sight.

Lucy. If you two are one Flesh, how come you to have such different Minds, pray, Sir?

Wat. Because the Mind has nothing to do with the Flesh.

Mrs. *Wat.* That's your Mistake, Sir; the Body is govern'd by the Mind. So much Philosophy I know.

Wat. Yes, yes; I believe you understand natural Philosophy very well, Wife: I doubt the Flesh has got the better of the Spirit in you.—Look ye, Madam! Every Man's Wife is his Vineyard; you are mine, therefore I wall you in. Ads-budikins, ne'er a Coxcomb in the Kingdom shall plant so much as a Primrose in my Ground.

Mrs. *Wat.* I am sure, your Management will produce nothing but Thorns.

Wat. Nay, ev'ry Wife is a Thorn in her Husband's Side: Your whole Sex is a kind of Sweet-brier, and he who meddles with it, is sure to prick his Fingers.

Lucy. That is, when you handle us too roughly. —

Mrs. *Wat.* You are a kind of Rue; neither good for Smell nor Taste.

Wat. But very wholesome, Wife. —

Mrs. *Wat.* Ay, so they say of all Bitters; yet I wou'd not be oblig'd to feed upon Gentian and Wormwood.

Wat.

Wat. No, you like Sweet-meats better.

Mrs. Wat. Confinement wou'd cloy me with them too.

Wat. Or you are no Woman.——

Mrs. Wat. But what do's this signify to our Marriage-Articles? You know the Forfeiture, if you deny me ghostly Aid.

Wat. A thousand Pounds.——You bit me there.——Have a care I don't bite you again. (*Aside.*)——Well, well, you shall have this ghostly Aid——But do you consider, you never had the Small-Pox, and it never was so mortal as now; therefore it is not convenient you shou'd go abroad; indeed it is not, *Pudsey*——'Tis out of pure Love to thee, Faith, my Dear; for the Small-Pox would spoil that pretty Face: It wou'd truly, *Pudsey*. Prithee now, believe thine own *Mumps*.——

Mrs. Wat. Away!——I hate your wheedling. Those who languish under the Plague, need not fear the Small-Pox. [*Exit with Lucy.*]

Wat. Humph! Say you so? I shall indeed be a Plague to you, if I catch you tardy, Gentlewoman. Odd, I can't put this Foot of hers out of my Head; it looks like an Excuse to conceal some secret Failing, and puts me in mind of a youthful Stratagem of my own. Having been a little familiar with one of my Mother's Maids, and like to have been caught, I cut my Finger, and pretended I came for a Rag to bind it up.——This Fellow with his *Excommunicato Capiendo* too, may have more in't than I can see through: I resolve to examine my Servants, if ever they saw him before; but in personating this Priest, I shall know all.

Lucy listening.

Lucy. Shall you so?

Wat. I have bespoke a Disguise; and am resolv'd to take her Confession myself.

Lucy. Indeed!——My Lady shall know your Contrivance; and if she does not fit you for your Curiosity, I am mistaken, old Gentleman. [*Exit.*]

Wat. If she has Cuckolded me, tho' but in Thought, I will injoin her such a Penance!

*Zoons! I'll so swinge, so mortify the Jade,
That she shall ne'er forget my ghostly Aid.*

A C T III.

SCENE *Widow Heedless's House. She wiping down the Dust with her Handkerchief.*

Enter Judith.

Wid. JUDITH! What hast thou been doing all this Morning, that my Dressing-Room is in this pickle?

Jud. Pickle!

Wid. Ay, pickle, Sauce-box; why dost thou eccho me?

Jud. Eccho you!

Wid. Again!—Indeed I shall slap your Chaps if you don't learn to leave off repeating my Words after me.

Jud. After you!—Marry, I—

Wid. (*Gives her a Box o' the Ear.*) You will do it then.

Jud. Will do what? Chem zhour, chem can do nothing to please you! Chem clean'd it as it had bin vor min Life; zo I dud.

Wid. Life! what is thy Life, Muck-worm, to a clean Room? Dost thou imagine Rooms lie thus at Court? Ha, Slattern?

Jud. They can't lie better, I think.

Wid. Think! why dost thou think, Animal? What hast thou to do with Thought? Mind thy own Business, and never puzzle thy Noddle with Thought.

Enter Sir Philip and Tally.

Bless me! my Lord, and Sir Philip!—I am asham'd to be caught in this Disorder!

Sir Phil. My Lord and I have been fetching a Walk, and I could not persuade his Lordship to pass by your Door, Cousin, without calling. You are his North, and he is embark'd in the Cock-boat of Love, and is constantly pointing this way.

Wid. You are very pleasant this Morning, Sir Philip. But--

Tally. I ask your Pardon, Madam; but finding your Door open, and no-body in the Way, the Knight undertook to be Master of the Ceremonies, as well as to answer the Reproaches I might reasonably expect from you, for this Liberty—

Wid. Oh, good my Lord, no Apology! That ought to be

be done by me for the Disorder your Lordship finds me in. — Go, Beesom, and look for your Fellow Puzzles, and ask 'em, Why they leave my Doors open? I shall be robb'd one of these Days. — Sure, never any body was fatigu'd with Servants as I am. Did you ever visit a Lady in a Stable before, my Lord? Oh gad, I shall be stuck, mir'd, and laid fast, and forc'd to be dug out like a Potatoe.

[Holds up her Coats, and walks cautiously.]

Tally. A Stable, Madam! I protest I think your House is as much in Order, as any Lady's in London.

Sir Phil. Ay, my Lord, there are few of the Quality such Housewives, as my Cousin. If it be your Lordship's good Fortune to marry her, she'll set the Ladies at Court a Pattern.

Wid. Fy, Sir Philip! This to my Face! it looks like Flattery.

Tally. What would be Flattery to another, is but doing you Justice, Madam. —

Wid. Women have no Defence against the fine Things you well-bred Men say. To raise our Vanity, and make us have a good Opinion of ourselves, you are sure, is one way to be well in our Esteem.

Tally. I should think myself the happiest Man living, if I cou'd perceive I had the least Share in yours, Madam.

Sir Phil. His Lordship complains, Cousin, that you are inexorable. — Hark ye, one Word with you. — Don't overstand your Market. A Man of Quality is not to be caught every Day.

Fain. (Listening.) There's an old Rogue now. [Aside.]

Wid. Wou'd you have me marry a Man as soon as he asks me the Question, Sir Philip? I think, to have an Amour with a Person of Rank known and talk'd of, is one of the greatest Inducements to Matrimony; especially if it gives the Rest of my Sex Pain.

Fain. (Aside.) Right Woman, on my Conscience!

Wid. My Lord! won't your Lordship please to rest yourself?

Tally. My Rest depends upon your Ladyship.

Fain. (Aside.) Who shall never be a Resting-Place for you to Tally on.

Wid. I'm certain, it is not in my Power to give your Lordship Pain.

Fain. So—Another Trap! but I'll spoil the Dialogue.

Enter Fainwell.

Tally. More than your whole Sex.

Wid. Your Lordship will make me vain.

Sir Phil. If there could be any Addition to the Vanity that thou hast already. [*Aside.*

Wid. Oh, *Jeffery*! — Well, have you delivered all my Messages?

Fain. By Mefs, I think so.

Wid. Ha! [*Looking wistful at him.*

Fain. How many dud you gi' me, Forsooth?

Wid. Madam—Oh the Clodhopper! [*Aside.*

Fain. Mrs. What-ni-cull-um, at the *Hog's-Head*, was gone out, chu'd seem.

Wid. Madam! Blockhead. [*Gives him a Box on the Ear.*

Sir Phil. Ha, ha, ha! this is like to be a diverting Scene.

Wid. How often must I instruct you to behave yourself before Company? Will you never learn Manners, Booby?

Fain. No, I shan't, an you go on at thik same slip-flap Rate.—Nouns, an thick be *London* Breeding, send me into the Country agen, I say.

Tally. If I were thy Lady, Fellow, thou should'st have thy Wish.

Fain. Say you so? Ay! But *curst Cows have short Horns*, we say in our Country,—I shall never be your Servant, I hope!

Wid. How now, Sauce-box! do you know who you talk to?

Fain. Yes, I do—better than you think for, mehap.

Tally. (*Aside.*) How's that? S'death, if this Bumkinly Dog should know me, he'll spoil all.

Wid. I have a good Mind, Sirrah, to dash your Teeth down your Throat.

Fain. So yow ma' an you wol. What does he meddle with me for, then? I dud not meddle wi'him; dud I?

Sir Phil. You'll have your Bones broke in *London*, Sirrah. I admire my Lord does not cane you, Scoundrel.

Tally. His being this Lady's Servant protects him.

Fain. No, it is that protects yow; for an I had yow in my Country—

Tally. This Fellow and I must have a little Confabulation. I must stop his Mouth.

Wid.

Wid. Sirrah, no more of your Impudence ; but give me an Account of the Business I sent you about. How does Lady Lucy, Lady Lock-up, Lady Love-it, Lady Set-up, Lady Comely, Lady Revel, Lady Ramble, Mrs. Prim, Mrs. Prude, Mrs. Costly, and Mrs. Travel ?

Fain. Nowns ! her Tongue runs like the Mill at Vather's Orchard-end, that scares Crows fro' the Cherry-tree.

Wid. Does it so, Sirrah ?

[Runs to beat him, but Tally steps in between.

Tally. Hold, hold, dear Madam ; let me intercede for Mr. Jeffery this once.

Fain. How civil the Dog is ! [Aside.

Wid. Your Lordship commands me. Well, Mrs. Fisk-out, at the Boar's-Head, which you call the Hog's-Head, Clumfy ! was gone out, you say ?

Fain. So she was.

Wid. How's that ?

Tally. (Aside to Fainwell.) Madam ?——Jeffery——Madam——You forget.

Fain. Madam——

Wid. Hoa ! you have squeez'd out Madam at last.

Fain. Squeez'd——Od ! would I had the squeezing of yow.

Wid. How, Sirrah ! you squeeze me ? My Lord ! Sir Philip ! Did you ever hear such a Varlet ?

Tally. You see, Madam, your Beauty reaches all Degrees. He speaks from his Heart, I dare swear.

Sir Phil. You have him as you breed him.

Wid. Oh, that's barbarous, Sir Philip. You don't know the Pains I take with my clodpated Family.——Well !

[Looking at Fainwell.

Fain. Yes, they are well, Madam——And hope yow are well, Madam——And they'll all,—or some of them, will come to see yow, Madam——So they gi' their Loves——Loves ? No, no,——So they gi' their Service to yow, Madam——An, an, an, an——So that's all, Madam——There's Madam enough for yow now, I think, if yow know when yow have enough.

Tally. Now Jeffery has done it. Ha, ha, ha !

Wid. I have been teaching him the distinguishing Rap, these three Days ! and yet, I warrant, he'll knock with

the sneaking Air of a Taylor. Let's hear how you perform?
[He knocks awkwardly.]

Wid. Execrable!—Didn't I tell you so?—There, Blockhead.—
[She thunders at the Door.]

Fain. By'r Lady! that's enough to fright all the Dogs in Town.

Wid. In the Opinion of such a Puppy as you are—Go, bid the Cook set on the Tea-kettle, and cut some Bread and Butter.—But d'ye hear? don't you bring it dangling in your Fist, as you did Yesterday, Sloven—If you do, I shall throw it at your Head, Sir. Remember to bring me nothing without a Plate: D'ye hear?—You han't breakfasted, I hope, Sir *Philip*?

Sir Phil. Yes, long since.

Tally. So have I, Madam.

Sir Phil. *Jeffery's* talking of Dogs, puts me in Mind of a Message from my Daughter. She bid me tell you, she expects a Puppy: Has your Bitch litter'd yet, Cousin?

Wid. Not yet, Sir *Philip*. You never saw a poor Creature so big in your Life. *Jeffery*, fetch *Misba* hither. *(Fainwell going.)*—Hark-ye! Hark-ye!—Come back, *(He runs up to her Nose.)* What!—will you run your Nose into my Mouth? Where are your Manners, when you leave the Room?—Still that Scrape? I thought I had shew'd you to bend your Body only, and keep your Feet upon the Ground.

Fain. By'r Lady, you'll make an ambling Nag o'me by-and-by.
[Exit.]

Tally. *(Aside.)* Nothing but the twenty thousand Pounds could make Amends for thy Impertinence.—I admire you give yourself the Trouble of Country Servants, Madam.

Wid. I would not keep a Town Servant, my Lord, if they would live with me for nothing. Their whole Attention is Drunkenness and Pride. The dirtiest Trollup in the Town must have her Top-knot and Tickin-shoes. This City spoils all Servants. I took a *Welsh* Runt last Spring, whose Generation scarce ever knew the Use of Stockings: And—will you believe me, my Lord? She had not liv'd with me three Weeks, before she sew'd three Penny Canes round the Bottom of her Shift, instead of a Hoop-Petticoat.

Sir Phil. That was something better than a Wench at
 my

my House, who disrob'd a Barrel, and let all the Ale about the Cellar. One of the Ends of the Hoop working out, discover'd the Trick, and at the same time flung down a Side-Board of Glasses.—Ha, ha, ha!

Tally. Ha, ha, ha!

Wid. Ay, they do more Mischief than their Necks are worth. If the Parliament don't lay a Tax upon their Pride, there will be no living. I wish your Lordship would take it into Consideration.

Enter Fainwell.

Wid. Well!—Where's *Misba*?

Fain. By Mefs, I can't bring her; not I.

Wid. How so? Is she so heavy?

Fain. No, she's not so heavy: But I can't make her lie upon a Plate, for the Blood o'me, so I can't.

Sir Phil. Ha, ha, ha! Ridiculous enough!—Ha, ha!

Wid. A Plate, Blockhead! a Plate! did you ever see a Dog brought on a Plate, Clod-hopper? Did you?

[Following him about.]

Sir Phil. Pure Innocence, Faith!

Fain. Nay, how do I know your *London* Vashions?—You bad me but now, I am zure, to bring you naught without a Plate; so you dud.

Wid. What!—Living Things?—Ha, did I say Living Things?

Fain. Living Things! S'Blead, the Devil would not live wi'you—The Cobler wants Six-pence for mending your Clogs, *Judith* bod me tell yow.

Wid. These Wretches will distract me!—Is that a Message to be delivered to me in Publick? Ha, Thickscull!—But since you had no more Wit, let me see what he has done for the Money.—My Lord, you'll excuse this Piece of Oeconomy.

[Exit Fainwell.]

Tally. O! Madam—

Fainwell returns with the Clogs upon a Plate.

Wid. Did you ever see the Fellow of him, *Sir Philip*? I protest he puts me into an Agony! Why, you Thickscull'd Rascal!—You unthinking Dolt!—You senseless Ideot!—Was ever a Pair of dirty Clogs brought upon a Plate, Sirrah?—Ha!—Was there?—Was there?—Was there? Hedge Hog?

[Follows him about and beats him, Sir Philip interposing.]

Fain. What d'ye strick me vor? — The Clogs ar'n't Living Things too, are they? — By the Mefs, I'll take the Law of you, so I will, an you thrash me about at thick same Rate. S'Blead, an yow were a Man, I'd drefs your Jacket for yow.

Sir Phil. Fy, fy, Cousin, this is not like a fine Lady.

Wid. That's your Mistake, *Sir Philip*; my Lady *Flip-pant* beats her whole Family, from her Husband to her Coachman.

Tally. (*Aside.*) I shall teach you better Manners, if once I get you.

Wid. Out of my Sight, Sirrah!

Fain. Who the Murrain, cares to stay in it, I wonder? Ah! *Jeffery*! *Jeffery*! thou art right enough serv'd! — Why didst thou leave thy Sweetheart, *Cicely*, to pine away like a Goose in a Pen?

Sir Phil. Why, then you are false-hearted, *Jeffery*?

Fain. I have been, Sir; with Shame I confess it, or I had never come under Mistress's Clutches. — But,

May all false-hearted Men my Fortune have,

And who slights Woman, be a Woman's Slave.

I've somewhat to say to you, my Lord, when Time shall serve. [*As he goes out.*]

Tally. I'll meet you in *Covent-Garden Piazza*, in Half an Hour. [*Aside to Fainwell.*]

Re-enter Fainwell.

Fain. Here's the Knight in Black to speak wi'yow. — *Sir Freeman*, I think they call him.

Wid. *Sir John Freeman*, you mean — Shew him up.

Sir Phil. Hold, hold, let me be gone first. I have some Reasons why I don't care to see him. — I had some Business with you, Cousin, but I shall send to you. — Will you walk, my Lord? Or shall I leave your Lordship?

Tall. I'll wait on you, *Sir Philip*. — I take an unwilling Leave, Madam: But it may not be convenient to press upon your Business — I long to know what this Fellow has to say to me. (*Aside.*) — Your most obedient humble Servant. [*Exit Tally and Sir Philip.*]

Wid. I am your Lordship's —

Enter Sir John.

Sir John. I ask your Pardon, Madam; I fear my Visit has robb'd you of better Company.

Wid.

Wid. Not at all, *Sir John*: Your Father-in-Law, that was to have been, is just gone out; he seem'd unwilling to meet you.

Sir John. Well he might, after his perfidious Usage.

Wid. But is your Brother really to marry my Cousin *Olivia*?

Sir John. I have Reason to fear it; but hope he will be disappointed. I receiv'd Instructions from *Olivia* to wait on you, Madam, to ask a Favour of you.

Wid. She may command every Thing in my Power, *Sir John*. What is it?

Sir John. That you would give a Lady Entertainment in that Apartment which opens into the Back-street.

Wid. What, is that the *Dutch Lady*, *Sir John*?

Sir John. The same, Madam.

Wid. She's welcome. May her coming prove propitious!

Enter Judith.

Jud. Here's one Mr. *Freeman* to wait on you, he says.

Sir John. My Brother; what can he want? Does he use to visit you, Madam?

Wid. He never was here in his Life! I can't imagine his Business!—Would you see him?

Sir John. Yes, yes; but not a Word of the Business I came about.

Wid. You don't think me so indiscreet, I hope: Shew him up, *Judith*.

Enter Ned Freeman.

Ned. Madam, your Servant. Ha! Brother! I'm glad to find you in such good Company. My Brother *Jack's* a pretty Fellow, Madam.

Wid. So he is, indeed, Sir. He wants nothing but a Wife, in my Opinion.

Ned. (*Aside.*) Brother, I hope you conceive a Widow, when she makes such Wishes in your Favour.—She has Twenty Thousand Pounds.

Sir John. And what then, Sir?

Ned. What then, Sir? Why, then he who marries her, will be worth Twenty Thousand Pounds—That's all!

Sir John. I would advise you to marry her yourself.

Ned. I thank you, Sir; but I am provided.

Sir John. So am I.

Ned. Why then I wish you Joy, Brother, if you are so
sure

sure of it.—Madam, I have a Message to you from Sir *Philip Mencylove*, who intended to have delivered it to you himself; but Company coming in, and being to meet a Lawyer at the *Runner*, where I now left him, he was obliged to leave your Ladyship without telling you, that he came to know your Resolution about a Piece of Land that he mentioned to you some Time ago. He would gladly buy it, or exchange with you for another; because that Ground is contiguous to some Part of his Estate, which he is about to settle upon his Daughter.

Wid. Pray, Sir, let my Cousin know, that I gave my Lawyer Orders to treat with him about that Matter.

Ned. Where does your Lawyer live, Madam?

Wid. At Number 2 in the *King's-Bench Walks* in the *Temple*. Sir *Philip* knows him.

Ned. Very well, Madam.—Brother, where shall I see you in the Evening?

Sir John. I am engaged this Evening.

Ned. You'll make one in a Country-Dance to Morrow I hope? for that is to be my Wedding-day——

Sir John. I hope to baulk you yet. (*Aside.*)——I can promise nothing for Futurity, Sir.

Ned. Humph! You can't!——what you please, Sir.—Madam, your most humble Servant.

Wid. How he triumphs!——How can you bear the Airs he gives himself, Sir *John*?

Sir John. To do him Justice, Madam, I believe he knows nothing of my Pretensions to *Olivia*. He was travelling, when first I made my Addresses; and since his Return, we have not been so well with one another, to communicate Things of this Nature.

Wid. I ask your Pardon, Sir *John*, for keeping you standing. Won't you please to sit, Sir?

Sir John. Excuse me, dear Madam; I intend to take this Opportunity to see *Olivia*, whilst her Jaylor's abroad, let the Consequence be what it will; and let her know, how much we are oblig'd to you, Madam.

Wid. My good Wishes attend you both, Sir *John*. [*Ex.*]

SCENE changes to Covent-Garden Piazzas.

Enter Fainwell, *solus*.

Fain. Ha! not here! sure he don't suspect me; and apprehend

prehend a Duel might ensue ; all my Measures are broke, if he should — Ho ! here he comes.

Enter Tally.

Tally. What can this Fellow have to say to me, I wonder ? If he has discovered me, he wants a Bribe. But I hope it is not so : for I shou'd be loth to have a Secret of this Nature lie in the Breast of such a Blunderer. (*Aside.*) — Mr. *Jeffery* ! I protest I did not see you. — Well, what can I serve you in ?

Fain. In nought, that I know of, Zir ; but me-haps, I may zerve you in zomewhat, Zir ; — my Lord, I wou'd zay. I beg your Pardon, Zir ; we dan't zee zuch vine Voke in our Country every Day — zo that I hope yow won't be angry an I shou'd not hit on your Worship's Name at every turn.

Tally. Angry ! no, no, Mr. *Jeffery*, I hate Ceremony. — I find he does not know me ; all's safe. [*Aside*] If it were not necessary that we People of Quality shou'd be distinguish'd by the Titles and Degrees his Majesty has been pleas'd to exalt us to, I wou'd not care if I were call'd plain *Jack*.

Fain. If you were exalted according to your Merit, you'd take your Degree at *Tyburn*. (*Aside.*) — Ay, ay, nothing but right, Zir, nothing but right.

Tally. But which Way am I to be oblig'd to you, Mr. *Jeffery* ? I shan't prove ungrateful, I assure you. —

Fain. Nay, as for that, d'ye zee — that's not the Matter — I dan't want a Bribe. An tho' I be but a poor Fellow, and wears a tawdry Coat here, and am thumpt, and beaten about as you zee, I have an honest Heart in my Belly, and good Blood in me too, for aught I know : For yow mun understand, Vather was my Lord *Firebrand's* Gardiner, when I was got, chou'd zeem, and they say Mother was a deadly pretty Woman. —

Tally. From whence you would infer, that his Lordship might be your Father. — Not unlikely ; but go on.

Fain. I perceive your Lordship is a Suitor to my Mistress.

Tally. I confess you are a Man of Penetration. I am indeed an Admirer of hers. —

Fain. The more's the pity. — I'm zorry for't.

Tally. Why so ?

Fain. Because, I'm zure she'll use yow like a Dog : I han't liv'd a Month wi'her, and to my Knowledge, she
has

has made Fools of Three or Four; main fightly Men, I promise yow.

Tally. The Devil.

Fain. (*Starts.*) Mercy o'me! Where, Zir? Dud yow zee any Thing, my Lord?

Tally. No, no, I was only surpriz'd. — Cursedly ignorant. [*Aside.*]

Fain. Surpriz'd! be Mefs, the Devil wou'd surprize ony Man, and tho' he were the Parson o'the Parish.

Tally. But has she had so many Lovers, say you?

Fain. Oh, a mort, Zir, a mort: But I can tell yow one Thing; she likes yow woundy well.

Tally. Ay! How dost thou know that, my Boy?

Fain. Why, our *Mary* knows all her Heart, mun, an she tells me ev'ry Thing. Odd, an yow knew as much as I cou'd tell yow, yowr Bufiness might zoon be done, Zir; my Lord, I wou'd zay. — — —

Tally. Ay! How, prithee?

Fain. But won't yow be false-hearted now, and tell?

Tally. What, against myself? No, no, there's no Danger of that. Besides, I hope you don't think I wou'd be so ungenerous to you!

Fain. Nay, as for that, — — — I'm but a Servant; an one Place won't do, another woll, for that Matter. Now what I am going to tell your Lordship, is none o'my Bufiness, as one may zay; but it would make a-body mad to zee a Woman flounze about the House, like a Dog in a Ducking-Pond. — — — Now, Zir, an she had a Husband — He, he, he, he! why me-haps, — — — he, he! — — — me-haps, I zay, he might vind her somewhat else to do, zometimes. Yow understand me, Zir.

Tally. Yes, yes, very well, *Jeffery*: If I had her once, I'd make her turn over a new Leaf.

Fain. That I dare swear. (*Aside.*) Why, that was my very Thought now. — — — I wish yow had her, Zir; but you'll find it a knotty Piece of Work, let me but tell you that; she deals as scurvily with her Sweet-hearts, one Way, as with her Servants another; and, I Cod, I ha' found her Fingers slip-flap, this a-way, and that a-way, like a Flail upon a Wheat-sheaf. [*Flinging out his Arms,*

and hits Tally a Slap on the Face.

Tally. A Pox of your Similies. — — —

[*Aside.*]

Fain.

Fain. Odsave me ! Dud I hit yow, Zir ?

Tally. Oh, no Matter, *Jeffery*,——Go on——

Fain. I hope your Lordship's Worship will forgive me. Zir ; I meant no Harm, not I, Zir. — But as I was zaying,——Mistress will give you the Dog to hold, and yow do'no'give her somewhat.

Tally. Think'st thou so, *Jeffery* ? Why, what wou'dst thou have me do ?

Fain. Don't yow know that without telling ? There is somewhat to be done, Zir, beside the Parson, or yow must dangle after her till Doom's Day, to no more Purpose, than to winnow Corn without a Wind.—Her t'other Husband dudn't get her with Compliments, my Lord.

Tally. No !

Fain. No, no ! He had been in *Ireland*, and knew better Things, Mun.

Tally. Ha, ha, ha, ha ! Are we thought to have a particular Method to gain the Women, *Jeffery* ? For I am of that Country, you must know.——

Fain. Are you zo, my Lord : Nay, then, and all be true they zay o' yowr Country-Men, one need not tell yow which End to begin your Work at.

Tally. Ha ! Is she to be won that Way ? I thank you for the Hint.——I find thou art a Lad of Parts ; and when I am thy Master, I'll have thee taught to shave, and make thee my *Valet de Chambre*.

Fain. I shall shave you, I believe, before I have done with you.—With what Assurance the Rogue talks. [*Aside.* I shall be main thankful to your Lordship, an yow do, Zir ; when wol yow come to our House agen ?

Tally. This Evening——What is the best Time to find her alone ?

Fain. Be mefs, I known't that ; but an yow find her alone, I'll take Care, Nobody shall disturb yow, an yow'll put it home to her.——

Tally. Wo't thou ! Egad, there's a Guinea for thee to drink my Health, then.——Never fear, I warrant thee, Boy, I'll have her. [*Exit.*

Fain. Ha, ha, ha ! How generous the Rogue is : Well, I hope by this Stratagem to give her a Disgust to his pretended Lordship ; at least, I shall prove, if she has any Thing valuable, besides her Money.

*To talk of Vertue, is the Womens Pride;
But they give Proofs on't, who resist, when try'd.* [Exit.

Enter Sir John, solus.

Sir John. This is the House! Oh? for an Art to make myself invisible! [Knocks, the Porter opens the Door.

Por. Who would you speak with, Sir?

Sir John. With your young Lady, Friend.

Por. I wonder you'll be so troublesome, Sir, I told you before, I would not disobey my Orders. [He offers Money.—I'll have none of your Money, Sir,—I'm not to be brib'd to betray my Trust, I'd have you to know that.

Sir John. Then you must be kick'd out of it, Sir.

[Pulls him out, gives him a Kick, enters, and shuts the Door.

Por. Murder! Thieves! Murder! — This is a terrible Fellow. For my Part I'll never hinder him going in again. — And now he is in, I wish I had taken the Money. — He has shut the Door, and the Devil take them that open it, for Dick. [Exit.

The SCENE changes to the Inside of the House.

Olivia and Sir John meeting.

Olivia. Dick! Will! John! What Noise of Murder is that? — Ah! Freeman! [Half fainting; he catches her.

Sir John. My Life! my Soul! Am I become so hateful to thee, that thou can'st not bear my Sight?

Oliv. How ill dost thou interpret my Surprise? The unexpected Joy of seeing thee, When no one Means supply'd me with a Hope, To tell thee, — That to Morrow, —

Sir John. Thou art to be my Sister.

Oliv. Blast the Name!

Sir John. Perish my Brother first. — If thou art true. If thy Heart has not consented. —

Oliv. To him nor any, but thyself.

Sir John. Then not all the Brothers upon Earth shall take thee from me. Mrs. Heedless readily comply'd with your Request, and I have sent Louisa thither.

Oliv. Alas! I fear that Lady's come too late. The Time's so short, the Plot cannot succeed!

Sir John. Dost thou think so? Yet wilt thou stay, and sacrifice

sacrifice thyself and me? Consent to fly with me, now, whilst Sir *Philip* is abroad.

Oliv. But whither shall we fly?

Sir John. Where Love directs us.

Oliv. I could, methinks, run any Risque with thee; and thou perhaps, wouldst do the same with me. Now in the Summer of our Love, little Cares would not offend us; But when the Glowing of the Passion's over, and pinching Cold of Winter follows, will amorous Sighs supply the Want of Fire? Or kind Looks and Kisses keep off Hunger?

Sir John. I think they would. But Love ne'er reasons thus, *Olivia*. I fear my Brother's gawdy Train, has rais'd this Picture of Despair. He, he, has my Estate! Dare I, stript as I am, pretend to vye with him? I, who live upon his Bounty!—Bounty! damn the Word! Live on a younger Brother's Bounty, and see him wed the Woman I adore!—That Thought will hurry me to Madness!

Oliv. You wrong my Love, and I should chide you for it, were our Condition happier. But to shew you I am a Lover-errant, consider what Trade you can take up for a Livelihood. For my Part I can make Purfes by Day, and sing Ballads by Night. Now, if you can grind Knives, or turn Tinker, I'm yours. [*Slapping her Hand into his.*]

Sir John. Fortune can never cast us so low. She owes thy Vertues more; methinks, this Dawn of Mirth, portends a joyful Day. Haste then my Fairest: Let us leave this Place, that we may gain Time, at least, to work *Louisa's* Purpose.

Oliv. I'll only fetch a few Jewels; a sure Relief in Time of Need. [*Goes to the Door, starts, and runs back.*]
Undone for ever! my Father is coming up!

Sir John. Mischievous Accident!—What shall we do? Humph: (*Pauses.*) I have it—Run you to your Chamber, my Angel, and when you hear a Noise, come forth, and wonder. [*Exit Olivia, Sir John lies down on a Couch, and pulls his Hat over his Eyes.*]

Enter Sir Philip.

Sir John. Thus to be circled, thus to be embrac'd! Oh! that I could hold thee for ever!

Sir Philip. Ha! What's this of embracing and holding for ever?

Sir John. The Curtain's drawn, and see! She's here again!

Sir

Sir *Phil.* She's here!—Who's here? What is the Meaning of this?

Sir *John.* *Jocasta!* Ha! What fall'n asleep so soon?

Sir *Philip.* *Jocasta!* Who is *Jocasta*? What in the Name of Vengeance have we here?

Sir *John.* How fares my Love?

Sir *Phil.* Nay, who the Devil knows?

Sir *John.* Ha! Lightening blast me! Thunder rivet me for ever to *Prometheus'* Rock, and *Vultures* gnaw out my incestuous Heart!

Sir *Phil.* With all my Soul.

Sir *John.* By all the Gods, it is my Mother *Merope!*

Sir *Phil.* *Merope!* Who, in the Devil's Name, is she? Ouns! Where are all my Rascals? Now will I be hang'd if here isn't a Pack of Strollers got into my House. Why, Rogues! Villains! Where are you all? Who have you let in, Rascals?

[Enter two or three Servants.

1st *Serv.* We let in Nobody, Sir, not we.

Sir *John.* My Sword.—A Dagger.—Ha! who waits there?

Sir *Phil.* Go look!

2d *Serv.* O Lord! No-body, no-body at all, Sir. Fly, Master, fly! It is a Madman, to be sure!

1st *Serv.* Come away, Sir, come away!! He'll certainly kill us.

[Exeunt Servants.

Sir *Phil.* The Devil go with you all.——

Sir *John.* (*Rising.*) Most triumphant Mischief!—— And now, whilst thus I stalk about the Room, I challenge Fate to find another Wretch Like *Oedipus!*

Sir *Phil.* *Oedipus!* Just as I thought; Strollers! neither better nor worse. But how the Devil they got into my House, that's the Question?

Sir *John.* Horror! Death! Confusion! Hell! and Furies!

Where am I?

Sir *Phil.* Where you shan't be long, I promise you.--Ouns, 'tis that beggarly Badge of Quality, Sir *John Freeman!*

Sir *John.* Oh, my *Jocasta!*

Let me hold thee thus, thus to my Bosom,

Ages let me hold thee!

[Runs and catches Sir Philip in his Arms.

Sir

Sir *Phil.* Murder, Murder! S'Death! the Rogue will squeeze my Guts out.

Enter Olivia.

Oliv. Bless me! What is the Matter, Sir?—Ha! Sir *John*!

Sir *Phil.* How you stare, Mistress!—You did not know that he was here!—No, not you.—You was not to have been an Actor in this Droll, I warrant.

Oliv. Not I, indeed, Sir. I heard you cry out, and came to know the Cause.

Enter Footmen.

1st *Foot.* What is the Matter, Sir?

Sir *Phil.* I'll tell you, Rascals, by-and-by.

Sir *John.* Gentlemen, you are very welcome to stay and see the Play: but I must beg it may be on the other side the House. You'll crowd the Scenes so much, that the Actors can't enter.

Sir *Phil.* The Actors! What Actors, Sir?—Ouns, do you think I am to be droll'd out of my Daughter?—I thought I had forbid you my House?

Sir *John.* Pish, pish; you are out, Sir; confoundedly out—Hark ye! did you ever rehearse this Part, Sir?

Sir *Phil.* 'S'Death he'll make me mad!—I shall make my Part good with you, I fancy. Fetch me a Constable.

Sir *John.* Out again!—Constable! Why, there is not such a Word in the whole Play. A Constable! Why, they never heard of such a Thing in *Thebes*!

Oliv. Alas, Sir! don't you perceive his Brain is turn'd?

Sir *Phil.* His Brain! If he had had any Brains, he had not lost his Estate.

Sir *John.* If I had had your Conscience, I should not.

[*Aside.*

Sir *Phil.* (*Pulling off his Hat.*) Sir, will you be pleas'd to walk out of my House.

Sir *John.* Look-ye, Sir, if you study your Part no better, I'll forfeit you, by *Jupiter*.—Hold, hold, hold! Ad's-Heart, Madam! You entered too soon.—Oh, think of something to defer this Marriage but for a Day.

[*Aside to Olivia.*

Sir *Phil.* What a Vengeance are you whispering? ha?

Sir *John.* Why, was that your Cue now? If you don't mind your Cues, you can never make an Actor, Sir——

Here,

Here, Sir! here's a Woman for you, who never trod the Stage before, yet I'll be bold to say, that she'll surprize you.—Come! hold up your Head, my Dear—Mind your Business.—Enter boldly, and when you *Exit*, *Exit*—nim- bly—Thus—— [Exit.]

Oliv. I wish I could *Exit* with thee. [Aside.]

Sir Phil. Stark Mad! This comes of sticking to Prin- ciples! I have known Principle starve Five hundred Fools; but never knew it feed one wise Man yet.

Oliv. It will never starve you, I'm sure. [Aside.]

Sir Phil. I'm glad he's gone.—Come, come, dry up your Tears, and think of him no more. A Coach with Six before, and Six behind, with a pretty Fellow in the middle, will make Amends for Beggary and Madnefs.

Enter Ned Freeman.

Here's Mr. *Freeman*! Leave your Sniveling, and mind your Obedience, I command you.

Oliv. Souls know no Command, tho' Bodies do.

Ned. I deny that Position! I'm all yours—in *all* and *ev'ry* Part.

Command me, Madam, now; and try your Pow'r.

Oli. It shall be then, to see my Face no more. [Exit.]

Ned. A very extraordinary Wife, I'm like to have, truly!—Very singular in her Manners, Faith!——

Sir Phil. Oh, never mind what a Woman says or does before Marriage. She'll be gentler after.

Ned. That's doubtful; for I can't perceive her to have the least Inclination for me.

Sir Phil. Pish, pish; when you have been married a Night or Two, you'll tell me another Story, Mr. *Freeman*.—Her Mother was thus before her.

Ned. I wish it may prove so, Sir *Philip*:

For who by Force the Courted Bliss receives,

Ne'er tastes that Joy the willing Fair-One gives.

A C T IV.

S C E N E *Watchit's* House.

Watchit, solus.

Wat. **W**A S ever Man so cheated, chous'd, and cuck-
olded, as I am? By a Priest too, a Pox of his
Sanctity!

Sanctity! Well, this was an admirable Contrivance. Little did she think who was her Ghostly Father. Ah! the Wickedness of this Age! Ah! *Tim! Tim. Watchit!* all thy Care is vain. Zounds! why did I grope for what I fear'd to find? I was but a Cuckold in Conceit before! now ev'ry Fool will hang his Hat upon my Horns! Oh; that I had her in *Spain!* I'd Spitch-cock her, like an Eel.—But just Revenge is counted Murder, in our Country; and a Man must be hang'd for doing himself Justice.—The Priest must be a Conjuror! he must have some Charm to make me sleep sound; or, he never cou'd have come to Bed, and I not hear him. Nay, she says ev'ry Door in the House flies open as soon as he approaches.—These are fine holy Guides, truly; no wonder there are so many Female Profelytes, when the Priests take so much Pains to convert 'em.—Which way shall I be reveng'd of this Cuckold-making Dog? (*Pauses.*)—No, that won't do.—Ay, it must be so.— [*Goes to the Scene, and calls. Pud, Why Pud, where are you, Pudsey?*

Enter Mrs. Watchit.

Mrs. Wat. Did you call, *Snub?*

Wat. Snub! How many Names must I have, ha? *Snub!* Pray who taught you that Name, Wife?

Mrs. Wat. Taught me! Why, do you think I don't know how to put four Letters together?

Wat. Ay, the Priest has taught her the Art of Coupling! Pox take him for't. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Wat. But what did you call me for?

Wat. To tell you that some Affairs oblige me to go out of Town to Night; and that you must not take it ill, if I lock you into the House, that Nobody may come in or out, till I come back.

Mrs. Wat. Ay, into my Chamber if you please; I begin to relish my Confinement very well.—But may it not be dangerous to travel so late?

Wat. For her Ghostly Father, it may, if I catch him. (*Aside.*) No, no, not at all. Go, get you to your Chamber, *Pud*, I'll follow you; perhaps I may take a Nap before I go.—

Mrs. Wat. I wish it might be your last.—*Lucy* shall give *Mr. Freeman* Notice of this lucky Opportunity. [*Aside.* Well, as you please, *Snub*: I'm all Obedience. [*Exit.*

Wat.

Wat. If you were, *Snub*, I should be too happy. Ah! She is a delicious Bit! a tempting Morsel. Ah! these Priests! these pamper'd Priests! What would become of good old *English* Property, had they once Footing here again? S'death, what had I to do with Beauty? What Business had I for a Wife, a handsome Wife? Of all Men living, I'm the most unqualify'd for a Husband! Husbands shou'd be kind, sociable, courteous, gentle, loving, blind Animals? if they are so bewitch'd to pitch on Beauty.

*For He whoever weds a handsome Wife,
Engrosses all the Plagues of human Life.* [Exit.

SCENE changes to *Mrs. Heedless's House.*

She enters on one Side, and Fainwell on the other.

Fain. Dud yow call, forsooth,—Madam?

Wid. Fy, fy, *Jeffery*, will you always be this stupid Wretch, notwithstanding all the Pains I take with you? Is not Madam, as soon, and as easily pronounc'd, as Forsooth?

Fain. Ay, every whit, d'ye zee, an I cou'd but hit on't; but my Memory is short, and yow hare a-body zo, that yow fright it out of one's Head——Madam.

Wid. Hare you, quotha! I'm sure you craze me. You behave yourself so awkwardly before Strangers, they will believe, perhaps, that I don't understand better. When I'm alone, I don't care: Nay, sometimes your Blunders conduce to my Pleasure.

Fain. I cou'd find a way more conducive to her Pleasure, if she'd give me leave. [Aside.

Enter Judith and Sam.

Jud. There's Mistress; an yow mun gi't her yowrzelf; gi't her, an yow wol. [Exit.

Sam. My Master, Madam, gives his humble Service to you, and begs the Favour of an Answer. [Gives her a Letter.

Wid. I admire your Master will give himself and me this Trouble, when I have so often assur'd him 'tis to no Purpose. [Opens the Letter, and looks over it.

Sam. Sure, I have seen your Face before, Brother.

Fain. Ma-hap, yow may, Friend, and ma-hap, yow mayn't.

Sam. Ar'n't you *Gloucestershire*?

Fain. Yes, I am.——I won't deny my Country.——

Sam.

Sam. Is not your Name *Crumplin*?

Fain. Ay, marry, is it; be mefs, I shou'd know yow too!

Sam. Honest *Jeffery Crumplin*! I'm glad to fee thee.

[*Kisses him.*]

Fain. P'shaw; I dan't like this same flabbering Vashion.

——But, pray, what may one call yow? I know you'r Face.——Ah.——

Sam. My Face! Why I can't be alter'd in Six or Seven Years, sure! my Name is *Sly*!

Fain. Odd fa' me! *Sam Sly*! gi' me thy Hond, (*Shakes him by the Hand.*) Well, an how! an how have yow done, *Sam*, e'er sen we us'd to break one another's Heads at Cudgels, ha? They told me you was gon over Seas.——

Sam. I han't been in *England* above Six Weeks.

Fain. Say you zo! good lack! Well, an have yow bin in *Gloucestershire*?

Sam. Yes, I came from thence but t'other Day; I live with Mr. *Worthy*.

Fain. What, Master *Worthy*, of *Worthy-Hall*?

Sam. The same.

Fain. Odd, yow had rare Luck, hark-ye, to light on zo brave a Place. Well, and dud yow zee our Volk? how do Vather, and Mother, and Sisters? Ha?

Sam. All well, and brisk, *Jeffery*.

Fain. Odd, Master *Worthy* is a main honest Mon.

Sam. As lives by Bread, and as well belov'd.

Wid. Ha! these two Fellows are acquainted, I find.

[*Aside.*]

Sam. They would have my Master set up for Parliament-Man.

Fain. I wish he were qualify'd for it. (*Aside.*) An he does I'm zure he'll carry't: An Mr. *Worthy* comes to rule the Roast, we shall zee better Times, I'm perswaded.——Well, besure I'm huge glad to zee yow, *Sam*.——Where may a body zee yow some Day to drink a Pot to all our Friends in *Gloucestershire*? ha? I have zome there, I believe; ha?

Sam. I'll call on you some Evening, an shew you where I live.

Wid. Mr. *Worthy* writes me Word, that he is going to *Jamaica*. It is only a Pretence, I suppose. I'll hear what his Servant says. (*Aside.*) Is your Master going to travel, young Man?

P

Sam.

Sam. Not for his Pleasure, Madam——

Wid. I did not speak of Pleasure; I ask'd you, if he is going abroad?

Sam. It is in your Power to stop him, I believe, if he is, Madam.

Wid. Still foreign to my Question! Can't you answer directly, Friend?

Sam. That depends so intirely upon your Ladyship, that it is impossible to answer you directly.——I know he has an Uncle dead in *Jamaica*, that has left him Forty Thousand Pounds; but I also know, he is so much in love with your Ladyship, that he does not care Forty Shillings for't.

Wid. The Fellow's mad! Not care for Forty Thousand Pounds? Why, the fourth Part on't wou'd purchase a Barony.

Fain. If I had the sixth Part of it, I'm sure thou shou'dst never purchase me. (*Aside.*) What! is that zame Uncle dead, that came over once with a huge sight o' Blackamoors at's Tail?

Sam. Ay, ay, *Jeffery*! he's dead.

Fain. Is he zo? He was mainly rich, chu'd zeem?

Wid. You are mainly impertinent, chu'd seem.——
Pray ask your Country-man here, if *he* puts in his Verdict, when his Master is talking? —Pray tell Mr. *Worthy*, that I shall be at home this Evening; and he may, if he pleases, give me the Opportunity of wishing him a good Voyage.——

Fain. To the Island of Matrimony, or I shall make but a broken Voyage of it. [*Aside.*]

Sam. I shall inform him, Madam. [*Exit.*]

Wid. How came you to know this Gentleman, *Jeffery*?

Fain. Who, Master *Worthy*? Why, every Body knows him in *Gloucestershire*; Vather has work'd for him, and the old 'Squire, these twenty Year chu'd zeem. He's a fine Man, and has no more Pride in him, than I have. He keeps a topping House.——He has humming *March Beer*, and deadly strong Cyder; there's rare Doings at *Cursmas*.

Wid. What Doings?

Fain. Why, he keeps open House for all Comers.

Wid. He ought to be very rich; whose Oeconomy is so profuse.

Fain. Rich, Quotha! Nouns, he knows no End of his Means;

Means; he has a mort of Land! I ha' seen a Hundred at Dinner in the great Hall, one *Plough-Monday*; all his own Tenants; and Master was so familiar and so merry wi' 'em, and made 'em so drunk! Lord, what Work was there! —

Wid. It was a beastly Pleasure; and no Sign of his Frugality, whatever it may be of his good Nature.

Fain. Ah! he is the sweetest natur'd Man in the World. Nobody ever saw him out of Humour, that ever I could hear on: His Vather, indeed, wou'd bawl and make a Noise, chu'd zeem; but as for thick same Gentleman, he's quite another Thing; he is so good to the Poor, and so loving to his Neighbours; that there's not a Man twenty Miles round him, but would run thro' Fire and Water for him. — He is counted a main wise Man too; he makes no more of a Lawyer, or a Justice of the Peace, than, than, than, yow do of me, Madam. — Nay, it's thought by zome Volk, that he is so deep learned, than an he wou'd, he cou'd puzzle, even the Parson o' the Parish.

Wid. That may be; and he no Conjuror neither. He shall know what a Favourite he is of yours. —

Fain. That he knows already. [Aside.

Wid. You seem to know him perfectly well.

Fain. I wish you knew him as well — Madam!

Wid. It is pity he is not a Man of Quality; these Qualifications, tho' I confess they are very bright ones, signify nothing without a Title, *Jeffery*!

Fain. I'm sure thy Vanity will never intitle thee to the Heart of any Man of Sense. [Aside.

Wid. Go, get me some Tea.

Fain. Did I not hope to command in my Turn; I shou'd not obey so readily. [Exit.

Enter Judith.

Jud. There's a Lady below, that want's yow, she says, — Madam.

Wid. Bring her up. — This must be the Lady, Sir *John* mention'd.

Enter Louisa, with a Letter.

Lou. 'Tis from *Olivia*, Madam.

[Gives her the Letter, she opens it, and reads.

Wid. You are welcome, Madam — I'll wait on you to that Apartment my Cousin mentions. It is impossible Mr. *Freeman* should know it to be any part of my House, when

he is brought in by the Back-door; your own Servants must attend; I'll give Orders that none of mine are seen on that Side of the House.

Lou. I am extremely obliged to you, Madam. I have sent a Letter to Mr. *Freeman*, and expect his Return every Moment.—I'll wait on you, Madam.

Wid. Be pleas'd to walk this Way. [Exeunt.

SCENE draws, *Louisa* coming forwards, meets *Flora*.

Lou. Is *Frederick* come back, *Flora*?

Flor. Yaw, ye Vrow, an he heb dat Letter gi brought.

[Gives her a Letter. Exit *Flora*.

Lou. What Pleasure once these Letters gave me!
And with what Eagerness I broke the Seals!
Then kiss'd and dwelt upon each poison'd, pleasing Vow!
And thought the Perjury all faithful Love.

——But now!——

I fear to read; so much his Stile is alter'd!——

[Opens the Letter, and reads.

MADAM,

I AM not more surpriz'd to hear you are in England, than that you so earnestly desire to see me before I am married. But since you promise it shall be the last Trouble you'll give me of this Kind, I design to oblige and wait on you immediately, to know your important Business. If it be to upbraid me with Past Conduct, you must expect but a short Visit, from

Your humble Servant, FREEMAN.

Lou. Perfidious Man; well may'st thou not stay,
To hear those solemn Vows repeated
Which thou didst make so falsely.

Enter *Flora*.

Flora. Here bin Minheer *Freeman*, ye Vrow.

Lou. Shew him up. [Exit *Flora*.

Oh, my Heart! — Lie still, thou Flutterer!
And aid me all the cunning Courage of my Sex!

Enter *Freeman*. Salutes her.

Lou. That cold Salute, is not like my *Freeman*.
You was not wont to kiss me thus!

Ned. Faith, Madam, I keep no Journal of my Pleasures;
so can't recollect how I us'd to behave myself. [walks about.

Lou. With what Indifference he regards me!

Hold in Resentment.

[Aside.

Ned.

Ned. Pray, Madam, what brought you to *England*?

Lou. Do you ask? Why I follow where you lead me.
Where should I be, but where my Husband is?

Ned. Hold, hold — You'll spoil my Marriage —
Husband! Ha, ha, ha! Don't you rave, Child!

Lou. Have you forgot the Promises you made me?

Ned. No, nor what you gave me in Return, neither,
my Dear.

Lou. Did not you love me, *Freeman*?

Ned. Did not I give thee Proofs of it? How does my
Boy do? Ha! I think you must lend him me for a Pat-
tern. You have heard I am going to be married, I find.

Lou. Yes—I've heard such a News, but cannot think it
true. [Weeps.

Ned. I can't help that. Nay, nay, nay, if you are at
that Sport, good bye t'ye. — [Going, she stops him.

Lou. You shall not go.

Ned. Indeed but I shall, Madam — Pish! prithee shew
me none of your Tragedy-Airs. Let go my Coat. You
know, I hate to see Women cry. — To what purpose are
these Tears? — I thought I gave you a Caution of it in
my Letter. [Struggles to get from her.

Lou. O do not struggle to be gone, but hear me; my
Tears will fall, but I'll strive to suppress 'em.

Ned. Do so; for if you have any thing to say to me,
you must deliver it in a more entertaining Manner, or I'm
your humble Servant. Again! Humph! — I imagin'd
how 'twould be — 'S'Death! what a Fool was I to come!
I hate Upbraidings of this Nature.

Lou. I sent not for you to upbraid you.
I see too well I've lost your Heart.
May she be happy who enjoys it now.
Yet sure your Pity's not extinguished too.
Not for my Sake, but for your Child's, I hope it;
Who, if you relieve him not, must perish. —
My Father, some three Weeks ago, expir'd,
And left me but a Shilling to support me.
No Friend have we on Earth if you are not one.

Ned. Well! and could not you have told me this with-
out whimpering? — Pox o'the old Dog! A Shilling! —
What a Duce shall I do with this Heifer and her Calf now!
She comes very unlucky too at this Time. If *Olivia* should

hear of her, my Business will be done there. (*Aside.*) Send out your Maid, *Louisa*.

Lou. Leave the Room ; but when I call, do as I directed. (*Aside.*) *Exit Flora.*

Ned. (*Sitting down.*) What do you pay for these Lodgings?

Lou. The People are related to a Friend of mine in *Holland*, from whom I brought a Letter. I believe they let no Lodgings. I would not willingly trespass long upon them.

Ned. Well, my Servant shall take Lodgings for you. (*Pulls her on his Knee, and kisses her.*) You foolish Girl you, to blubber and spoil your Face at this Rate, when you have nothing else to trust to ! (*He wipes her Eyes.*)—So, there ! Kiss me again, you Chit, you.—I'll take Care of you. I have a Man in my Eye ; a Lord too, that is very fond too, of your Country-women.

Lou. What means my Dearest. *[Rises.*

Ned. To get thee a good Settlement. A Lord's Mistress lives as great as his Wife, and is as much respected in our Country.—And thou shalt be initiated, according to Custom.

Lou. Monstrous, filthy Custom !
Indeed, my *Freeman*, I'll be only thine :
For after thee, I ne'er can love another.

Ned. Pish, pish ; yes, yes, a Hundred, I warrant thee.—

Lou. Unkind, and cruel !——Can I love——

Ned. Well, well, as to Love, that's not essential to a Mistress : Provided the Gallant has your Person, you may dispose as you think fit of your Inclination.

Lou. Sometimes to see my *Freeman's* all I wish.

Ned. Well, well, you shall see me ; but we must manage that Point with Prudence : There must be a *Decorum* observed at home. For if it should reach my Wife's Ear, it would prevent my seeing you at all—Ah, *Louisa* ! I wish the Lady I'm to marry, lov'd me as well as thou dost.

Lou. I hope she does.

Ned. No, faith, she says she hates me ; so that, for ought I know, thou'rt in a fair Way to be revenged of me.

Lou. I wish it not, nor would I seek Revenge on thee, more than on my own Heart. — *Flora* ! (*Goes to the Scene, and calls.*)——You must drink something with me. ——

Enter Flora, with two Glasses of Wine on a Salver.

Lou. Come, here's to your future Happiness !

Ned.

Ned. I'll pledge that generous Toast, and kiss thee for't.
 —Why this is as it should be now. (*Kisses her.*) If Women understood their own Interest, they'd find us less prepared to resist the Force of their good Humour, than all the Artillery of Tears and Ranting!—Egad! methinks thou art as handsome now, as when I first enjoy'd thee: Lips as soft, and panting Breast as hard as ever!—Oh, you are a tempting Baggage; (*embracing her.*)—What if we should try to get a Girl to our Boy, *Louisa*?

Lou. What! Sin a-new, e'er we have repented of the past?

Ned. Sin, you silly Jade! Come, come, we'll repent once for all, my Dear. [*Pulling her.*]

Lou. It must be quickly then—Or Life will be too short to do it!

Ned. What say'st thou?

Lou. Forgive me, *Freeman*! thou art poisoned.

[*Falls on her Knees.*]

Ned. Ha!—Dye thou then, from whose Hand I took it!

[*Draws and runs at Flora.*]

Flora. (*Shrieking.*) Ha! ick hab nit dat gedan, Mynheer.

[*Louisa rises, and runs between the Maid and him.*]

Lou. O spare the Maid, who acted by my Order,
 And turn the Point on me the sole Aggressor.
 I had no other Way to keep thee mine.

Ned. Am I then caught! poison'd!—What! Die the Death of Rats!—Confusion! Murdered by my Whore!

Lou. No, I'm thy Wife, thou vile Detractor!
 Thou wou'dst have made me that detested Thing!—
 Shame on thy Project to expose thy Wife!

Ned. Wife! Name that no more, I charge thee,
 Lest I forget thy Sex, and spurn thee from me!

Lou. Not name it? Yes, I will, whilst living, name it.
 Call Heaven to Mind, who witness'd to your Vows;
 By whom you swore when first our Faiths were plighted.
 It was by yon All-seeing Power above,
 At whose Tribunal we shall soon appear.
 Death summons now our trembling Souls to Trial;
 Stript of Excuses, Custom, and Evasion;
 This guilty Deed of mine will fall to thee.
 There, there, our Marriage Contract is recorded!
 There is a Judge from whom you can't appeal:

Your Jury can't be brib'd to save you:
Your casting Witness is your broken Vows!

Ned. Methinks her Words pierce like a Dagger, thro' me,
And more than ever, now I wish to live——
Repair thy Fault, and call Physicians hither. [To Flora.

Lou. Call the kind Physician of the Soul,
Thy Body can receive no help from Art.
The Poison is too strong, t'admit of Antidotes.

Ned. Then Heav'n have Mercy on my Soul. [Kneels.
O my *Louisa*! canst thou forgive me? [Rises.

O could Revenge, the blackest Fiend in Hell,
Shroud itself beneath that Angel's Form?

Lou. Call't not Revenge, but Love.—— Be Witness,
Heav'n.

I drank the healing Draught, with greater, stronger
Gust of Pleasure, than other take rich Cordials,
To lengthen fleeting Life, which I despise.
Since in fair Fame I could not live thy Wife,
My only Wish was, we might dye together.
Oh! my Heart!

Ned. The Poison works! I feel it too in mine!
Oh! might I live to make thee Satisfaction.——

Lou. And wou'dst thou do it? wou'dst thou marry me?

Ned. As willingly as I did ever promise thee.

Lou. My Soul revives at thy returning Virtue,
Only to bear the Rack of deep Despair——
Now, now, I do repent the desperate Deed,
And wish my *Freeman's* Life a longer Date.
I should have trod the Paths of Death alone!
But 'twill not be!——A few short Minutes hence
We both shall be no more!

Ned. Oh! Shock of Nature! Bitterness of Thought!
O! whither am I going?——

Haste! Let the holy Man be call'd!

And 'tis most fit a Lawyer too be sent for.

Something I must adjust before I go——

And then, oh! World, farewell!

Lou. Haste *Flora*, and obey. [Exit Flora.

Ned. I feel a strange Disorder in my Brain!
My Heart beats fast too, and my Spirits flutter!
My boiling Blood runs swiftly thro' my Veins,
In haste to man the last Retreat of Life!

Oh! *Louisa*! wou'd I had married thee——

Lou.

Lou. Do it now. 'Twill wipe off many Sins from thee,
When we appear in t'other World together——
The virtuous Act may plead my Pardon too,
If thou canst but forgive the Rashness of my Love.
Again, upon my Knees I ask it.

Ned. As willingly as I would be forgiven.
A sudden Faintness seizes me all over :
I will be thine, if Life will last so long.

Lou. Blest Sound !——Come lean on me.
I'll lead thee to my Bed.

Where we will rest, and wait the holy Man.

*The Bridal Bed, from whence we both shall rise,
Disrob'd of Scandal, to substantial Joys.* [Exeunt.

S C E N E *changes to Watchit's House.*

Mrs. Watchit in a Night-dress on a Couch.

Mrs. Wat. I wonder what carries my Husband out of
Town so late ! But no Matter, it gives me an Opportunity
to see *Freeman*, who I know will be here as soon as *Lucy*
has given the Signal.—Ha ! sure I heard the Door go.

Enter Watchit.

Wat. I have unluckily forgot my Powder-horn ; and how
I shall find it in the Dark, I can't tell—I don't care to dis-
turb the Family for a Candle.

Mrs. Wat. He is here already—Oh, the dear impatient
Man !—Bless me, *Lucy*, why did you let him come so
soon ? I don't think your Master is got out of the Street yet.

Wat. How's this ? [Aside.

Mrs. Wat. And if he should take it in his Head to come
back, I should be terrible frightened.

Wat. Ounds ! I'm Thunder-struck ! this Dog of a Fry-
ar is here already ! and of *Lucy's* bringing. Oh ! the Jade !
Ad's-heart ! I might have waited without Doors 'till
Dooms-day.

Mrs. Wat. Distraction ! What have I said ? — It is my
Husband's Voice ; what will become of me now ? [Aside.

Wat. Here needs no Conjunction. My Turtle seems
willing enough to coo with him ; and is only afraid I
should return to spoil the Sport. Oh the Strumpet ! But
let me hear what this Rogue answers. Which Way will
she get off now, I wonder ? [Aside.

Mrs. Wat. I have no Pretence to get off, but by going
on.

on. (*Aside.*) Well, *Lucy* tells me you are the most dextrous Fellow at this Business.——

Wat. Business! What are they come to Business, already?

Mrs. Wat. I know not why; but methinks, I'm half afraid to venture on a Stranger.

Wat. A Stranger? What, then this is a new Rogue?—Ounds! I shall be cuckolded by Church and State.

Mrs. Wat. How now! What do you mean? You won't come to Bed to me, sure?

Wat. You'll take it very ill if he don't——Ounds, I han't Patience to hear it out.

Mrs. Wat. O Gemini! What do you do?——How dare you be so rude?

Wat. There's a Question to ask a Man that she has brought into her Bed-chamber.

Mrs. Wat. If my Husband should come.

Wat. As he really is——

Mrs. Wat. If he should catch you——

Wat. As he most surely will——Thou Sorcerers.

Mrs. Wat. Nay, nay; indeed, and indeed, but I won't.

Wat. Indeed, and indeed, but you will.——This is a thorough-pac'd Cuckold-making Dog!——How softly the Villain whispers!——I can't hear one Word he says.

Mrs. Wat. What gave you the Assurance to imagine I'd cuckold my Husband, who is the best of Husbands?

Wat. That's a Lye.

Mrs. Wat. Let me go, will you? I protest I'll cry out.

Wat. That's another Lye.

Mrs. Wat. Nay; Lord! Pish; don't—Fy!——What do you do? [*Speaks as if she was struggling with somebody.*]

Wat. 'S'Death! I shall stand and hear myself cuckolded!—A Light! a Light, there! Thieves, Thieves! A Light, a Light!—— [*She rises hastily. He pulls out a Pistol.*]

Mrs. Wat. Ah, Heavens! What Noise is that? Why *Lucy, Lucy!* Thieves, Thieves! A Light, a Light! (*She gropes about, and lays hold on his Pistol.*) Thieves!—Ah, a Pistol! Murder, Murder! Oh save my Life, and I'll lead you to all the Money, Plate, and Jewels in the House. Oh, oh, oh!

Enter Lucy with a Light.

Mrs. Wat. Mum's! Oh, save me, save me!

[*Flies about his Neck.*]

Wat.

Wat. Off, thou foul Adulteress ! Don't think to smuggle me, 'till your leud Paramour escapes.

[*Snatches the Candle, and looks about.*]

Lucy. Bless me, Madam ! Master looks as if he would eat a-body ! What was all this Outcry for ?

Mrs. Wat. I'll tell you anon. [*Aside to Lucy.*]

Wat. Where have you hid this Rogue of your providing, Hussey ? Ha ?

Lucy. Of my providing ? what do you mean, Sir ?

Mrs. Wat. Nay, nay, don't stand prating ; but call up the Servants to assist your Master.—Don't, dear *Mumps*, don't be too venturesome. The Thieves have Pistols, and may kill thee.

Wat. May they so ! A Pox o' your Sneer—Now does she look as if she knew not a Word of the Matter.

Mrs. Wat. I hope to prevent your knowing one Word of the Matter, that's my Comfort. [*Aside.*]

Lucy. Why, what should she know, Sir ?

Wat. Go look, Mrs. *Pander*.

Mrs. Wat. I'm sure, I know nothing, but that I was wak'd with the Cry of Thieves, Thieves ! If it was a false Alarm, so much the better : It did me Service, however, for it wak'd me out of a Dream, that frightened me as bad as the Noise did.

Wat. A Dream ! Why, what was you dreaming on, pray ?

Mrs. Wat. Why, methought *Lucy* had brought me a Corn-cutter, a great, fat, clumsy, black Fellow ; but the most dextrous Fellow in the World, she told me, at that Business.

Wat. (*Aside.*) Ha ! I remember dextrous was one of the Words she spoke. Perhaps it might be nothing but a Dream.

Mrs. Wat. And the impudent ugly Villain, methought, would have come to bed to me. I was struggling with him in my Sleep, and vowed I'd cry out just as the Noise wak'd me.

Wat. Say'st thou so, *Pud* ! And was all this splutter about a Corn-cutter ? —Why then, to tell thee the Truth, thou didst cry out, and I thinking Thieves were got into the House, cry'd out too ; for I never dream't of thy talking in thy Sleep, Child.—I don't remember ever to have heard thee before.

Lucy. So have I, an hundred Times ; but you snore so loud, that nobody's Noise can be heard but your own. — This Corn-cutter has put the Corn-maker out of his Head. I smell the Plot already. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Wat. (*Aside.*) It takes, as I could wish — But where was *Freeman*, *Lucy* ?

Lucy. Gone out, Madam. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Wat. (*Aside.*) 'Twas lucky that he was — Ah ! *Mumps* ! I know what you thought.

Lucy. Ay, Madam, he thought you had got a Gallant through the Key-hole. Had I a Husband of Master's Temper, I'd fit him, I warrant him. He should not be jealous of me for nothing.

Wat. That I dare swear.

Lucy. As you are of my Lady. She has a comfortable Life, has she not ? To have you vez and teaze, and break her Rest for nothing.

Wat. Take care I don't break your Head for something.

Lucy. I care not if you do. I will speak. You could not use my Lady worse, if she had cuckolded you. — You are like some litigious Farmers, who pound their Neighbours Cattle for a Trespass, tho' they have more Ground than they can stock themselves.

Wat. Hussy ! You have Stock for the whole Parish ! — Get out of my Sight, or I'll break your Neck down Stairs.

Mrs. Wat. Excellent Wench ! (*Aside.*) Fy, *Lucy*, how you talk to your Master ? I assure you I shall discharge you my Service, if you don't behave yourself better.

Lucy. I shall get another, I hope, if you do ? Don't think I'll be suspected of procuring Gallants for you ! Did he not ask where the Rogue was of my procuring — I'll bring my Action against you for Scandal. I have nothing but my Reputation to live by. Take that from me, and you take all. If he's your Husband, Madam, he's not mine. [*Bursts into Tears.*

Wat. No, thank Heaven, I have enough of one of you.

Mrs. Wat. Leave the Room, I say.

Lucy. It's for, for, your Sake — or, or — I'd tear his Eyes out ! (*Sobs.*) Take away my Reputation ! [*Exit.*

Wat. Oh ! the wondrous Reputation of a Chamber-maid ! — This Slut has strangely provok'd me. I wish I were rid of her. [*Aside.* Mrs.

Mrs. Wat. (*Aside.*) I wish I knew what brought him back; and if he intends to go again.

Wat. (*Aside.*) Ah! that the Husband of that charming Woman should be cornuted by a Priest!—

Mrs. Wat. (*Aside.*) What would I give to be rid of his Company? Yet I dare not ask him, how he designs to dispose of himself, for my Soul.

Wat. What art thou thinking of, *Pudsey*?

Mrs. Wat. Of your Unkindness, *Mumps*! To pretend Business out of Town, and leave me starving in Bed by myself. I'm sure if you lov'd me, you would not let Business take you from my Arms. Indeed, indeed, you would not, *Mumpsy*. [*In a wheedling Tone.*]

Wat. Ah! those pretty Pouters! I must kiss them, thou coaxing Pug thou: (*Kisses her.*) Dost thou really love thine own *Mummy*?

Mrs. Wat. Naughty *Mumps*! is that a Question now! Han't I given you all the Signs of it? Don't I lie close to your Back? and warm your Feet every Night in my Lap? And creep gently out o' Bed in the Morning, without waking you? Don't I? Can you deny all this, *Mumps*?

Wat. No, nor I won't deny it, *Pudsey*. And I hope you'll allow me some Merit in my Turn, *Pudsey*.

Mrs. Wat. Nay, *Mumps*, I scorn to derogate from your Merit. I must confess, you never do any thing to break my Rest, but when you are so naughty to leave me — For then I do so tumble, and toss—and dream—and am so terribly frightened—as I was now, you know—Well, I protest you shan't go out again to Night!—If you do, I won't love you again these three Days; so I won't.

[*Pats him on the Cheek.*]

Wat. Thou handsome Creature! Oh! 'twas that bewitching Leer, that snapt my Heart—What has she in her Head now?—I never knew her in this wheedling Humour, but she had some Design. (*Aside.*)—Well, *Pudsey*, what is this begging Face put on for?

Mrs. Wat. That's a Secret past your finding out. [*Aside.*]

Wat. What can I do to please my *Pudsey*?

Mrs. Wat. E'en very little, truly. (*Aside.*)—I could tell you, *Mummy*; but may be, you won't do it.

Wat. But may be I will do it. [*In a fond Tone.*]

Mrs. Wat. Won't you go out no more to Night, then?
But

But say your Prayers, and go to Bed, and snore like any little Pig in your *Punny's* Bossey?

Wat. (Aside.) Humph! Now is she afraid of her ghostly Father. She certainly smokes my Design—On my Conscience, she's in Love with him—I warrant, he's a strapping young Dog—Ounds! if I can but light of him?

Mrs. Wat. What is he pondering on? Pray Heaven he does not take me at my Word, and stay at Home in Complaisance. *(Aside.)*—What, won't you answer me, *Mumps*?

Wat. Why *Pudsey*, thy Kindness so confounds me, that I know not what to answer thee—I am loth to displease thee, and yet I must leave thee instantly.

Mrs. Wat. (Aside.) Little does he think, that 'tis the only Thing he can do to please me. I hope *Freeman* is come home by this Time.

Wat. I only come back for my Powder-horn; that's all, *Pud*; but I'll make all possible haste back, I will indeed, *Pudsey*, to make thee easy.

Mrs. Wat. Or otherwise. *(Aside.)* Well if it must be so *(sighing)* I must be content, and make myself as happy as I can without you, *Mumps*. [In a melancholy Tone.

Wat. Ay, ay, I won't be long from thee; go, prithee, get me a Dram, I'll but take my Powder-horn, and follow thee—— [Enter Mrs. Watchit.

Watchit solus.

I know not what to think. Sometimes I think she loves me—and sometimes I think she does not. And if Father *Domine* comes within the Reach of my Blunderbuss, have at him: If not, she shall produce him: I'll confront her by her own Confession. If once I get him in my Power, I'll turn his own *Inquisition* upon him. His Church ne'er tortur'd Heretick, as I will him.

*I'll teach him to keep Handmaids of his own,
And let his honest Neighbours Wives alone.*

[Exit.

*****!*****

A C T V.

SCENE *Mrs. Heedless's House.*

Heedless, Sola.

Wid. I AM strangely divided between Inclination and Grandeur. I confess, I like Mr, *Worthy's* Person better

better than my Lord's ; but marry him, and I shall be call'd plain Mrs. *Worthy* : Then, where's the Distinction between me and my Brother's Wife : And who in their Senses would part with twenty thousand Pounds, to be nothing but what one was before ? My Lord can make me a Woman of Quality, and intitle me to treat all below me with Contempt. That carries a valuable Consideration—— Methinks, there is an Air in the very Footman of a Woman of Quality. He approaches with such profound Submission ! And in a 'Tone so soft——*Did your Ladyship call, Madam ?* Whereas, now, my blundering Rascals come trotting up to my Nose, with a *Dud you want me, Forsooth ?*——*Ha ! Lord Pharaoh-Bank.*

Enter Tally.

Tally. I hope you'll pardon this abrupt Intrusion, Madam. It is intirely chargeable on the Impatience of my Love. Command my Absence, I beseech you, if I break in upon your more diverting Thoughts.

Wid. I had no Amusements, my Lord, but what ought to give way to better Company.

Tally. You do me a particular Honour in that Distinction.

Wid. If I had not some Skill in the Choice of my Acquaintance, I should be stifled with Impertinence. The first Lesson I teach my Servants, is, to distinguish between Persons of Rank, and the Drofs of Human-kind. I am pleas'd to find my Instructions are not lost upon 'em, by admitting one of your Lordship's Figure upon such easy Terms.

Tally. Such an Approbation from a Lady of your good Taste, cannot fail of inspiring me with a better Opinion of myself; and a Confidence of my not being unwelcome to my dear Widow. (*Kisses her.*) She kisses softer than a southern Wind !

Wid. Pugh ! I hate to be complimented with Fragments of another's Wit, my Lord. It argues a Decay of Charms in the Person you address.

Fainwell peeping.

Tally. I own it is a Fault, Madam. Your Ladyship has Beauty enough to inspire the dullest Genius with something new.

Fain. (Aside.) You mean, she has Money enough to inspire you with Impudence.

Tally. *Apollo* and the Muses dwell upon these Lips. Another Kiss, and I shall be——

Wid.

Wid. A Poet.

Tally. Whatever you would have me. [Kisses her.]

Wid. Say you so, my Lord? I have an odd Whim come into my Head—Will you give me a Proof of my Power, my Lord? I want an Elegy.

Talley. On a departed Monkey, or a favourite Kitten, I presume.

Wid. No, upon a living Subject.

Fain. (*Aside.*) A pretty new Invention, to bury People before they are dead.

Tally. A living Subject! An Elegy upon a living Subject?

Wid. You are not inspir'd yet, I find, my Lord. I mean, a Characteristick of human Life; dead, and yet existing.

Fain. (*Aside.*) Mystery!

Tally. Popery, downright Popery! May the Genius of *England* defend us.—Let me see! What dead Folks have we among the Living?—There's a disbanded Officer—An old Beau—A broken Tradesman—A degraded Parson—A *Quondam* South-Sea Director—An Eunuch—An, an, an old Maid.

Wid. You have hit it, my Lord.

Tally. Then crown my Success with another Draught of *Nectar*. [Kisses her.]

Fain. (*Aside.*) How warmly the Rogue kisses! He makes Love with as much Assurance, as if he had two Bottles of *Burgundy* in his Belly, and a real Title to support his Impudence.

Wid. I protest, one shou'd take your Lordship for a Soldier; for you attack a Woman, as they do a fortify'd Town.

Tally. Love and War agree in every Point, my dear Widow; the Blockade of a Town resembles an obstinate Woman, and a phlegmatick Lover, who resolves to weary her into Compliance. A Kiss now and then from a diffident Lover, is like stealing a March, and surprizing the Enemy, by a circumspect General. But eager and repeated Kisses, are, like Storming, more glorious to the Assailant.

[Embracing and kissing her in a Rapture.]

Fain. (*Aside.*) These Rogues happen into good Company sometimes, one may know by their Gleanings of Wit.

Wid. Oh gad, my Lord, what do you mean, by ruffling one at this Rate?

Tally. Judge my Meaning, by the Quickness of my Pulse,
the

the Throbbing of my Heart, and Trembling of my Limbs !
The unquestionable Proofs of Love, and eager Wishes for
Possession——Come, come ! Thou art no Stranger to a
Lover's Meaning !—My Life, my Soul ! Let us improve
this Dawn of Pleasure. *[Embracing her.]*

Wid. As how, my Lord ?

Fain. (*Aside.*) Sure she wou'd not have him tell her in
plain Terms.

Tally. P'shaw ! for a Woman of thy Experience to ask
that Question ! — Come, come, the Sight of the Bed-
chamber will refresh thy Memory. *[Pulling her.]*

Wid.—Pish !—Nay, fy—Be civil, my Lord.

[Seems to struggle.]

Fain. (*Aside.*) Humph ! — If it come to *pish* and *fy* al-
ready, another Volly of Kisses, and she surrenders at Dis-
cretion.

Tally. Nay, struggling is your Sex's Privilege. You
wisely know Resistance but inflames Desire.

Wid. I protest, I'll cry out, my Lord.

Tally. With all my Heart. Your Servants know their
Duty better than to come, if you do.—Honest *Jeffery*
has taken care of that. *[Aside.]*

Fain. How secure the Rogue thinks himself ! *[Aside.]*

Tally. I will positively enjoy thee this Night—Honou-
rably, if you please.

Wid. Or not at all, my Lord, if you were the first Man
of Quality in *England* !

Tally. Send for the Parson this Minute then.

[Kisses her again.]

Wid. Oh Gad ! You stop one's Breath——You are the
most impatient Man !

Tally. Impatient, quotha ! Who can behold these dear
Eyes without Impatience for the Blessing ?——

Wid. Well, my Lord, let us sign Articles :—And then—

Tally. I'll give thee a *Charte-Blanche*. Make thy own
Terms ; so that I may this Night take Possession of these
Arms.

Wid. Well, since your Lordship will have it so——

Fain. Nay, you mou'not go in, an yow were ten Master
Worthes—(*In Jeffery's Voice.*) (*Fainwell within, in his
own Voice.*) I tell you, I had your Lady's Commands to
wait on her, and must, and will go in : So, sweet Mr. *Jef-
fery Crumplin*, by your Leave. *Fain.*

Fainwell rushes in, in his own Dress.

Wid. Oh Gad! that's Mr. *Worthy's* Voice! What can he think, when he sees one ruffled in this Manner!—I'm surpriz'd!—Did not I hear my Clod-hopper's Voice, in a resisting Tone, Mr. *Worthy*?

Fain. I was so far out of my Countryman's good Graces, that he would neither bring in my Name, nor permit me to enter.

Tally. (*Aside.*) That was in Favour of me. *Jeffery* is a Man of Honour, I find—But who's this Mr. *Worthy*? Disappointment catch him, for coming so *Mal a-propos*.

Wid. That Fellow the most impenetrable Sot!—Why did not you break his Head, Mr. *Worthy*?

Fain. That's a Liberty, Madam, no Man ought to take in your House, 'till you have made him Master of it—Were I that happy Person—— [*Takes hold of her Hand.*]

Tally. (*Stepping in between them.*) You'd kick every-body out of it, I suppose?

Fain. That give me just Provocation, Sir.

[*Steps in between.*]

Wid. If they should quarrel now! — Mr. *Worthy*, pray let me speak a Word with you——Do you know who this Gentleman is?

Fain. Very well, Madam.

Tally. Then if you know me, you know your Distance.

[*Steps between again.*]

Fain. So well, Sir, (*goes between 'em*) that were you not protected by this Lady's Presence, there should be just the Distance from hence to the Street between us.

Tally. How, Sir? [*Stepping up to him.*]

Fain. Through the Window, Sir. [*Pushes him away.*]

Tally. You dare not talk thus elsewhere.

Fain. You dare not give me an Opportunity. [*In his Ear.*]

Wid. Dear Mr. *Worthy*, for your own Sake, consider what you do—He is a Man of Quality; and, for ought I know, a Privy-Counsellor—— [*Aside to Fainwell.*]

Fain. To nothing above a Gang of Pick-pockets, I'll answer for him. Hark ye, *Tally*; how long have you worn this Surtout of Honour, I beseech you? In what Reign were you created a Baron, pray?

Tally. Humph! He knows me, I find—My Business is done here.

Wid.

Wid. My Stars! Is not he a Man of Quality?

Fain. Yes, yes, Madam, I'll give you his Titles in a very few Words.—He is Baron of *Fair-Chance* and Viscount of all the *Pharoab-Tables* in and about *London*. He has a Pack of Cards for his Coat of Arms, quarter'd with Knaves; and false Dice, in a Field of Impudence.—His Crest is a Fool; his Supporters are *Parolie* and *Trait la va*.

Tally. (*Aside.*) The Rogue has blazon'd me!—But I must carry it off as well as I can.—I hope you'll prove this, Sir.

Fain. Oh! instantly, Sir.—*Sam!*

Enter Sam.

Fain. Call a Constable.

Wid. Not for the World. I beg I may have no more Bustle in my House.

Fain. You understand me. [*Whispers to Sam.*

Sam. Perfectly well.—Will your Lordship please to walk this Way—What think you, my Lord, of a Pot of Porter, to drink to our better Acquaintance?

[*In a screaming tone.*

Tally. A Pox of Ill-luck!—I may find a Time, Sir—

[*Exit. with Sam.*

Fain. Not to cheat me of my Money, Sir.—Ha, ha, ha!

Wid. I hope you are not mistaken in the Man, Mr. *Worthy*.

Fain. I'm glad *You* were not, Madam.

Wid. Which is intirely owing to your timely Discovery, or I had been undone.

Fain. For which, give me leave to say, you might have thank'd your own Vanity. Nothing but a Lord wou'd go down!—I admire, a Woman of your Discretion, and a Widow too! shou'd prefer empty Title to real Pleasure, and mere Shadow to conjugal Affection. [*Embracing her.*

Wid. A Fiddle of Affection, Mr. *Worthy*; I tell you, I have been lac'd very tight once in my Life; but having made my Fortune, and got my Liberty, if ever I try again the Matrimonial Bodice, the Lace shall be tagg'd with a Title, I assure you.

Fain. Ah! that will make a Noise in the World; but your Pleasure, like a Squib, will vanish in the Bounce, ha, ha, ha!—To give Twenty Thousand Pounds for the bare
Name

Name of my Lord's Lady, whilst Ten to One, but your Chamber-maid supplies your Ladyship's Place in his Arms, and rattle about Streets in her *Berlin*, supported out of your Ladyship's Fortune.

Wid. You seem well acquainted with the Map of this World.

Fain. Perfectly, Madam; and have made this Observation, That Women who love to indulge their Vanity, and yet hope for their Dividend of Pleasures, are acting as inconsistent a Part, as they who give a Loose to their Fancy, and at the same Time think to preserve their Reputation. — I tell you, Madam, a Man of Quality will no more throw all his Love upon a Wife, than a Farmer will sow all his Land with the same Grain. The only Way to engross your Joys, is to marry one of us Country-Gentlemen.

Wid. To be rival'd by *March-Beer, Tobacco, and Fox-hounds.*

Fain. Even those are preferable to Cards, Dice, and a Wench, as you wou'd have experienc'd had not I come in.

Wid. So! now will he value himself upon my Deliverance. (*Aside.*)—Well, well, Mr. *Worthy*, since this Fellow proves a mere *Plebeian*, he is a worthless Rascal; but if he had really been a Lord, what is now Impudence, wou'd only have been the Violence of his Love.

Fain. Humph! a very pretty Distinction!—No, Madam, I deny that Position—Love is soft and gentle, as the Morning-Sun in Autumn, mellowing Inclination by Degrees; but its Twin-Brother, like a Foot-Pad, knocks you down, and rifles you at once.—*He* was impatient for your Money only, Widow.—*I*, for this dear Person.—Now, why can't you like me as well as a Lord?

Wid. Like you! For what?

Fain. For what! Why, for an unalterable, faithful, constant, doating——

Wid. Hold, hold, Sir. Your Epithets are running away with your Meaning.—But to prevent your explaining it, I must tell you, that the very Name of Matrimony with a Commoner, will flatten our Conversation, and make us look very simple.

Fain. Ay! but there is something so expressive in that Simplicity, that it gives a deeper Impression than all the Gildings of Rhetorick. Ah! my dear Widow, wou'd you
but

but return my Love, how many *Cupids* shou'd I behold dancing in these Eyes! Nay, and you shou'd see strange Things before Morning.——

Wid. Sha! you talk foolishly.

Fain. That's inherent to a Lover.

Wid. And so you'd have me a Fool too, to keep you in Countenance. A very wise Foundation for the Fabrick of Matrimony.—— No, no, I tell you once for all, though I do like your Person, you and I must never be conjur'd into the Circle of a Wedding-Ring.

Fain. And no other Circle will do my Business.——I'll try if she has really a Liking for my Person. [*Aside.*

Wid. Well! what, have I put you in the Dumps, now? Are you considering what Death will revenge you of an ungrateful Mistress? Ha, ha!

Fain. No, Faith, Madam; I'll live to be reveng'd, and balk your Vanity——

Then farewell Love,

Farewell Love, and all soft Pleasure,

Honour calls, and we must part. [*Sings in a careless Manner.*

Wid. You are the merriest Lover at parting!

Fain. I am of *Ben's* Mind, Madam; resolve to be merry, though the Ship were sinking. And since I must never hope to call you mine, I here dismiss all the Retinue of a formal Lover. Such as Vows, Ogles, Sighs, Dreams, Visions, Sonnets, Gingles, Epigrams, Couplets, with a long &c.—Thus, with infinite Struggles, I hope to entertain as mean an Opinion of Matrimony, as your Ladyship, in a very little Time.

Wid. Oh! that he had a Title to support this Humour; he shou'd find, I have no mean Opinion of Matrimony.

[*Aside.*

Fain. And, for the future, shall look upon the Parson's Patchwork, like a Pilgrimage to *Mecca*, or *Jerusalem*, fit only for the Superstitious, and People who have periodical Inclinations, to fill up the Vacancies of human Life with a huge Caravan of Children; a long Journey; dirty Road; through the Turnpikes of Jealousy, Anxiety, Suspicion, Animosity, pinching Cares, and a Thousand other Inconveniencies.—By the way, you have travell'd the Stage, and, I suppose, know what I say to be true.

Wid. Ha! —— All is not right within this Breast. I begin

begin to perceive his Indifference gives me Pain. [*Aside.*

Fain. I fancy the only Object to give one a Surfeit of Matrimony, wou'd be to see a Pair of distemper'd Creatures in the Corner of a Room, in close Conspiracy to deceive one another; very sincerely promising mutual Love for Fifty Years ensuing; when, upon Trial, a Month's Fruition makes either a Caterwauling Correspondence, or a more peaceable and elegant Way of separate Beds. — She seems nettled, I'll proceed. (*Aside.*) — With this Thought I comfort myself: And here, Madam, bid Matrimony and you eternally Farewell. — *Who wou'd be let for Life.* [*Sings and hums that Tune.*

Wid. Eternally! — I wish I had never seen this Fellow. — Lord, how my Heart sinks. [*Aside.*

Fain. Come all ye Winds, come all away,
And briskly in our Canvass play;
Waft me gently o'er the Main;
Farewell, Widow! Farewell, Pain!

Lara, dera, lara, dera, lal, lal, la!

[*In the Tune of Over the Hills and far away.*

Wid. You are exceeding gay, Sir.

Fain. *Tous jour* Gay, as the French say. I always meet the Frowns of Fortune thus. — The Jade may jilt, but never inflave me. — But, to be serious, To-morrow, Madam, I embark for the *Indies*. It will be a secret Pleasure to me, if you'll permit this Paper Room in your Cabinet. It is my last Will and Testament. If I miscarry in the Voyage, that will intitle you to Forty thousand Pounds, my Uncle's Death enrich'd me with in *Jamaica*; whither I am bound. This is a Proof of my Esteem, though you have forbid my Love. [*Gives her a Paper,*

and takes up a Book from the Table, and seems to look in't.

Wid. This is an Act so singular, so full of Generosity, that it almost lays me under a Necessity of making you some Return.

Fain. Very singular, Faith, if she knew all. [*Aside.*

Wid. Forty Thousand Pounds! — Why, one Quarter of that Money, would buy a Barony.

Fain. Quarter me, if I wou'd lay it out that Way, if I had it. [*Aside.*

Wid. Or, suppose you shou'd sell Part of your Estate in, in, in — *Gloucestershire*?

Fain.

Fain. Ay! or any other Shire. [*Aside.*]

Wid. A Patent wou'd be no difficult Thing to obtain.

Fain. No! but the Money to pay for it wou'd. [*Aside.*]

Ha! ——— What's here, *The Pleasures of a Single Life?*
Luckily encounter'd! ———

Wid. P'shaw! a Fiddle of *Single Life!*

Fain. Nay, since you have impos'd the Study, Madam, you must give me Leave to con my Lesson. [*Seems to read.*]

Wid. Pugh! now I'm serious, you are turning every Thing to ridicule.——About this same Patent, I say;—Suppose you sell Part of your Estate.

Fain. Faith, Madam, my Estate is like a Wife, in-tail'd; and my Father made me swear, never to levy a Fine upon any Consideration, but making a Lady a Jointure. So that it is like to be mine for Life.——But, I know, this sudden Pretence of yours, is only to try the Strength of my Resolution.——You are not in earnest.

Wid. Well, pursue your Voyage to *Jamaica*; sell your Effects; return and purchase a Barony; which you may easily do, in Eight or Ten Months, and you shall see if I am in earnest, or not.

Fain. Eight, or Ten Months! Ha, ha, ha! Men love not now, Child, the Patriarchal Way. No, no, I wou'd not trust to a Woman's Promise Eight or Ten Hours.——Marry me before I go, and then——

Wid. O! then you won't go at all.

Fain. Just the same as if you do not marry me.

Wid. But what a ridiculous Figure I shall make, after so many Declarations against *Plebeianism*, when I shall be with'd Joy by that vulgar Epithet——Mrs. *Worthy*?

Fain. If that be an Objection, I'll give you my Honour, you shall never be call'd Mrs. *Worthy*——(*Takes hold of her Hand, then snatches it away.*)——O, the Devil! that Touch has thaw'd all my Resolution, and Love and Folly begin to pour in like a Deluge: But when I think of those terrible Words, *You and I must never be conjured into the Circle of a Wedding-Ring.*

Wid. This is nothing to the Barony. Look-ye, Mr. *Worthy*, your Generosity has made this Moment yours? but if you don't take me at my Word, Consideration may spoil my Gratitude.

Fain. Nay, I'm to be taken in the Moment too. Therefore,

fore, if you'll slip on your Hood and Scarf, and step into a Hackney-Coach with me, and drive to the *Fleet*, where we may be tack'd together by a Spiritual Journey-man, without a License, or the Knowledge of either your Servants or mine; I promise you, as soon as the Ceremony is over, I'll on Board; make what Haste the Wind and Waves will permit; Dispatch my Affairs with the utmost Expedition; and with the first Ship, return to these dear Arms. 'Till when, 'till when, thy Widow's Name be worn. The World shall be insensible of my Happiness, 'till it ring with thy Honour.

Wid. And you'll perform this?

Fain. Most religiously——

[*Embraces her.*]

Wid. But——

Fain. Nay, no more Fairy-Fancies: Give real substantial Pleasure. We Country-Gentlemen are so us'd to Surloins of Beef, that we shall starve on the Whipt-Cream of Airy Promises. —— *Take me, take me, whilst you may.* (*Sings, then runs and catches her in his Arms.*) This Moment, whilst my Hopes are high; whilst Imagination represents a Groop of Pleasures. Thou'lt find thy Account in't, I warrant thee, Widow!

Wid. Oh! I can refuse the dear Man no longer.—— Well, wait in a Coach at the Corner of the Street, and I'll be with you in the Compass of a Wish. [*Exit.*]

Fain. Ha, ha, ha! she's caught by *Jupiter*.

Enter Sam.

Sam. Joy to you, Sir! I over-heard the Bargain.

Fain. Not a Word in the Family.

Sam. Not for the World, Sir.

Fain. Wait you at my Lodging, with all Things in Readiness for Consummation.

Sam. Neve. fear my Part of the Business, Sir.

Fain. What have you done with his Lordship?

Sam. Reduc'd him to a Commoner again, Sir; but the Fellow is a reasonable Creature; provided you'll forgive him, he'll obey your Commands.

Fain. Very well! Away, and call me a Coach.

Sam. Yes, Sir, yes.——

[*Exit.*]

Fain. Egad, I've earn'd her Fortune by mere Dint of Policy.——Thus,

When

*When Truth, and Love, to win a Woman fail,
A well laid Plot, and Artifice prevail.* [Exit.

SCENE changes to the Street, before Watchit's Door. He in Armour, with a Blunderbuss on his Shoulder, which he often makes ready to fire.

Wat. I shall pepper this Dog, if he comes in my Way.—Hark! Sure I heard somebody tread.—No, 'twas nothing but the Wind, I believe—'Tis very cold—I shall catch my Death; but it is better to die once for all, than to live upon the Rack. What had I to do with a Help-Mete, when I was no Mete-Help for her? S'Death, to be bubbled in my old Age; to father Children that I never got, and leave my Estate to a Mungrel Race, half Fish, half Flesh, a Piece of Priest Craft! I have had, as it were, by Instinct, a Sort of Aversion to that Kind of People from my Cradle. Ah! honest *John Dryden*, I shall never forget a Passage of thine.——

Priests of all Religions.——

Who comes there? Stand, or you're a dead Man.

Enter Demur, who draws, strikes up Watchit's Piece, and disarms him.

Dem. How! Villain——I'll see you fairly truss'd up, if I live.

Wat. 'Ounds, who are you, Sir? and what makes you fauntering here, at this time of Night? you are a Rogue, Sirrah, and I'll secure you.—Watch, Watch, Watch.

Dem. That Pretence shan't save your Bacon, you old Villain you. Watch. Watch.

Enter Sir John, with his Sword drawn.

Sir John. What's the Matter here? Ha! Doctor *Demur*? You are not hurt, I hope!

Wat. Doctor *Demur*! Who the Devil's he? a Patch of the Law? or a Carcase-mender? I expected a Botcher of another Kind.—— [Aside,

Enter Constable and Watch.

Dem. No, not hurt, *Sir John*; but I was like to have a Brace of Balls in my Guts.

Const. Who call'd Watch?

Dem. I did, Sir; here's a Rogue attack'd me on the King's Highway, with a Design to rob, and murder me, I suppose.

Q

Wat.

Wat. I did, Sir; this strapping young Dog disarm'd me, with Intention to enter my House *Vi & Armis*; plunder, and abuse me—— [They both speak together.

Const. Your House! Where do you live, Sir?

Wat. What's that to you, Sir?—A Constable may cuckold an Alderman. I don't desire any of you Night-walking Sparks should know my House. [Aside

Const. A plain Case, a plain Case! he's ashamed of his Habitation; away with him.

Sir John. Ay, ay, Mr. Constable, he's a Rogue! This is a worthy Gentleman, a Doctor of the Laws.

Const. Yes, yes, Sir; I know Doctor Demur to be as honest a Man, as any in the whole Temple, and ruins as few, I believe. We'll secure him, Sir.

Dem. Do; I'll have him examin'd before a Justice of the Peace in the Morning.

Wat. The Devil! this is a Trick to get me out of the way; and whilst I'm detain'd by these Scoundrels, that Dog of a Fryar will lie at Rack and Manger with my Wife. Pray hear me, Mr. Constable.

Const. Yes, yes, Sir, you shall be heard before you go to Newgate.—You're a fine old Duke to come to the Gallows at these Years. Come, bring him along.

Wat. Sir, I say I'll go before a Justice to Night, and will have my Wife with me too. Zounds, I cou'd tear my Flesh.—Oh! *Tim! Tim!* that ever thou should'st marry?

[Exit, forc'd out by the Constable, &c.

Sir John. This shou'd be *Fainwell's* Uncle, by his talking of his Wife; and certainly mistook you for one of her Gallants.

Dem. Odso! I have heard *Fainwell* speak of him. If it shou'd be him, we shall have good Diversion. Where are you going, Sir John?

Sir John. I am sent for by my Brother *Ned*; who, I am told, lies dangerous ill at the Widow *Heedless's*.

Dem. 'Tis thither I'm going; I'm glad I met you: I hope it is for your Advantage.—I'll follow you, Sir.

Sir John. Haste shou'd excuse Ceremony, Doctor. [Exit. Enter Constable and Watch, with Mr. Watchit and his Wife, and Lucy; meeting Sir Philip Moneylove.

Const. Come, come, bring them along to the Round-House.

Mrs. *Wat.* Whither, cruel Man, must I be haul'd out of my Bed at this unseasonable Hour?

Const. Only to the Watch-house, Madam.

Wat. To the Watch-house! to the Devil, Sir! I'm a Gentleman, and won't be abus'd. Carry me before a Justice instantly.

Sir *Phil.* What's the matter here?

Const. Oh! Sir *Philip*! Here, here's a Justice of Peace for you. This old Man, Sir, assaulted Doctor *Demur*.

Wat. You lye, Sir! he assaulted me, Mr. *Justice*——

Sir *Phil.* Hold, hold, Sir; I can't hear you in the Street. My Cousin *Heedless* lives the next Door, carry your Prisoners thither, *Constable*; you know the House, I suppose.

Const. Yes, yes, very well, Sir. Come, come, bring 'em along.

S C E N E *the Inside of Mrs. Heedless's House.*

The Back-Scene draws, and discovers Ned Freeman and Louisa, just married; (the Parson making his Exit) and Sir John and Demur; Louisa throws her Arms about Freeman's Neck.

Lou. Now I'm happy! Now thou'rt mine again!

Look up, my Love! my *Freeman*!

My Joy! my Soul! my Husband!

Take, take me in thy Arms; and say,

Thou dost forgive me; or I'm still most wretched.

Ned. Ha! Why this Joy? from whence these Raptures, When Life is on the Wing; and Death pursues it With an Eagle's Swiftness?

Lou. Far be that Thought! far as my Wishes, send it! I hope to hold it many happy Years:

Thou art not poison'd;

Sir *John.* You're in no Danger, I assure you, Brother; it was only your Surprise disordered you.

Ned. Give me leave to tell you, Brother, the Disorder I find myself in cannot proceed from Surprise alone.

Sir *John.* Something there was; but far from being fatal; the Doctor assur'd me, it wou'd have no other Effect than making you a little sick for the present.——

Ned. And, I assure you, Sir, that I am not to be trick'd,
Sir. (*Draws.*) Cancel the Deed this Moment, or——

Sir John. (*Draws.*) That, and my Life shall go together.

Lou. Ah! (*Shrieks.*) Murder! Murder!

[*Demur draws, and parts them.*]

*Enter Sir Philip, Watchit, Mrs. Watchit, Lucy, Constable
 and Watch.*

Sir Phil. Ha! Murder! I charge you in the King's
 Name to keep the Peace, Mr. Constable.—What do I see!
Mr. Freeman and the mad Knight!——What would you
 murder your Brother, Sir. Secure him, Constable—I have
 been looking for you, Mr. *Freeman*, all the Town over.—
 D'ye hear, step to my House, and bid my Daughter come
 to me this Minute. [*To one of the Watchmen, who Exits.*
Hark-ye, Mr. Freeman; was not there something to be
 done at my House to Night?

Ned. I thought so, Sir, but was unluckily prevented.—

Wat. This is the Rogue, that took me up, Mr. *Justice.*

Dem. Did not you bid me stand, Sir? and did not I
 disarm you of that Blunderbuss in the Constable's Hand,
 you old Thief, you?

Wat. Thief! I scorn your Words, Sir; I was upon my
 Guard.——

Sir Phil. Guard of what, Sir?

Wat. Why, a Breach that's made in my Citadel here.

[*Pointing to his Wife.*]

Sir Phil. Ha, ha, ha! By whom, pray?

Wat. Ask her that; she can tell you.

Lucy. Yes, Sir, my Lady can tell you, what melan-
 choly Days, and wretched Nights——

Wat. I'll wretched Nights you, Hussy!

[*Holds up his Cane.*]

Sir Phil. Hold, Sir; do you consider where you are?

Wat. Yes, and what I am too.

Sir Phil. And what may that be, I pray?

Wat. A Cuckold, Sir——

Dem. If you are sure of that——Why — the Law is
 open, Sir.

Wat. Ay! so open, that it has swallow'd both Justice
 and Conscience; and yet is as Hollow as ever.

Sir Phil. Ha, ha, ha; but how came you arm'd? and
 to insult this honest Gentleman?

Wat.

Wat. Have a care what you say, Sir; he'll bring his Action against you for Scandal. — But I took him for just such another honest Gentleman; a Botcher of Consciences. One that has a better Knack at making Sin, than forgiving it.—My Wife knows what I say to be true; and my Intention was to have sent a Brace of Balls Hue-and-Cry thro' his Body, in Pursuit of his Continency.

Dem. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Murder a Man for lying with your Wife!—Why, you shou'd take the Law of him.

Wat. That the Lawyers might murder my Estate; no, I thank you; I'm for the shortest way; I'd rather hang at Tyburn, than in one of your Courts. —

Mrs. Wat. Have you Witness of what you say, my Dear?

Wat. Yes, yourself, my dear Devil —

Mrs. Wat. I deny it; produce your Evidence!

Wat. Oh Impudence! Sir, pray give her her Oath and send her to the Devil at once——Did not you tell your ghostly Father, Mistress, that a Fryar enjoy'd you every Night? Deny that, if you can! Nay, and even when I was in Bed with you too! And that ev'ry Door in the House open'd as soon as he approach'd it! for which you believ'd him a Conjuror? A Pox on the Wizard, and the Circle too, I say — Now, Gentlewoman, can you safely take your Oath this was not your Confession?

Mrs. Wat. I can safely take my Oath, I go in Danger of my Life with you.

Wat. No, no, 'tis I go in Danger of my Life, Mistress—

Mrs. Wat. That shall be try'd; for know, Sir, I can bear these base Insults no longer—I must not go abroad—Not so much as to Church; nor see any Company at Home; not a Relation in Breeches; and whenever you take a Whim in your Head to go Abroad, I must not lie in my Bed, tho' you have the Key of the Door in your Pocket. Nay, in short, I must not sleep, lest I shou'd cuckold you in a Dream.

Sir Phil. Ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. Wat. A Woman may be made a Fool on, if she will; but you shall find, Mr. Watchit, I have Friends that won't see me abus'd. *Lucy*, call me a Chair — I'll clear myself, I warrant you.

Wat. Hussy, stir if you dare. (*To Lucy.*) No, Madam, you shall clear yourself here, if you can.

Sir Phil. I wou'd advise you, Sir, to agree with your Lady.—*Mr. Constable*, you may leave your Prisoners with me. [*Exit Constable, &c.*]

Dem. This is a Cause for the Civil Court.

Mrs. Wat. I have something to offer under the Cognizance of Common Law; have not we an Act against Priests, that belong to no Ambassadors?

Dem. Yes, Madam, it's Death for such to live in *England*; and it's pity that Act is not put in Execution.

Mrs. Wat. Then, I here deliver up this Gentleman to you, Sir.

Wat. What, do you mean to hang me for a Priest, Mistress? Am I a Priest?

Mrs. Wat. So you pretended, when you took my Confession; Cou'd you imagine, I did not know you? Yes, and resolv'd to sit you for your Jealousy. And now this good Company shall judge, if I don't bed ev'ry Night with a Fryar; and pray you, *Snub*, what Door in our House keeps shut, when you approach, and bid it open? [*In a drolling Manner.*]

Dem. Ha, ha, ha! You are bit, old Gentleman.—I suppose you'll ask my Pardon now, Sir? Ha, ha, ha.

Wat. The Devil sneer you.—How have I expos'd myself! Ah! *Tim! Tim!* Thou art but a Fool of a wise Man! [*Aside.*]

Enter Mrs. Heedless.

Sir Philip. Oh! Cousin *Heedless*! you'll forgive my taking up your House here ———

Wid. My Servants told me the Reason.—You are welcome, *Sir Philip*. I hate the sight of him; but it's no Time to tell him so now.—Well! I have made no ill Bargain. If this Spouse of mine shou'd never return, this Writing intitles me to all his Estate in *Jamaica*.—If he lives to come back—I shall be a Woman of Quality! and our Laws make farther Provision for me, if he dies. I wish all Widows were as wise as myself. Cousin *Olivia*, your Servant.

Enter Olivia.

Oliv. How go Matters here? Dear Cousin, inform me.

Wid. As you wou'd have 'em, I believe; for the Parson was

was sent for; and methinks, one may read Matrimony in Mr. *Freeman's* Face already.

Sir *Phil.* Ho! Are you come. [Seeing *Olivia*.

Oliv. Did you send for me, Sir?

Sir *Phil.* Ay, ay, come hither, Child. — Mr. *Freeman*, we had as good make an End of the Business now; and this good Company will make up a Country-Dance—— Here's my Girl. Cousin *Heedless* will send for a Parson.

Oliv. Oh miserable! What do I hear?

Sir *Phil.* The Business will soon be done.

Ned. My Business is done, Sir.

Sir *Phil.* But not with my Daughter, Sir.—Come, hang Thinking; send home the *Dutch* Woman, They are heavy dull Jades. Here's a Girl of the true *English* Breed, that will make you as merry as a Cricket, when the Parson has said Grace, Boy.

Ned. I tell you, Sir *Philip*, I have more Occasion for the Hangman's Halter, than the Marriage Noose.

Sir *Phil.* What, before you are married? Pish, Pish! that's impossible. But were there not certain Articles to be performed on your Part to Day?

Ned. I thought so Yesterday, Sir.

Sir *Phil.* Yesterday, Sir? Zounds! What do you mean, Sir?

Sir *John.* Why, in short, Sir, this Lady has slept in between my Brother *Ned*, and your Daughter, and supply'd her Place; that's all, Sir.

Oliv. O blessed Sound. [Aside.

Sir *Phil.* Ha, ha, ha! What have you another Play to act, Sir *John*?

Sir *John.* No, Faith, Sir *Philip*, the Play is ended; and with your Leave, this Lady and I will speak the Epilogue.

[Takes hold of *Olivia's* Hand.

Sir *Phil.* Stark mad, by *Jupiter*. Hold, hold, Sir, this Lady does not understand Epilogues, nor Prologues neither. (Takes her from him.) Do you think I am to be fool'd, Mr. *Freeman*?

Lou. No, Sir; but I think you must look out sharp for another Son-in-Law, Sir *Philip*; for I am on the right side of the Hedge, now.—We are married, Sir.

Sir *Phil.* Indeed, is she in earnest, Mr. *Freeman*?

Ned. Yes, Faith, I can see no Jest in't; and I'll tell you another

another Secret; I have given my Brother every Foot of my Estate.——

Sir Phil. Really!

Dem. Really, *Sir Philip*. I drew the Deed.

Sir Phil. Why, then it was the worst Deed he ever did in his Life; and if it be true——I wish you Joy, *Sir John*.

Sir John. To convince you, *Sir*, there's the Papers.

[*Gives him Papers.*]

Sir Phil. Humph! —— 'Tis even so, —— I wish you Joy with your *Dutch Vrow*, *Mr. Freeman*,——I do, Faith, *Minheer*.

Mrs. Wat. My Lover married! Nay, then I'm glad we were no better acquainted. [*Aside.*]

Wid. I wish you Joy, *Madam*. [*To Louisa.*]

Lou. It is not in the Power of Fortune to give me more. I hope, my Dear, you are pretty well again.

Ned. Humph, my Sicknefs will continue longer than she imagines. (*Aside.*) You assure me, I'm in no Danger of leaving the World, *Madam*; I wish you cou'd tell me how to live in't ——

Lou. Oh, trust to Love, my Dear.

Ned. And starve, my Dear! [*Walks from her.*]

Wat. How shall I be able to look my Wife in the Face again?

Mrs. Wat. Methinks, *Lucy*, your Master seems to have an Air of Penitence.

Lucy. He does, indeed, look penitential, *Madam*.

Sir Phil. I've been confidering you from Head to Foot, *Sir John*; and, upon my Soul, I think I never saw you look so well in my Life: Tho', to say Truth, I always thought you a fine Gentleman.—'Till he was disinherited. (*Aside.*)——*Olivia*, come hither, Child! Give me thy Hand; it was ever my Resolution, that thou shou'dst go with the Estate; and therefore, *Sir John*, since you've got one, e'en take t'other. (*Throws her to him.*)——There, now do your Endeavour to make me, within Ten Months, a Grandfather.——

Sir John. On my Knees I thank you. This Present is more Welcome, than what my Brother gave me.

Ned. Return my Deed then; I did not give it you: You trick'd me out of it; remember that, Brother.

Sir

Sir *John*. Out of nothing but my own, Brother ; but half my Estate is at your Service. Your Generosity to this Lady commands that.

Sir *Phil*. Say you so, Sir ? Then your Generosity shall command but half my Daughter's Portion ; mark that.

Lou. I bar that Injustice ; the Fortune's all his own ; Nor do we need your kind Indulgence, Brother——

Ned. No !—Egad, I'm glad to hear that ! [Aside.

Lou. Yours was the Plot that made my *Freeman* mine ; and Heaven rewards you for't, with your Estate ; and puts it in my Pow'r to raise your Brother above the Reach of Want. Know, then, my Father left me his only Heir, and Mistress of forty thousand Pounds.

Ned. Ha ! Say'st thou ?

Lou. I knew not where to find thee ; but resolv'd to live unmarried for thy Sake——But, upon Sir *John*'s Letter, hasten'd to prevent thy Breach of Faith. 'Tis done ; forgive the Artifice, and all my Fortune's thine.

Ned. Forgive thee ! What, forty thousand Pounds, and ask Forgiveness ! One quarter of the Money would purchase a Pardon for all the Sins of thee, and thy Posterity ! I affirm, no Woman can be guilty of any Fault, that has forty thousand Pounds——But few of the Sex can boast such Constancy. How shall I thank thee for this excessive Goodness ? Brother ! Let me thank you too. Had I known your Inclination for this Lady, you should have had no Rival here. [Claps his Hand on his Breast.

Sir *Phil*. And if he had not got the Estate again, he should have had no Father here. (Clapping his Hand on his Breast.) Come, come, 'tis all well, and the Man has his Mare again——What are you musing on, Sir ? (To Watchit.) Prithee be chearful Man—Suppose you were a Cuckold, the Fault's not yours, nor your Wife's neither : No doubt but you was born when *Mars* and *Venus* were in Conjunction ; and if so, who can withstand their Fate ?

Omn. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Dem. Ha, ha ; but this Gentleman is in no Danger.——Come, come, Sir, take your Lady and make much of her ; give her her own Liberty ; confide in her Honour, and that way preserve her Virtue.

Ned. I'm glad the old Cuff does not know me again.

[Aside.
Mrs.

Mrs. *Wat.* Let him cease to be jealous, and when I give him real Cause, let him expose me—What say you, *Mumps*? Shall I enjoy the Liberties of an *English* Wife?

Wat. An *English* Wife, that's a large Latitude, *Pud!* But I agree to it; come, buss, and Friends then! (*Kisses her.*) So now;

*I'll from this Moment banish all my Cares,
With all my Locks, and Bolts, and Iron Bars.*

Enter Fainwell and Sam singing, the last with a Bottle and Glass in his Hand.

Wid. Bless me! What, do I see my Rascal drunk?

Sir Phil. Ha, ha, ha, *Jeffery* in his Cups?

Fain. I'm resolv'd to be merry to Night, be-mefs, Sir.—
[Sings.

Sing Ola wa let us be merry——

Sam. O nilly wa, let us be merry.

Fain. And drink the King's Health in racy Canary.

Sam. Ya bony Lee.——

Wid. I'll honey Lee you, Sirrah—— [*Runs to beat him.*

Fain. Hold, hold, my Dear; tho' I allow'd you to beat me, when you was my Mistress, the Case is alter'd now you are my Wife.——

Wid. Wife!

Fain. I am no longer *Jeffery*! but your Lord and Master.——

Wid. Ruin'd past Redemption! Oh! oh! oh!

[*Bursts into Tears.*

Fain. No, no, my Dear, I'll so hug, love, and buss thee, that thou shalt own to Morrow Morning thy Money well laid out.
[*Goes to embrace her.*

Omn. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Wid. Stand off; I never can forgive your putting such a Trick upon me, Mr. *Worthy*!

Fain. Mr. *Fainwell*, if you please, my Dear. You shall find me a Man of Honour. You know it was part of our Agreement, you shou'd not be call'd Mrs. *Worthy*.

Wid. Not *Worthy*! Oh Heavens! then I have married a down-right Scoundrel! Oh! undone, undone; get out of my Sight. Oh! oh!

Fain. Get out of thy Sight! No, no, I'll get into thy Arms,

Arms, my Girl: where I'll convince thee, that I am a Gentleman, of a better Family than your Sham-Lord.

[*Whispers Sam, who Exits.*]

Wat. That he is, I assure you, Widow; for he is my Nephew.

Sir Phil. A very good Metamorphosis! You are an excellent Actor, Sir.

Fain. Every Man in his Way, Sir.

Sir Phil. Is your Vanity come to this! Faith, you have made but a blind Bargain of it, Cousin.

Fain. You had lik'd to have couzen'd her into a blinder Bargain——Hark-ye, *Sir Philip*, what was you to have had, if this noble Lord of your Dubbing, had been in my Place?

Enter Sam and Tally.

Sir Phil. What do you mean by asking that Question, Sir? Do you think I was to be brib'd?

Fain. So this same Gentleman says, Sir; to the Tune of Three Thousand Pounds.——Is it not true, *Tally*?

Tally. To a Tittle, Sir——

Sir Phil. Why, you, you, you impudent Son of a Whore; were not Seventeen enough for you?

Wid. Not if he had been what you represented him, Sir. But I have nothing to thank your Friendship for.

Sir Phil. A Fig for your Reflections; nothing wou'd go down with your Vanity, but a Lord, forsooth; and since no Lord of the King's making wou'd be troubled with you, I made one on purpose for you. Look-ye, 'tis my Opinion, ev'ry Man cheats in his Way——And he is only honest, who is not discover'd. [*Exit.*]

Omn. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Fain. I believe, Sir, I have a Guinea of yours.——It is too much, to take both your Money and your Mistress; there, Sir; (*Gives him a Guinea.*) Now, Sir, I presume your Absence will be very agreeable to this Company.

Tally. With all my Heart, Sir.——And I am glad I'm come off so well. [*Exit.*]

Ned. Come, come, Madam, I think you have 'scap'd very well, considering all. You might have been undone: The Prevention of which is owing to Mr. *Fainwell*. There's nothing in a Title——Believe me, there are more heavy Hearts

Hearts in Coach's with Coronets behind 'em, than you'll find in the Hacks, take 'em as they run, from the *Royal Palace* to the *Royal Exchange*.

Sir John. I'm of my Brother's Opinion, Madam; Mr. *Fainwell* bears the King's Commission; and tho' he is but a Subaltern, you have Fortune enough to buy him a Regiment; and a Colonel's Lady is as good as my Lord's.

Wid. Well, since it is no better, 'tis well it's no worse; — But don't you think, *Sir John*, a Thousand Pounds, rightly plac'd, wou'd not get him knighted?

Fain. Ha, ha, ha! We'll consider of that to Morrow Morning.

Wid. I hope you'll forgive the Blows, I——

Fain. And promise never to return 'em too.

Wat. Nephew, I wish thee Joy with all my Heart.

Fain. I thank you, Uncle.

Sir John. I'm so much indebted to you, that I love you now, methinks, in spite of Principle.

Ned. My Principle, dear *Jack*, is the same with thine. I did not think it prudent to contradict my Father; but no Man shall do more in Defence of his Country, or pay his Taxes more chearfully. Come to my Arms.

Sir John. To my Heart. [They embrace.

Ned. Now every Man to his Mate; and let's have a Country-Dance. [Goes to Louisa.

Sir John. Come, Mr. *Watchit*, take your Wife, and let me advise you, if she has any Faults, hide them from the Publick:

*For He or She, who drags the Marriage Chain,
And finds in Spouse Occasion to complain,
Should hide their Frailties with a Lover's Care,
And let th' ill-judging World conclude 'em Fair;
Better th' Offence ne'er reach the Offender's Ear.
For they who sin with Caution, whilst conceal'd,
Grow impudently careless, when reveal'd.*

F I N I S.

